
KORADINE
LETTERS

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Koradine in the Cornfield.

"So I hushed up and listened to the quiet, which was only broken by the wind and a tinkling cow bell far away."

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KORADINE

A Prophetic Story

BY

ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D.
Author of TOKOLOGY, a book for every woman,

AND

LIDA HOOD TALBOT
Interpreter of Delsarte and Author of Scrap Book Selections.

All life in Nature is perfect. In freedom, each expresses its kind in perfection.

CHICAGO
ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO.
1897

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KORADINE LETTERS.

FIRST LETTER.

GOOD-BYE TO PLAYTHINGS. — OFF TO SCHOOL.

Austeren Seminary.

My Dearest Cousin Edith:

Your name ought to be Miss Good. Your letter tasted like home, and melted a great big lump that had been in my throat ever since Mamma and brother Philip left me here.

It is all very queer to see only strange faces, and makes me feel sort o'like a grown up lady. If only the girls wouldn't gaze at me quite so hard, I think I should like it much better. Only two of them have giggled. I am so glad they didn't all giggle.

When Papa and Mamma first talked to me about coming here, I felt just like an orphan and thought I could never, never leave my dear little

pony Tex, Leo and Prettything with her five little kitty-cats, and more than all, my darling dollies, Samantha and Marietta. But when dear Papa and good, good Mamma said it would be well for me to come here and that they would like it, somehow I felt it would be better for me to come and "make a real start in my education," as Philip had said. I thought this way after they told me I could do as I pleased about it. It didn't seem, you know, so much like being made to go away.

My heart beat, though, and I guess the hurt pulled my face out long. Mamma told me I could sleep over it and my mind would make itself up, and I could tell how I felt about it the next morning.

So, in the morning I took my dollies and went to the barn where Tex has his stall and Leo sleeps, and where Prettything and her kitties are in a little, warm place in the hay, and I told them all about what Papa and Mamma would like to have me do.

It was just like a convention. Tex snorted, Leo whined and licked my hands, and all the kitties mewed while my dearly beloved lay very close to me. Finally we decided it would be

best for me to go away awhile, especially as Papa and Mamma thought it was for the best. I left Tex in his stall and Leo lying in the warm hay, with the kittens crawling all over him, and went to tell Mamma of our decision.

I felt very still inside when I told her about making up my mind. She took Samantha, Marietta and me in her arms and held us on her lap, and we were very still for a long, long time. Then I gave her my darlings and told her to put them away so that I couldn't see them anymore.

It all seemed very strange, something as when I wake up at night and everybody is sound asleep and I see the stars shining far, far away, and everything is so still that it makes me feel as though I am the only person living in the world.

Then Papa came in and said he was "glad that the evidence was all in, the arguments given and the case decided;" and, taking me in his dear arms said that his "prisoner was free to choose her way." After this, something fell down in my mind and I felt all right, even glad that I was to go.

I brought my mandolin, my new fur muff and my pretty bead bag that young blind Tommy Merton gave me on Christmas. Katy laughed at

me for bringing it; but that little blue and white bead bag always makes me "feel good" whenever I look at it, for I think of the dear boy's gentleness and goodness.

Somehow it looks like him. I know that a blind boy and a bead bag do not appear in the least alike, so I cannot explain it, but you will know what I mean.

You remember our talk last winter, of how clothes look like the people that wear them? Wasn't it funny to see those gloves Deacon Dyer left on the table in the hall at your house the day he dined there? They looked exactly as though they were asking the blessing.

How we laughed over that miserable old hat we saw lying in the street, when I said it looked just like Mr. Peterson, who is so prim and wears such long hair! And, sure enough, little Ned Gilmore, who came past, said it was an old hat of Mr. Peterson's. Here, it is just the same way. Miss Austeren's pudgy little dresses look just like her. She sent me to her closet on an errand yesterday, and it looked as though there were half a dozen of her hanging up on the hooks—a whole family of twins.

Do you remember how we all laughed when Papa read about Sairey Gamp's room and the description of her wardrobe?

I haven't written you anything about our school, but I will in my next. I am not very well acquainted with it yet. My fingers feel funny and stiff. Please tell Katy when you go over there that she will find a dime I lost under the table in the library, and my new silver thimble fell into the piano. I would like to have them both.

You dear, sweet, lovely cousin Edith. I will write more next time. A thousand kisses.

Your own loving,

KORADINE.

P. S. Write very soon another lovely letter.

P. S. Tell Katy to be sure and feed Prettything and her babies.

I think my thimble is in the base end of the piano; if she will joggle it a little she will hear it. How much I want to see you.—K.

SECOND LETTER.

BREAKFAST EXPERIENCE. — ESTELLE'S COMPLEXION MASK.

Austeren Seminary.

My Dearest Cousin:

There is a young lady in the music room just below me, and her singing makes me feel sorry. I expect I am homesick. I can not hear many of the words, for they are mostly drowned by the sound, but one line is "'Tis years since last we met," and that is the sorry part, for I feel just that way about you. Isn't it queer how even a few weeks will seem like a long, long time when we are not real glad all the while?

I do not know that I am any taller, but I feel taller than when I was at home. I think it must be the gazing that stretches me out into that feeling; though nearly all the stare has melted out of the girls' eyes and we are beginning to have lots of fun together.

Miss Austeren, the principal of the school, has

all the hours marked to the minute for studies. Everything we have to do, is done by the clock tick. The girls say it is time done up in *duty packages.* Miss Austeren calls it *discipline.* I wish it had a prettier name. She talks so much about it that Minn Jefferies says it makes her feel as though she had a corset on. I do not know how that feels, but I had a pair of shoes once that were too short, and I think it is like that.

One of my room-mates is a splendid girl, with red gold hair. Her name is Elizabeth. She never lets anyone call her Liz., and I like her. She says we run here with the clock; that when I first came I belonged to the second-hand family, I jumped around so fast; but I have joined the minute-hand family and am doing better now. O, dearest, it seemed just like I had joined a prison to have to do everything so on time. I said to myself that I could never learn to do it; but when I went down to breakfast one morning, late as usual, and there sat Miss Austeren and all the teachers and all the girls, stiff as ramrods, and the maids standing leaning against the walls, it really did look like a wax figure scene at the Eden Musee, all waiting *just for me,* I felt awfully ashamed and couldn't eat a bite. The

girls glaring at me so hungrily scared me half out of my wits. Not a soul said a word to me about it; I had to talk to somebody, so I spoke to Elizabeth.

She said there was nothing that showed a more certain selfishness than lagging and being late at everything, that some persons were so honest they would not take a postage stamp without permission, who would, in this way, steal the valuable time of everybody with whom they were associated. Her words made me feel so guilty that I am flopping clear over now.

My lessons are getting ever so much easier. Elizabeth says they are no easier, but that I am. I wish you knew Elizabeth. She is an hour hand, I think, but isn't a bit goody-goody.

When I was at home everything seemed to run over into everything else, as Katy's bread used to before Mamma sent her to cooking school; and, oh, dear me, what a time I had! I never could be ready for my meals. Getting dressed in the morning took such a long while, it would run over into breakfast; and my music always ran over into school time, and everything else seemed to chop right down and cut off my play-time. Here it is all so different, and ever since I

have thought about *stealing other people's time* I do not have to hurry, even in my play hour.

I think I like Miss Austeren's *discipline*, but it pulls a girl all to pieces at first, though it soon puts her together again in a more orderly fashion.

Mabel Cannon, one of my room-mates, who lives on a big stock farm in Kentucky, says it is just like putting a bit into the mouth of a colt. She is an awfully funny girl and keeps us all watching for her. She does not like the restraint, and says, when we awaken in the morning, "Come, girls, let's get up an' put our harness on." Everything she doesn't like she calls "po white folksy."

I must tell you about such a funny thing that happened the other night, before I forget it. The third girl who is my room-mate, there are four of us in one large room, is a tall, pretty, pink-faced girl, named Estelle Jorden, who takes great care of her complexion. You would almost think she had an ugly one the way she fusses over it. Well, the other day, she went to the village with Miss Larned, our history teacher, whom the girls call the finger-post to general information. Estelle bought some almond cream for her face and set it on a little shelf close by her

bed, and after the lights were out we could hear her rubbing her face with it. The next morning when the bell rang all jumped up but Estelle, who is an awful sleepy head. Mabel ran over to her bed to pull her out, but instead of that screamed so loud we were all very much frightened and ran to see what was the matter.

Our noise awakened Estelle, who sat up quickly and stared wildly at us. Then we roared, for she was as black as Flop, my cat. She had rubbed her face with black shoe polish instead of the white cream, and looked too funny for any use. The bed and pillows were a map of Africa. Mabel asked her if she had been sleeping in a stove-pipe night-cap.

Elizabeth said the only difference between the cream and the stove polish is the color, as both are good for the skin. We all laughed so loud that Miss Blinder, our physical culture teacher, came running to our room; she said the more light we had when we made our toilets the better; that "dark rooms were for developing photographs, not girls." Estelle was too sweet for anything. She let us enjoy her funny looks while she played negro minstrel to help on with the fun. Miss Blinder said it showed quite a

good deal of strength and sweetness of character to let us have such a jolly time over her mistake and innocent folly.

Somehow I feel as though Elizabeth is saying it was time to get my lessons. Write very soon. With oceans of love. KORADINE.

P. S.—Have you seen the kittens? Aren't they soft little things?

THIRD LETTER.

THIRTEEN A LUCKY NUMBER.—BIRTHDAY GIVING.

Austeren Seminary.

My Dear Cousin Edith:

How good it was of you and all, to remember so beautifully that I was just thirteen last Thursday.

I was very lonely when I awoke in the morning and thought of its being the first time I ever had a birthday away from the dear home folk. I almost wished I had not been born at all, I felt so miserable. Indeed, I had to feel *two* miserables, for you know I always have to feel two happys, as I was born on Papa's birthday and on the very same day of the week. Not to have his birthday to celebrate with mine made me "awful low in my mind," as Martin always says. I thought how good it would have been to have gone home; but Papa and Mamma are in New York, and Papa wrote that they "could

not be with me and see me be thirteen," as they had very much hoped; it could not be.

He calls thirteen his lucky number, and said that when I *attained* (I remember the word, for it was the first time I had ever heard it) my thirteenth year, he wished to be with me to catch some of its favor; that it would be a happy year for me.

While I was thinking of all this and wondering what he meant, some one came and laid something cool and damp upon the pillow close to my face. I opened my eyes and there stood my beautiful Elizabeth, all dressed, looking like our rose bushes up at Hill Farm, on a June morning. She put her arms around me and kissed me twelve times on my forehead, and "for the sacred thirteen" she kissed me on my lips. She had gone out early into the Hollow below and back of the Seminary grounds, and gathered me a lovely bunch of blue and white violets and anemones. They were so fresh and dewy and Elizabeth so beautiful, that I felt as though the sun had come into the room, and—and—well, I cried a little; but just then the girls piled onto my bed and began pounding me thirteen times. Mabel told me to get up and put on my harness,

and we would have a jolly time; that I must not be fractious on my birthday.

Miss Larned gave us permission, and when I was ready Mabel and I ran like everything to the "toll gate" and back again, just in time for breakfast. (I am never late any more and never worry about the food, either, even if Katy is not here to cook it. I think everything tastes good when one is hungry and happy, don't you?)

And what do you think? There were thirteen splendid pink roses from Miss Austeren and thirteen beautiful daffodils from Miss Larned at my plate. I was so surprised and happy that I did not know whom to go to first. I felt ashamed of what I had said about Miss Austeren to Mabel, that I thought she made the clock tick slow just on purpose to make the hour longer. Then, after breakfast was over, your pretty book, "Back of the North Wind," was given to me, and then Tommy Merton's package. How good his photograph is! And his note is so full of love for everything. Isn't it wonderful how well he writes, with no light coming through his eyes? How nice it was of him to have dear old Leo taken with him in the picture! Leo looks just what he is—a strong guardian, as he lies there at Tommy's feet.

Of course, while I was truly happy and grateful for all the goodness, still, dearest cousin, I felt very uncomfortable. I will tell you why. I knew very well what Papa always thought, and what he always did, about giving, instead of receiving on birthdays, and how he often talked of this nice custom of the Japanese and some other foreigners, I forget now who.

Here I had my allowance, which Papa is so careful that I shall have, as he believes, you know, that all should learn very early how to manage their money, if it is only a few cents. So I had mine, of course, and was so miserable and *self-blinded*, as Elizabeth calls selfishness, that I never thought of anything to make some one else happy. Well, I felt uncomfortable all over and didn't know what to do, when a man came with a big box on his shoulder. Here was somebody, anyhow, to whom I could give something; so I gave him a rose for his button-hole and some money, and he went away very pleased when I told him it was my birthday. Just after this Mabel said: "Why, this big box is for you, Koradine!"

Sure enough; it was from Papa and Mamma and Philip; and what do you suppose was in it?

Elizabeth, Estelle and Mabel helped me open it. Right across the top of the paper that covered up the pretty things was written:

A Birthday Gift to a Birthday Gift.
To be happy make others happy.
Papa and Mamma.

Then I knew they were for me to give to my teachers and schoolmates. I was happy all over now. There were books, engravings, etchings and ever so many little things, so that everyone in the house had something from the box.

Estelle said she had been calling me "Maid Forlorn" in her mind, but she would change it to "Cheery Maid Bountiful," as my spirits were so much brighter.

The letter Papa enclosed said he had sent Tommy a fine, large globe, made on purpose for the blind. Wasn't that good of him? There was never a better papa than mine. I know that I never will forget again how to be happy on my birthday.

Dear brother Philip sent me a lovely large blank book for my diary and a splendid picture of his handsome mischievous face. I gave the diary to Elizabeth, but the photograph I kept for myself. All the girls think him beautiful, and have looked

at it so much they will be sure to know him when he comes to see me.

Everything is all right about the food. I guess I just thought it was not like the kind we had at home. I think I must have been a little home-sick inside.

Miss Larned said one day that young girls came to school and complained of the table, when they would not once think of criticising the food on the table of a friend; and that it reflected upon the home training very seriously. Oh, my! I quit at once, for Papa and Mamma are too good to be misrepresented by their little girl, and almost immediately I caught my appetite. So that is all right now.

I cannot get quite fixed with all my studies. I feel just as though my numbers are round, while I am square, and we can not be made to fit. If I wore green goggles over my mind it could not be worse. Really, Edith, you never saw anyone so stupid. I get so worried sometimes that I do not know whether there is one s or two s's in gizzard; but I hope to get it all right some time. It must be that my *thinker* is out of order. Do you suppose that is what is the matter?

Minn Jefferies has lost her hat and I must stop

to help her hunt for it. Yesterday it was her gloves, and the day before it was her purse. But she usually finds everything after a flurry. Elizabeth says her *thinker* is always gathering wool from a lost sheep in No-Where-Land. I have wondered if we both couldn't do better if we only thought more quietly and would not get so scared. Minn always thinks she has lost her things before she even looks in the right place, while I get in a flurry over the thought that I can not understand about the figures.

Write to me all about it, dearest, and tell me what to do. With love to all and your dear self,

KORADINE.

P. S.—Minn has found her lost hat in the waste basket.

FOURTH LETTER.

JOY LESSON. — LARNED'S TEACHING. — DELSARTE RECEPTION.

Austeren Seminary.

My Dearest Cousin:

Yesterday, in a talk with the girls, Miss Larned said every circle was complete in itself, and showed, too, how full a circle could be by pointing to the large globe and telling of the marvels contained within its circumference. It was splendid. Miss Larned knows just how much to tell, and always leaves us wishing for more, which seems to keep us thinking about it better than if she said too much, or a great deal better than if we had to learn it word for word, as we have to do with all the other teachers.

I have been thinking to-day how full the circle of one's school life is, for we are just as busy as "Fessler's bees." Sometimes every thing is easy and clear, at other times just as stubborn

and disagreeable as can be. One trips stepping over a pin, every thing gets criss-cross; when they get that way it often gets to be an epidemic and everybody catches it.

I think schoolbooks are awfully prosy things. I cannot for the life of me see the use of studying to remember all the words in them. It makes me feel as though I were a parrot. If it weren't for Miss Larned and Elizabeth I think I could not get along at all. Should there not be some way of teaching that would make one find one's own way? All who go to a place do not travel the same road. Of course we have to do something to get there, but the people do not all act alike in going. I am sure I do not know how it is, but the everlasting rules, really, Edith, they seem to make faces at me sometimes. I get so muddled I cannot count beyond my fingers; but when I am all quiet inside I know there is a way through which I could see clearer if I could only find it.

Why does not the dear Kindergarten go on to the end of all our studies? Why are not all the schools like your little nest, where there is something fresh and new every day to interest? If only I could get something out of all these books

I have piled up before me and knew what they were talking about. It must be that the people who made them never expected us to know everything there is in them. Dear me, I learn to do and say things from them that I couldn't do or say again, and I learn to remember ever so many things that I forget right away. So what's the use of it all, anyhow? I like best to think. Would that not be a great deal better than just to remember other folk's words?

The girls here who have the best memories are considered the brightest girls and get marked way up. Why haven't I a right to think about things my own way? Elizabeth says I have, and so does Miss Larned. I have been here months now and about all I remember are my studies with Miss Larned, Elizabeth's talks and the things I have acted out.

Dearie, what a naughty fault-finding missy I am to-day. I feel just as the beans looked when they came up in the garden where Martin had planted them, as though they had sprouted the wrong way. If you were only half as stupid as I, you would feel cross, too. I have dinned into my ears a dozen times a day, "Miss Koradine, can you not apply your rules?" My goodness, I

can not tell what they mean, much less apply them. I do not like rules.

All the schools I have ever known, except your dear little Kindergarten, make me think of a brick yard that Uncle Fred took me to see once. The mortar, or mud, was all poured into great beds, divided off into little spaces just the size of a brick, just so long, so wide and so many inches thick, and then it was left to harden and afterward to be burned in the kiln.

Miss Larned teaches very differently; I go away from her class happy as I can be, rested and full of *think*. Her history is ever so much more interesting than any fairy story I have ever read. Never before could I get history fitted to the part of the earth, to the age, and to the people who lived in that particular country, and to the people who lived in other countries all at the same time. She makes one date serve many different things, so that when it is spoken of, the people and events that helped to make a date worth remembering, circle around it and bring the whole world into relationship with it.

It is like finding out all about a neighborhood, which, she says, is just as it should be, and that everybody in it should be kind, loving neighbors.

This, she says, will surely be some day. So history never *tips up* any more for me.

We do not study over the dreadful battles and quarrels much. She says all we want to know is what causes the development of the people who live on the earth. I cannot help feeling glad when I think about it, that while the nations of Europe were fighting over their possessions, the Indians of our own dear country were living contented and happy, and no civilized white man had ever carried them stuffs to make them drunk and revengeful.

Don't you remember those pretty pictures Papa brought us home, showing the welcome of a splendid Indian chief to two Puritan gentlemen in broad collars and peaked hats, who had their guns all ready to kill him, while he had not a single arrow in his quiver? I have kept mine and have framed it.

We have great revolving globes in Miss Larned's room which are kept busy while we travel all over them visiting foreign lands and getting acquainted with their peoples. Some days Miss Larned relates the whole lesson, and we find the places, or anything she desires. I think I learn most then. I believe, after all, my memory is

very good. Miss Larned says our memory should be our traveling companion, not our colporteur.

Elizabeth says Miss Larned does not fit in this school. I must tell you of the annual reception given by the fourth years to the third years last week. Only the school girls were invited. Estelle calls these receptions "turveydrop picnics," because the whole conversation is concerning deportment for weeks before one takes place. Such a time as the girls do have getting "*cultured*," so as to be ready as soon as they leave school to make their bow to society. Mabel says one would suppose the whole fourth year, according to Miss Blinder, the Delsarte teacher, were going to do this for the rest of their lives. Miss Blinder is very nice, but looks as though she had wilted a little, having *de-energized* so much. She says there are no teachers of the real idea of Delsarte in this country. She studied in Paris. Estelle said last night that she guessed Miss Blinder had the only "pattern" of real, true Delsarte in America. Elizabeth laughed and said, "Oh, they all think that; Miss Blinder is very good, but no better nor worse than they all are. You girls must *culture* your own minds and study the artistic, that you may judge for your-

selves, and not leave it to everyone who hitches on to the tail of the Delsarte kite to do it for you."

Anyhow, as much preparation is given to these parties as though the President and the village druggist were to be present. The village druggist is a good looking young man who sells us soda water and allows us to look at him. We all enjoyed the preparations, especially we young girls, Estelle, Minnie, Mabel and half a dozen others. Elizabeth is a "third year." All who could were having new dresses. I thought, of course, that I could have one, too; but really, dearest, I did not know that so much silliness and misery could come out of a dress.

Mamma wrote me that I could not have a new one until Commencement. I never was so disappointed in my whole life. All the girls were having them, and to be the only one of my room not to have a new dress made me almost sick. Elizabeth reasoned with me. She had not had one for a year and really needed one. I half made up my mind not to go to the party, but as I was not here last year and had heard a great deal about these receptions, I very much wished to go. You know Mamma's views about such

things. There is no use of asking more than once. So, of course, I had to do without

I was miserable. The rules grew harder to understand. Even my pet studies with Miss Larned were wretched things. Nothing but a pink empire gown could raise me out of the depths of my gloom. I made everyone around me miserable, too, and I really began to feel very ill. My head ached and buzzed. I was feverish and had sharp, cutting pains all over me. I was sitting, the day before the party, in one of the gloomiest recitation-rooms, looking out of the window, when dear Elizabeth came in and put her arms around me.

She didn't speak for a little time but held me close to her. After awhile she said, "Koradine, there is something I would like to ask you to do for me." I said, "I will do anything for you, Elizabeth." "Do not promise too quickly, dearie, for it will require an effort of will on your part."

Then I felt frightened, for she looked very solemn and quiet, but I said, "Tell me what it is, Elizabeth."

She said, "You are miserable and unhappy. Nothing looks bright to you, and your weather is so cloudy that even our sunshine is quite shut off."

My lips began to quiver and tears filled my eyes. "No, no," she said, smiling, "please do not rain now, but wait until you have done what I am going to ask of you and then, if you wish, the clouds may spill out in tears. I would like to have you try a charm for me."

"A charm, Elizabeth! Are you superstitious?"

"Yes," she said. "I have found out something and I want you to know it, too, for it is a sure cure for a heavy heart. Now do not interrupt me. I wish you to go to our room alone, close and lock the door, sit down by our study table which is all cleared off, take your pencil and begin tapping gently on the table, and saying, as you tap, 'Joy! Joy! Joy!'

"Keep tapping and repeating the word. Fix your mind upon it. It will require a good deal of will power at first, but do it and think of nothing else. You can tell me all about it afterwards if you wish."

Dearest, I did as she asked me. She led me to our room. My heart and feet felt like lead, and I was almost angry at having promised; I was crying, too, for it seemed very solemn. Elizabeth kissed me and left me. I locked the door and sat down. At first it was hard to fix

my mind upon the word, but the tapping helped me. I do not know how long I sat there, for I seemed to lose myself.

The first thing I knew I thought I heard some one laughing. I kept on, and pretty soon I heard it again, and, Edith, would you believe it? It was I, myself, laughing. I could not help it. I jumped up and my heart was just as light as a feather. I could not tell how it was, but I felt all made over. I ran out of the room onto the lawn and saw Elizabeth, Estelle, and Miss Larned sitting under a tree talking together. I landed in among them laughing and crying at the same time. "O, Elizabeth, is this what you meant?" and we all cried together. "A clearing up shower," Elizabeth said.

I went to the reception after all and was the merriest girl there; if I misbehaved again I am afraid it was by giggling when I should not. When Mabel whispered as two very limp-looking young ladies passed us, "they look like mullen stalks after a frost," I could not help laughing.

One real nice young Delsartean said to us, as though she felt sort o' discouraged, "Just look at Dell Ramey. She is perfectly splendid—never forgets herself once. She is full of repose."

felt really sorry for her and told her not to mind, that she would get it when she was older; and then Mabel giggled.

I never saw the "feather movement" nor the saffron colored gowns before. The girls called them "tones" and talked about neutral tints, but I think they were plain, straight, saffron color.

But wasn't it all beautiful? Just think of learning such a sure and joyous cure for a silly selfishness.

Only a few more weeks and then home again. I will be so glad to see you, my beloved, and Uncle Fred and Aunty and all the dear, dear ones.

With love to you all,

KORADINE.

P. S.—Minn Jefferies has just found her new gold watch which has been lost for three days, in the coal bucket. She says if she could only lose her freckles she wouldn't care. K.

FIFTH LETTER.

Home Coming.— Little Girl Grown.— Dollies are Wax.

Kingsford.

My Good Fairy, Elizabeth:

Home at last! What a change from the Seminary, with the girls all flying about, like bees in a clover field, and scurrying along the halls like naughty mice.

Will you ever forget how funny Minn Jefferies looked bobbing on one foot in and out of the rooms hunting her lost shoe, with that red slice across her forehead, which she burned while curling her bangs, the girls all running after her offering her shoes of all sorts and sizes! Poor Minn, she had to go down to recitation that morning with a shoe on one foot and a rubber on the other, and a long strip of black court plaster on her forehead, looking so awfully cross over it all that even Miss Austeren could scarcely keep a straight face during prayers. Minn simply

glared at us all. She would not have had the horrid burn, but she had lost her crimping iron, which she was used to handling, and had to borrow one. Mabel has written me that Minn lost herself going home; took a wrong train and had to get off at a lonely little place and wait four hours for the right one to take her to Lewiston.

I told Mamma what you said about poor Minn's habit of losing things, and that you said she would go on doing so until she found herself and then it would be all right. Mamma said she is very grateful that the *good* led such a generous, high-minded girl as you to be my friend. She felt quite disappointed when she found you were not with me.

Did Miss Austeren get over her lofty feeling about my parents letting me travel off home alone? Almost the last thing she said to me was that she could not understand anybody who would let their young daughter travel without a chaperon. I told her, as gently as I could, about what Mamma wrote me; that she and Papa had chaperoned my mind before starting me to boarding school.

I got along quite nicely and I think everybody thought I belonged to a poor, ragged family who were going West, for I took baby and kept it until

the train reached Kingsford. I washed the poor little thing's face, and it stared at me as though I was a curiosity of some kind, and it surely looked like one of the Brownies. The whole family did for that matter. The baby's name was Mike. I played "Tiddle winks" and showed the other children how to make "cat's ladders," and several of my Kindergarten accomplishments. We had our lunch together out of my box, and, oh, my! how hungry they were. I felt rather lonesome after I left you and dear Miss Larned standing on the platform of the station, but I was home very quickly. It seemed much shorter than when I made the journey with Mamma and Philip.

How homey everything looks when one has been away! It seems queer that everything has kept on in the same way while one has been gone. I cannot help being surprised. I have a feeling that the chairs and tables ought, in some way, to have grown longer legs; still I know they would not look well if they had.

I do not suppose such a dear, wise head as yours ever had such silly thoughts; but I am always thinking about things that have no breathing life, having feelings like people. Papa says

everything has some sort of life, and I do not like to neglect my old books nor see my old playthings not used nor played with.

So much has happened to me, that to come home and find everything just as I left it makes me feel queer in some way. Tex knew me at once and whinnied and rubbed his nose against me. I think he looks very much older. Mamma laughed at me when I said I had found two gray hairs in his eyebrow.

Leo nearly devoured me although he is not so puppyish as when I left. Prettything was hungry and mewed silently, as usual. Philip always calls it a *dry mew*. She purred and rubbed against me, but it was for something to eat, ungrateful beastie.

I thought of Samantha and Marietta, for there is not a nook or crannie I have not been in since coming home. But, dearie me, they were only staring wax. I wonder where that feeling has gone that made me think they knew all about things. Elizabeth, it has gone to join my affliction at not having a pink empire gown for the "Turvey drop picnic." Didn't the girls look lovely in their pretty gowns?

Do you not think the Delsarteans outdid the whole Delsarte family in their "conscious unconsciousness," and in their posing, which was so visible? With the "fugitive head movements," the "rotative inflections" of their shoulders and the "con-centro-normal" hands which hung like so many wilted lilies from their arms, which, in turn, hung completely "decomposed" from their puffed sleeves, they looked as funny as any of Puck's pictures. Then their slow, serpentine glide made them look as though they were on castors. You were beautiful, however, when you came in with your lion's tread, natural and unconscious. I forgot all about not having a new gown in the interest and fun.

Estelle said she felt as though she were at a funeral, the "good form" depressed her; and Minn Jefferies wondered if Mr. Delsarte wasn't "turning over in his tomb."

Miss Larned gave us all very different ideas when she called him a prophet and artist and said he belonged to the world of Froebel and Ruskin, and then explained to us why, for none of us knew much of either of these great men, excepting you, of course. She said Delsarte dealt with laws, not rules, you remember.

I did not fully understand all she said, but I liked that last part of her talk, and am glad I have heard about great men who didn't deal in rules. I shall read and try to find out about them and how they think out things; it may help me to find out what is the matter with me.

You must not let anything, either work or play, keep you from coming to us for a part of the summer at least.

I have told you, haven't I, about the old home where Papa was born, on the bank of Swiss Lake? We go back there every summer, for it is his own very best-beloved home. It seems to make a boy of him all over again every year. He was reared there, and he loves it very much.

Oh, you must know my Papa. Uncle Fred says that Papa is the only man he ever knew who is entirely good enough to be the father of a girl. I am sure I wish there were more girls in our family, since there is only one and I am it. Philip says he would change his residence if there were any more of me. Papa never has any "don'ts" nor "go-aways," no matter how busy he is, and—and—well, it seems to me that he knows everything, and he so willingly helps anyone who comes to him.

Katy has gone away for a rest. She has been with us ever since I was a little girl, for she was very young when she came to live with us. Mamma sent her to school and after she was graduated at high school, both Papa and Mamma told her to make her own selection of whatever she wished to do. She concluded to stay with us, as she thought it as good a thing as one could do, to make a home a nice and comfortable place. She said that the kind of serving mattered very little so that it is well done; and that there is more liberty and beauty in being a home-maker than in any other of the trades and professions.

All these years Katy has been more like an older sister to me than anything else; so I miss her very much. Papa arranged a change for her. She has gone with a party who are traveling abroad and will stay until next spring.

We, at least I, miss her beautiful cooking, for Mamma and she both took lessons at the cooking school, though I do not think Mamma has as much talent for it as Katy. Or is it because I miss Katy so?

But now that she has gone, Mamma says she will turn our household into a labor-saving, co-

operative one. We will keep Martin, for he says he would not know what to do with himself elsewhere, besides Papa needs him at his office every day; besides that, I think if he went away, Tex would die of a broken heart.

Philip and I will help Mamma, now that he has come home from school, or will to-night. Philip is as good as a girl about the house, young swell that he is; he is awfully fond of "the very latest," as Uncle Fred always says. Uncle Fred (Edith's Papa) is the jolliest man you ever saw and, next to Papa, the best. He is a merchant and knows all about "styles" and "the latest."

Philip, Mamma says, "has never loosened his moorings" on home and home folks. I think it is Papa's example, as well as Mamma's teaching, that holds him so closely to things that most boys neglect at home and keep only for "company manners."

That is what Edith says about it, and she knows more about such things than I do. Papa is always very polite to Mamma, just as much so as he is to other ladies. I have noticed that, because once or twice I have heard gentlemen speak to their wives as I never heard Papa speak to anyone. Mamma says Papa has never for-

gotten to be a lover in all the years of their married life. If I ever marry, it must be just such a man as my Papa. Phil is just like him.

Dear old Phil. I shall see him to-night. I can scarcely wait until train time, but I must stop now. We are arranging for a picnic; I have an errand to Edith's and I must do it and get back in time to drive to the station to meet Papa and brother. How much you and Edith will love each other.

What a wonderful world this will be when everybody learns how to be good. Papa says people are only what is called bad because they know no better; that just as soon as they learn how to be good they *are good*, and that many wise people have that to learn.

Dear Mrs. Merton and Tommy, who I told you made the little bead bag I keep my bracelet in, came over to see me last night and brought me some lovely flowers. I do not know which was the lovelier, Tommy or the white rose that he gave me. He put his hand upon my head to see how much I had grown. He is, oh, ever so much taller than when I left—Mamma says quite as tall as Philip. He ought to be as he is so

near his age. He is a beautiful boy. How I wish his eyes could see.

Mamma sends her love, and says she most truly desires your visit, you great, beautiful, good fairy, Elizabeth.

With oceans of love,

Your own,

KORADINE.

SIXTH LETTER.

THE PICNIC.—PHILIP AS KING AND COOK.—HAPS AND MISHAPS.

Kingsford.

My Dearest Elizabeth:

Papa and Philip came home on Tuesday. How lovely it is to be all together once more!

I met them at the station and I cannot tell which was the happier, my heart or my eyes. I had never been so long away from either Papa or brother, and when I saw the engine come puffing in bringing those two sweethearts to me, my heart began jumping about so that it felt loose. And when I saw them coming out of the car door I thought I never had seen anything so splendid, and in a few minutes more there was no girl like me visible.

I have wondered since why those two looked different from every one else who came out, and have thought of what you once said about it being

easy enough to love those who were pleasant and good to us. So down in the deep of me, I think, perhaps the reason they appeared so lovely was because they belonged to me. That is what you meant, isn't it?

You know, you said Jesus loved his enemies, but I am sure I couldn't love anyone who was not good to me. I shall get at it some of these days, I expect.

So many things you have talked to me about come back to me now that I am away from you. Two such lovely friends as you and Edith no other girl ever had.

If only you could have been here to our picnic, my happiness would have been complete. What a day we had! Such fun with all the jolly things that tag every picnic like so many mischievous Brownies. I do not think it would be a real picnic without them.

Mamma turned the kitchen over to Philip and me, or rather Phil declared that a domestic insurrection was in hand; that the queen was deposed for two days while the rebel hordes were descending like wolves upon the fold; that the larder should yield up its treasure and the cellar its ingots of gold, and all sorts of nonsense.

We were all at breakfast. Phil was cooking the cakes. Mamma and I were talking over what we would have for the luncheon. Papa interrupted with suggestions of things no one ever thinks of taking to a picnic. Suddenly Phil appeared, the funniest looking being I ever saw. He had a tin stew pan on his head, and his face was partly masked with a tin grater tied on with a string and the kitchen waiter fastened on for a breast plate. In one hand he held the wash boiler lid for a shield, and brandished a large knife in the other. He had a big, bushy feather duster waving above his head. Over one shoulder, trailing upon the floor, was an old red lap robe. Oh, yes; and he had on Martin's high rubber boots. He came in with a loud clatter while he proclaimed the deposing of the queen.

Papa received him with great gravity and asked all kinds of absurd questions, but Mamma was laughing so that she did not look in the least grieved over her downfall. Martin, who stood in the doorway grinning, had helped Philip in his nonsense. Mamma said she would flee the house and take refuge with Aunty and reinforce our horde by sending over Edith, at which Phil gave

a most awful roar of delight and clattered back to his realm, as he called the kitchen.

He is very absurd when he gets started on one of his funny streaks, but never says or does anything that sounds or looks coarse. He is never a clown. Papa says there is a great difference between buffoonery and comedy; that one is without wit and moral; the other must contain one or both of these to be either humorous or entertaining.

Well, Edith came over, and I think we had almost a better time getting ready than at the picnic itself. It was a good deal as it used to be when I was a little girl. Dear me, that used-to-be time is not far away, either. I often worked hard to build my play-house, get my doll family ready for a tea party and "'tend like come to see" and would then suddenly find out that the getting ready was the play part. I think it must be that way with everything. I wonder if work is not play after all.

Phil says he can work all around Edith and me, even if he did have the bad luck to have been born a boy. He has helped Mamma ever since he was a little fellow. I have heard her tell that he used to play out with the boys as only a strong

boy can, then come in all tousled and grimy, "clean up and smooth off," put on an apron (you know how most boys hate aprons) and do everything as deftly as if he were a girl. I can very well remember how he used to fly about. Once when Mamma was extremely busy he begged to be allowed to make the bread. Just think of it. She let him do it. Most mothers, I fancy, would not have done so, but Mamma says that when one has a desire to do anything, it shows that one is capable of accomplishing it. It surely proved so in Phil 's case. His first bread was very good, and he continued making it for a long time. He says he grew up with wheat and corn, from the seed to the loaf.

You have no idea how he ordered us about that day getting ready for the picnic, because of his "ancient and mature experience."

He was the "chef," with a white towel pinned on his head like a baker's cap, had a white apron and coat on, and used all sorts of baker's expressions.

He declared men make the surest cooks because they do not "guess" so much about the quantity of things; says he would not use a cook book that advises to use your judgment; that the

"judgment decides a case after the evidence is all in." He has caught that from Papa's professional talk. We beat eggs and butter and sugar till we were red and puffing. We measured and weighed, according to orders, with the nicety of a cambric needle point.

Sometimes he was a pirate, with his sleeves rolled up and his hands all doughy, ordering us at the point of a knife. Again he was a "free-booter of the gulf," holding a rolling pin above our heads; or he was the Satanic Majesty demanding an immediate supply of hotter fire, at the point of a long toasting fork; or, perhaps he was a Pixie slyly tying our apron strings to the chairs upon which we were sitting, while we were waiting for cakes or tart shells to bake.

Such a romp as we had. It is a wonder there was anything fit to eat; yet everything was splendid, biscuits, pies, cakes and salads. We admired them very much as we set them all in rows where Mamma could see them when she came home. Edith and I prepared to leave the kitchen, but Phil "shooed" us, as we "shoo" chickens into a coop, and locked the doors, saying that no work was done until it was all finished; that now we were to stoop that we might con-

quer the spots on the floor. Neither of us had ever scrubbed before, and it was great fun. We laughed until we cried "joy tears." We had dinner by ourselves, as Aunty had sent for Papa to dine with the deposed queen, Uncle Fred, herself and the children. Aunty always includes the children in her family invitations. She thinks it one of the ways of teaching them the responsibility of entertaining friends, and says they are too often excluded from domestic economics. Edith says that ever since she can remember she has been consulted and her opinions received regarding family matters. She knows very little of what is called "parental authority," because her parents, like mine, have very strong opinions about co-operation; they believe that if children could be taught it by living it, "brought up on it," Uncle Fred calls it, the whole world would be much more kind and friendly very soon.

I do not know anything about it myself, of course. I tell you, because it sounds like you, and I know you will enjoy hearing it. The next day after our frolic in the kitchen, we started very early, for Clifty is seven miles away and the day promised to be very warm. We had two wagon loads of "middle sized" and "wee, wee folk," and

two carriage loads of "big sized" folk who were a little less playful. Only a very little less, however, for Uncle Fred and Papa can never be thought much older than we young people. No one in fact was very old and solemn on that "pleasure exertion."

The day was beautiful. Hugh Pridwin, Philip's best chum, is an odd fellow. He would not let me shade him with my umbrella; said the sun was too good a friend to hide away from, and that one never needs any medicine who keeps filled full of sunshine. He looked straight up into the white brightness, then said after a pause: "It means a great deal more even than health; it seems to give me some sort of knowledge, and its heat is something which I have no name for."

Tommy Merton, who had been sitting very still, laid his white hands upon Hugh's brown one, and said, "I will tell you, Hugh, what the sun's warmth means to me. It is Love. I feel the light as well as the heat. I can feel it tapping against my cheek and breathing all around me. I feel the light and heat fold about me as they do about the earth, causing the life to burst from the seeds, the flowers to bloom, the birds to sing and the grains to ripen and so-and-so,—I

think it is Love you mean that does it all." Tommy's face shone like a star, while Hugh seemed to look beyond us all, and I saw his brown fingers close about Tommy's hand.

All the boys and girls were singing Beulah Land as we rode into a long, covered bridge, and the hollow sound seemed to melt the happy voices into a cloud of song. Just as we rode out of the bridge a breeze caught Rose Smith's hat and blew it down the hill-side. Felix Taylor jumped out and Rose after him, and both went sliding down the steep bank. Rose caught her foot and went tumbling toward the deep water, and, Felix who was in a hurry to help her, lost his footing and went tumbling after. Rose caught on a bush, or she would have gone into the water. Felix scrambled to his feet, looking very foolish; but Philip called out to him, to pick that wild Rose and come back to the picnic; that the hat was sailing on to the *head* of the river. This foolishness helped Felix to recover himself. Tying his black silk handkerchief over poor Rose's head, they both came back to the carriage, while the hat went floating gaily down the stream, like a flower-laden fairy boat. Phil

said it was only a *sailor* anyhow. We called them Jack and Jill during the whole day.

We arrived at Clifty about ten o'clock. The baskets of lunch were carried to the "stone with the white face," and everyone set about having a good time. Papa took Tommy and a lot of young folks upon a high stone ridge which sticks out over the river, called the Devil's Back Bone. The view is splendid, and the trip just dangerous enough to make it jolly.

Luncheon time came none too soon. The "queen" wished to assist, but the "Freebooter of the Gulf" led her off to a grape-vine swing, saying that none but "middle sized" folk would be employed. All the "big sized" folk began telling stories of their younger days. Hugh objected to any old settler's speeches until luncheon was served; then we could all hear the stories of the "airly days."

I think there is no place where good breeding is made more visible, or invisible, than at a picnic. Some of the dear souls scrambled half across the cloth for things that looked very inviting, and others ate as though there was a train waiting around the bend of the road. Papa says unless people can eat leisurely they should eat in

private, as the Hindu does. He says they should appear as though the food was pleasant to the palate, and not as though they were devouring it.

Perhaps it would be better if I were more economical with my criticism, as there were plenty of good manners—and ants. So I will ask your pardon, and tell only of the good time we had. Uncle Fred sent his cup back to Edith, saying he took his coffee clear, without cream, sugar, or aged relatives. Edith pulled a poor deluged grandaddy long-legs out of his cup and sent it back to him.

Hugh passed doughnuts around strung on a stick, asking if we would like some "fried holes." Papa laughed so heartily that he choked quite severely. After pounding him and giving him some water, we asked him what he choked on. He said he didn't know whether it was a "thought" or one of the "fried holes."

The crowning of the feast was Phil 's lemonade. He had claimed the right to make it, Tommy alone helping to squeeze the lemons. It looked very tempting, for the day was warm, and we all raised our glasses and drank to his and Tommy's health. But, ugh! they had used

salt instead of sugar. To help cover Phil 's chagrin, Hugh asked dear old Judge Mathers to finish the "log-rolling picnic" that he had begun before luncheon. I wish I had time to write it, but we will get him to relate it again when you come.

One of the ladies told of a picnic she had in Japan. Uncle Fred of one he had when in the army. He called it a picnic, but it was the story of his capture when he was taken to Libby Prison.

Then Papa told the legend of Clifty, and the "stone with the white face." We rambled awhile, played hide and seek over and around the rocks, danced, gathered flowers and did everything in the usual picnic fashion. We finished by crowning every brown and golden head with oak leaf wreaths; and just as the full moon began to come up big, red and round, we started homeward, a very happy lot of old and young children, all singing and making a good deal of noise.

We leave next week for Hill Farm, and shall look every day for you to go with us.

With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

SEVENTH LETTER.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—SHAKESPEARE.—PAPA AS SOCRATES.—KORADINE DREAMS.

Kingsford.

My Dear Elizabeth:

You cannot know how dreadfully I am disappointed in your not being able to come to us. I had to return to your "charm" and go off alone and repeat many times the words Joy and Gladness, before I could get free. Surely, you will be able to visit us at Hill Farm before the birds stop singing.

Of course, dearie, we are so glad you are to have the lovely journey through the Adirondacks and to old Nantucket. You will get so much out of it, too. You must keep a diary and then get it printed. It will be worth it, I am sure, for you write just like a book now. I cannot help wondering how you came to love a little thing like me so well, but I am very grateful for it, dear Elizabeth.

I had hoped to have you here in our home, that you might know my dear ones. You would enjoy our Shakespeare evenings, that are becoming interesting to more than our little family circle, which, of course, takes in Uncle Fred, Aunty and Edith. Phil had to cultivate a taste for literature as many young people do. Neither Papa nor Mamma insisted upon his coming in. They said that would be just the way to keep him out; so they waited for him to make up his own mind. After Hugh Pridwin and Tommy Merton became interested, he "fell into line," and now no one is more eager for the evening to come.

Papa reads so naturally, too, just as though he were telling everything out of his own mind. After Phil discovered that Papa had not a Shakespeare voice about him, he concluded he would like to listen. He says he doesn't like "play pretend" voices, and never will go to hear a preacher who reads and prays with what he calls a "Bible voice." He quotes Poor Jo and says, "It sounds mostly as if he was a'talkin' to hissef'. I can never make nothink out of it."

Philip loves Dickens, and Papa says he is safe as long as he does. We are reading The Tempest

now. I get a little dizzy with it sometimes for they all make so much more out of it than just a play. Papa said last night that it is a great sermon on the Universal Spirit. It makes me think we are all spirits. "I find not myself disposed to sleep." Papa says it makes little difference to him who wrote these wonderful plays, so long as they are written; that they all come from one source to him.

We study words and their meanings a great deal, not simply their definitions, but where they come from; we find out in this way so many interesting things. I never thought, until we began it, how language came about, or what caused it to develop.

Papa read last evening, from Max Muller, that our "thoughts are hide-bound in language" and that the origin of words came from the needs of the race to express itself. As it becomes more and more enlightened, the thought gets finer and needs more words. I guess I do not tell it as he writes it, but that is what I got out of Papa's reading. It interests me because I never thought of it before.

Papa told us something about Hugh's name which surprised us, for it seemed almost too com-

monplace to have so great a meaning. The word Hugh means the whole life of man, body, soul, spirit. Pridwin is the name of the shield carried by Good King Arthur, the great Saxon ruler of ancient Britain. The pridwin was of silver, and upon it was painted the face of the Virgin Mary, which was to keep the King in mind of the good power which guarded him all the time. We intend reading Tennyson's poems which tells us all about King Arthur in a most beautiful way. So, you see, our evenings are very nice. I know you would enjoy them.

Sunday is the very best day of all here. It is full of freedom. Mamma calls Papa Socrates that day. He goes about asking questions of everyone, and it seems really wonderful to find out how much one has thought about things without knowing it, until he is routed out of himself. It is a good way to discover the origin of our opinions. Papa asks so many questions, how we came to think so and so about a thing, and why, that before we know it, we have traveled quite around and looked at our opinions from every point of view. One gets in this way to be more careful about making up one's mind, and being very proud of it. It gives an opportunity

of finding out how other minds might consider a subject. He says one of the greatest books ever written, with a text for a title, is, Put Yourself in His Place.

To be able to see the other side of any question, he calls "Mental Ambidextrousness," and says it is good to be left-minded as well as left-handed.

We often discuss etiquette and what constitutes good manners, and get lots of fun out of it, too, sometimes. Phil says that he knows all about polite society, because he read the Perfect Gentleman once. Mamma laughed and said he must do more than read it, he must be it. I think every one who has a kind heart (and who has not?) will be mindful of the rights of others. Is not this true politeness?

Papa says, that as we are all closely linked together in schools and families, kind and unselfish duties should be given to the young children, that they may early learn the lesson of equal rights and justice.

Tommy Merton, who is growing into such a splendid young fellow and coming out of his shyness, said he agreed with Papa; that to his mind good manners are the expression of a loving heart.

He thinks that habit is a foe to equal rights of all kinds. He said we allow ourselves the pleasure of doing something a certain way until it does not give us comfort to do it any other way, though this way annoys a friend, who, in turn, may be easily annoyed because he, too, has habits which he does not like to have disturbed. To be late at church, a concert, or keep a friend waiting, who has no time to wait, is not good manners and is a trespass upon the rights of others. We enjoy it ourselves, but—"We get ourselves disliked," interrupted Phil. This made some of us laugh and ended Tommy's self-forgetting talk. We saw Papa pass his hand over his face. When he does this we know he is smoothing down his mind. Then he said: "As we each serve as models at sometime or other, I shall call upon you, Philip, to pose for me, as I know you are always ready to serve a good cause."

Phil looked so comical that I wanted to laugh, but knew it was not mannerly to do so just then. Papa continued, "Philip, I know, was very much interested in what Tom was saying, but his fun got the better of him and he broke in upon his speech. There is no greater breach of good manners than

interrupting an earnest train of thought, by any remark, no matter how pertinent it may be. It is the thoughtless habit of even cultured people to side track a train of thought upon which the listeners are all riding into some station of wisdom, not only confusing the speaker but producing discomfort to all."

"Father, I thank you very much for this lesson," Phil said, looking so handsome and manly. "I know it was a discourtesy, and I beg Tom's pardon. It is a very bad habit of mine. I shall watch myself after this. I didn't think." Then Papa laughed, and said: "Dear heart, 'didn't think,' is a bud of great promise on the tree of selfness."

We all laughed, for Phil threw up his hands and ducked his head as though Papa had thrown something at him. We could not help it, he had such a funny expression on his face.

That was what Papa liked best to have him do. It helped to get everything smooth. He says when we are fairly beaten to acknowledge it, and if things threaten the feelings of others, it is a good place for a bit of pleasant wit and a jolly word.

Tommy said he was glad of Philip's interruption; that he was beginning to come to himself, and might have been stranded pretty soon. Touching eyelids that look like white rose petals, with their long, dark fringes drooping over the beautiful brown eyes which do not show a sign of blindness, he continued, "I cannot see many of the disagreeable things I hear you talk of. Sometimes I feel them, though not often. For this I am very glad.

"Living is such a glorious thing, so filled with beauty for me, it seems best I am shut safe away in my own world, which is not darkness at all, for the love that comes from my friends makes it a very beautiful place to live in. Sometimes I hear people talk about things being ugly. I know it is something quite the opposite of beauty, but I cannot picture it in here," tapping his head. "I cannot form any thought that will fit the word." Tears filled the eyes of all when the dear boy said this. Hugh afterward confessed, as we were taking a ride behind Tex, that Tommy's words had set him thinking and made him realize that he was not grateful for all that has been given him so lavishly. Tommy gave us all something to think about.

I had a curious dream about Tommy last night. I thought I stood on the edge of a lake, looking out over it. Roses and vines clambered over and hung about me. The blue waters were dancing in a bright light and still it did not seem to be the sunshine. All at once, from a dark cloud which had hovered near the farther shore, came Tommy walking upon the water, or rather dancing along over the silvery crest of the bright waves. He was clothed (I could not say dressed) in a rich purple garment, as a king. He beckoned to us as he came toward us. He did not come close, but stood far off. The wind lifted his dark curls from his white brow, and he raised his eyes toward the light with a sweet smile upon his lovely face. The beautiful lake was surrounded by hills sloping away into a wide, spreading country, and I caught just a glimpse of a white temple and other strange buildings, that were half hidden by a silvery mist. I thought I tried very hard to see them, but could not.

The hills were covered with soft, fine grass that glittered with dew. There were flowers, too, with bright-winged butterflies swaying upon them, and there were great spreading trees with many, many of the loveliest singing birds in them, their

bright wings flashing like jewels as they flew about from branch to branch.

All at once there came from the deep forest a great, white lion. It moved along with a wonderful majesty toward where the waves touched the grassy bank. Then the beautiful boy saw it, and he ran, laughing with joy, over the shining waves to the wondrous creature, which came to him as he stepped upon the shore, and licked his face. The young king, for such he seemed now to be, laid his arm about the lion's neck and caressed it.

Then he sat down upon the soft, sparkling grass, and the lion lay down beside him. He laid his dark, shining head upon the lion's mane; the bright birds came singing about them; I thought I saw the flowers lift up their heads; from each one came ringing tiny, clear, bell-like sounds. The leaves began whispering, and soon there was the most marvelous music, a wonderful *tone*, which seemed to contain some great knowledge that I was too simple to understand. Then I saw that both boy and lion were sleeping. Suddenly a light burst from over the hill tops, a beautiful ray like a golden path, very bright, so long, the whole earth seemed glad.

As I looked, I saw wonderful creatures, too beautiful and strong to be only men and women. The brightness grew brighter as they came down the shining, golden slope, and the music grew so sweet, as though sweetness had been added to it when the light burst forth. Oh, it was music, real music, not sounds put together.

Nearer and nearer they came until they stood around the boy and his lion, and the brightness covered them like a white robe. Presently I saw the lion standing up, with the young king lying asleep upon the back of the great white creature. The strange people formed a circle about them, and all at once they began to float out into the path of gold which lay across the water; then higher and higher into the light, up its shining way, all at once I saw a great golden sun.

Its gates opened, and then—and then, with the music sweeter, oh, far sweeter, and all the beauty more beautiful, I saw our blind boy raise his head and I could see his eyes. They were shining like stars, and, oh, Elizabeth, I could see that he *saw* me. He smiled and reached his hands toward me, and—and—oh, I do not know how it was, for I awoke. Mamma

was standing beside me wiping my face. I was crying. She said I had called out in my sleep, and she came to me; but I looked so happy through my tears she would not waken me. I was so thankful; I would not have missed my dream for anything.

Do not fail to write me often. With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

EIGHTH LETTER.

OLD FASHIONED GARDEN. — LEGEND OF THE LOMBARDY POPLARS.—KORADINE THINKS FOR HERSELF.—PHIL. PICTURES ELIZABETH.

Hill Farm.

My Good and Best Elizabeth:

You will see by this heading that we have come to the old home. It is the dearest place in the world to us all. We never realize that Papa has any cares, or is any older, until we come back here and see his face grow young and his step light as a boy's. Especially is this true when he is walking around in the old flower-garden with its brown pickets, its box-bordered flower-beds of ragged robin, phlox, bachelor buttons, lark-spurs, cocks-combs and, "above all the flowers that grow in the yarding," that dear Cinderella of blossoms, the little, ragged Scotch pink, in white and rosy groups. Along and peering over the slender pickets, grow the hollyhocks, looking

like so many fine ladies in gay bonnets. In the corner next the orchard stands a cherry tree. Most of its bare branches are wonderfully draped with a vagrant hop-vine that will hang full of pale-green cones by and by.

Then there are the currant bushes. How I love them! They will be jeweled with rubies before long. Papa's favorite of this dear "old timey" place is a hundred leaf rose bush which grows and spreads over in one corner, filling the whole garden with its sweet perfume.

His mother planted it. All the while it blooms he wears one of its roses in his buttonhole, and Mamma one in her hair. This morning, as he stood beside it, he recited a beautiful little poem —"Old Cabbage Rose with a Hundred Leaves." I saw tears in his eyes as he bent to pluck a bunch of them.

Oh, deary me! How much I wish you were here. If you should want to surprise us any time, you have an invitation to do so now.

You will be beckoned to while you are ten miles away by a long row of Lombardy poplars. They are guards that, Papa says, put "Frederick Williams' hundred giants to the blush." As you come around the green side hill, after leaving the

station, along the smooth road and cross the little white bridge, you will see an old orchard filled with apple, peach and cherry blooms, blue-birds and robins. Then the trees will wave for you to come on. Looking over their tops you will see broad, red chimneys. "Now you will be getting warmer."

Then you will see several kinds of roofs which have come together, from time to time, to shelter spreading love, Papa says. As you come up higher on the white road, you will catch a glimpse of blue through all the green-ness. Never mind, the sky has not dropped down; it is the lake dancing with joy at your coming. Farther on you will see lilac bushes; if you come at once, you will see and smell their white and lavender blossoms. A big dog will bound at you as you come up the walk; that will be Leo. Immediately upon the broad piazza, from the wide, old-fashioned doorway, will issue forth a tall, handsome, rosy-cheeked, gray-haired, sweetest man in the world; that will be my Papa. By his side will be a calm, gentle, little woman, with a face like an apple bloom; that will be my Mamma. By this time you will not have an opportunity to see my

one big brother and his friends Hugh and Tommy, or my beloved Edith, or Mrs. Merton, or any one else, for a small person, with auburn hair, raying out like fireworks on fire, will dash past all of them up to you, and no one will get a chance to see how you look for the space of five minutes. Deary me! Can you not come? Oh, I suppose not

If you were here, you and Edith and I would row, ride, and clamber all over our great barn, hunt hen's nests in the sweet-smelling hay, and take long walks, as you so love to do, across the marsh meadow and over the bars into the fields of red and white clover, then on up into the beech woods where the wild flowers are thick; then down the pasture lane that is shaded by the locust trees and the sumac bushes.

"And pausing here a minute, when we hear the squirrel chuckle,
As he darts from out the underbrush and scampers up the tree,
We will gather buds and locust blossoms, leaves and honeysuckle
To wreath around our foreheads riding into used-to-be."

Much of this sweet, sweet home is already getting into the land of the used-to-be for me.

Everything here is just as it has been ever since I can remember; but so much has happened to

me during the last year, that I am constantly wondering over it all. I fancy I am living in two worlds at the same time; that I am growing out all around from the little girl of me which still stays a tiny spot inside of all this spreading, where the silly, childish dreams still live, and come back to me whenever we return here and I go again to the same places where I used to dream them.

There is a spring we call the Dulcimer. It comes out from under a big rock and tall ferns, with a sweet, tinkling sound, and runs on to the lake, a silver thread over the pebbles, through the grass and water cress.

Close by the spring is a big willow tree, under whose yellow whips I used to lie and dream every kind of foolishness. Just across from my grassy bed under the willow is Druid's Grove, which is twelve splendid oak trees. They are very large, and the great big one Papa calls the High Priest. Under these we have our Shakespeare readings. I will tell you more about them some other time.

As I have said, I used to lie under the willow and think the sunshine was little golden goblins playing hide and seek through the leaves with

me. I would wait for hours to see a beautiful little lady ride out from under the rock in a sea-shell, on the musical water, wearing a sparkling dress and crown, and carrying a jeweled staff with a wonderful star. She was accompanied by a great troupe of other miniature people almost as dazzling, for, if you will believe it (though I do not suppose you were ever so foolish), they appeared sometimes—or so it seemed—and would land on the tops of the water cress and the purple and white Johnnie-jump-ups. The old Priest would wave his arm-like branches, clothed with their green leaf sleeves. The sparkling company, with tiny gay banners and bright spears and lances, would gather under it, and joining hands would circle around their beautiful little queen, singing, oh, the sweetest songs, their voices sounding like silver bells. Then there would come out from the woods, the grasses and the leaves the most comical little creatures all dressed in green. I called them the leaf tenders, for they perched themselves up on the leaves and sat rocking to and fro, listening to the little lady with the starry staff, telling of how once upon a time the Lombardy poplars were great giants, who had come marching across

the land straight to her queendom under the spring, to swallow it up, for they were such thirsty fellows.

The leaf tenders came flying with the news, and the big willow tapped on the rock, while the poplars were yet a ways off. The queen came out, waved her staff and the bright star flashed, for it was magical and had power to call the sun, the wind and the rain clouds together. They all agreed it would be good to give the giants something to do ; and so the queen held high her shining staff just as they were coming single file along the road up from the creek at the foot of Hill Farm, and there they have stood ever since.

I never see a yellow bee nor a dragon fly that I do not wonder what news he's carrying to the little chappies in green tights and cocked hats I used to see rocking on the feathery tops of the tall timothy.

I still have the same curiosity about what the birds and the squirrels are chattering. The wind and the leaves seem always to be knowing things. Only now, when I lie under the willow, with my head close to the tinkling stream, it seems to be singing a new song. The sparkling

lady with her glittering train, the leaf tenders and the chappies have faded out of sight.

Papa says beautiful thoughts having once been born, live forever in our mind world. Somehow I think that is true; at least, I hope it is. One of the new things that has come to me is, that while I have no doubt of what Papa or Mamma say, still I find myself wondering if it is really, truly just as they say it is. You will know what I mean. This morning I confessed it to Edith while we were drifting along in the Mehitable Ann, Philip's boat. He insists upon calling it that funny name.

Edith looked glad, and said I was just beginning to awake and think for myself; that that is what Papa means when he says everyone comes to a point of departure once in so long; that change is a necessity, a law, and that the first point in the path is coming to know one's self—the consciousness of one's individuality. Edith illustrated it by telling how the baby grows to a time when it must walk and becomes conscious that it may go from place to place alone, and a like time comes to our minds, she said. So I suppose it is true that I am just beginning to totter out alone. I feel almost fright-

ened at the thought. How suddenly everything widens. I cannot think much about it all at once. I am delighted that you are having such a lovely journey. Edith sends her love ; so would Papa, Mamma and Phil., did they know I was writing. I wish you could have heard Phil describing you last night, as he pretends you appear to his mind's eye. (I wonder if the mind has only one eye ?) He did it just to tease me. I told him I would write it, and he played awful fright.

You were tall and slim, "bean poleish," he called it, with a face the shape of a hatchet and freckled, and a mole on your nose. You wore a sunbonnet out of which peeped coquettishly the nose and the mole. You wore pantalettes down to your shoe tops, for you had "advanced ideas," and short skirts. Your feet, according to Phil , were two long lines with hooks on the ends. His mind's eye made you look like the pictures he used to make on his slate and all over his books.

I know your sense of the absurd would have been aroused as it was that time Miss Austeren was giving us the lecture on carelessness. Wasn't it funny when she brought her hand down on the ruler and said there was "no such thing as an

accident?'' That ruler acted as if it were alive as it flipped up and swung around, upsetting the bell which dropped with a bang to the platform and then to the floor, and as she tried to catch it she slipped and upset her chair. She clung to the table, and that joggled the vase of flowers over, spilling the water, and you, good, staid Elizabeth, giggled as Estelle whispered that the Bible was having a second flood. Wasn't Miss Austeren red in the face as she dismissed us all to our rooms for laughing? Papa said—I told him about it—if she had thrown up her hands just there and been merry over it, we would have forgotten it in a few minutes, instead of remembering it to her disadvantage all our lives. Write soon, dearest.

KORADINE.

NINTH LETTER.

PAPA KEEPS HIS TEMPER.—SALE OF THE LAND —VISIT FROM STRANGERS.—NEW COLONY.

Hill Farm.

My Dear Elizabeth:

You have no idea how much we enjoy your letters. They are treasures. Papa thinks your power of description is wonderfully clear and direct; then, too, you always have some good reason for telling a thing, which makes it worth telling. I like your letters better than photographs; for I can *feel you* in them. I am glad to know you are keeping a diary. I am trying to, but I do not succeed very well. I get my dates mixed so badly. I make myself do something on Monday that I didn't do until Tuesday. The way I do that is by putting off writing for two or three days; then my memory is not clear about the time and act. Phil says I do not make the "punishment fit the crime."

I expect I wrote too much about our dear home in my last letter; but I had only been back a week and my glad fever was running high. I would not lead you to think it the most beautiful spot about this lake, for it is not, if it is the dearest. Our house is years and years old, while there are any number of beautiful new cottages all about us. Many persons have asked Papa and Mamma if they were not sorry to have so many people building near us.

Last week a gentleman came to get Papa to join him in buying up the lovely land which rises from the lake to the big ridge, between his place and ours. Papa said he had all the land now that he thought he had a right to own, and that people could not encroach upon him, because he liked folks. The man grew very excited, indeed, and talked very loud; but Papa was true to his doctrine, that he who loses his temper in an argument is the slave of him who keeps his. The gentleman said: "Surely, you do not wish all sorts of *common* folk walking over your grounds, picking your fruit and, worse than all, mixing with your young people?"

I saw Papa pass his hand over his face and knew he was smoothing down the inside of his

mind. "I beg your pardon, Mr.——," I will not say who he was, for Mamma says one should never tell tales and names, too—"I am of the common people; that is, I belong to the race which I think is common to us all. Because I have a few more acres of ground and larger possessions than some others, I do not feel myself called upon to say that they shall not cross the fields I call mine, nor lie down in the shadow of trees that God Almighty planted here before my ancestors were born. It would be poor gratitude on my part were I to begrudge, or by any act of mine deprive one of His children, my brothers, of the free use of His sunshine, green trees, fields, fruits and water.

"As for my young people, I am not afraid to have them mingle with 'His one family here,' as Browning says. Five-year-old Don, our neighbor's son, divinely expressed my feelings the other day. When told by some one that a certain child was not a good little boy for him to play with, he replied, like a true and loyal brother: 'Yes; but I'm a good little boy for him to play with.' I confess to a desire to be led by the same fearless faith of the little child." Papa said all this so kindly that the gentleman rode away looking less angry but very

much disappointed. He couldn't quarrel, for there was nobody to quarrel with.

To-day, at dinner, Papa said that he had heard over at the village, where he had been all the morning, that this beautiful ridge land we all love so much had been bought by some sort of a colony, and that its people are to begin building at once. It will seem so queer to have anything there but the green meadows and hill slopes, which curve in like a great, grassy bowl, or rather the half of one. Papa has always called it the Red Man's Council Chamber, and has often pictured to us the Indians sitting all around in the green basin and on the hillside, in their war-paint and feathers, listening to the eloquent talk of some brave chief. He made us fairly see the council fires burning in the center. Sometimes now, when the sun is setting and the red glow comes through the trees, I seem to see them sitting there still in the gathering shadows.

Papa said if it were true about the colony, he would get Mr. Dodge (a man here who has a genius for finding springs) to hunt for more water, that there might be plenty for all. Mamma says it is no secret why everything comes to Papa; he is always thinking what he may do for some

one else; that forgetting ourselves and giving go hand in hand; getting is a result—a sort of filling up for more giving.

Edith and I have just been talking of how easy it is to fall down and worship some one who is very good. It came about from Papa's conversation with the gentleman. We were sitting where we could not avoid hearing it, and when Papa walked away with Mamma down to Druid's Grove, Edith turned to me, and said: "I could fall down and worship Uncle Donald," meaning Papa. "I am afraid I do," I said, "though I know it is not he but the good that he thinks and does, that is the part we should fall down and worship."

"Yes," she said, "I know we are apt to call the person good without realizing that it is the splendid act, and loving, helpful word that everybody loves, no matter how ignorant they are. I think that is what Jesus meant when He said to the man who called Him 'good master,' 'Why callest thou Me good, there is none good but one, that is God.' He saw that the man was confusing *Him* with the great and loving things He was doing and saying."

"But isn't it right to love the person, too?"

I asked. "Oh, yes," she said; "we cannot help it, it is the instrument through which the good shows itself."

When Edith talks this way she looks like you and Papa and Mamma. I said so to Philip; he laughed and said: "That is the principle by which composite pictures are made."

Next Day.

I did not finish my letter yesterday, for Papa and Mamma came in from a ride on the lake. I do not remember ever having seen Papa so excited. He had met some of the new colony people on the boat, and they had been telling about what they intended doing. They had heard about Papa and Mamma and were going to call after visiting their new possessions. I heard him say to Mamma: "I believe this is the beginning of the end of the dream and desire I have had all my life. How wonderful are the mysteries that surround us. People of different types and from opposite points of the globe are thinking along the same lines, and in the due course of time come together as naturally as sunlight falls upon the earth. A whole is formed from the parts and a plan completed in season. A seem-

ing accident associates these people together upon ship board, and finally they float here to our very door-way. I can prophesy the result. My time, my best thought, all I have shall be given to this work."

They came soon after; we are all excited and greatly interested, especially Papa, who says the ideas put forth by these people are almost the same that he has held for years. The party remained all night with us. I told Papa this morning I didn't believe they went to bed at all. And I think I am right, for he just smiled at me.

Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Monsieur Kenan, and Dr. Goodrich met on ship-board coming from Japan. Dr. Goodrich, an American lady, is the leading spirit. She has traveled everywhere, studying different methods of education. Monsieur Kenan is from Paris, where he has been interested in the study of languages, and was a professor in one of its Universities. Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft are rich people from Virginia, who wish to do the best they can with their wealth. Papa thinks that greater things than are yet dreamed of are to come about in the right methods of cultivating the youth of this great country.

"From the known to the unknown," he said,

with his face raised to the blue sky. We were standing on the lawn in the evening light.

"Yes," said Mamma, laying her head on his arm, "your brotherly love, your feeling of kinship with all your fellows has brought you this blessing. I am glad and grateful for the good that is in you."

"The new time is upon us," said Edith, as she put her hand upon Papa's shoulder; and we all drew close together.

"Well, if you are not a close communion party I never saw one," said Phil , as he, with Hugh and Tommy, came around from the lake-side of the piazza. They had just returned from a three days' visit down at Kingsford.

"Then we belie our looks, my son," said Papa, as he turned, laughingly, to the boys. "We are all feeling very universal just now, and consequently are very happy."

"You look it. What has happened to add to the large stock of happiness constantly on hand?" asked Phil , who delights to quote Uncle Fred's shop-talk. "Have you saved some poor widow, with six small children, from drowning, or have you had a dream come true ?"

"Your intuition is awakening and rubbing its

eyes," said Mamma, after we had welcomed them home. "You guessed it the first time. A dream of your Papa's has come true."

"I'll take my chromo framed," said Phil, with a low bow and a sweep of his hat, for all the world like old black Hezzy Smith who keeps the boat house over at Camp Holly. "Do tell us, Papa, the good news!"

Papa then told the boys of having heard of the sale of the ridge land to a colony of people, of meeting a party of their number on the boat, of their visit, and of what they said they intended doing.

They have bought the land as a community, and will erect a number of cottages. Everything will be strictly coöperative. This will be done very shortly; and then the ulterior and vital plans will be worked out after gathering together here. They have given us the honor, pleasure and happiness of asking our coöperation in an educational idea which has been for years in my mind. As I have often told you, any good thought held with tenacity day in and day out will surely come to pass. I am sure my thought, or dream, as Phil has expressed it, is about to come true."

"That will be splendid, Papa," said Phil. "I should like to be professor of gymnastics."

"Well, hold to that tightly; turn it over and over in your mind; box the compass; climb the ladder of your desire and practice other mental gymnastics, and you will doubtless land on the top round," answered Papa.

I think I told you that work is to be begun at once. Dr. Goodrich said I must look out and save the trees. No more are to be cut down than are actually needful.

The new people went back to the city but will return soon. There is to be a hay ride as soon as the moon is ready, which means when she is bright enough. All the young people are going. We expect a jolly time. I trust this letter is long enough. What a scold you are when I write "too shortly." With love to all.

Your devoted

KORADINE.

TENTH LETTER.

AN EARLY MORNING RIDE. — CATHERINE AND THE ANIMALS. — GERTRUDE AND THE THORN-TREE. — DR. GOODRICH PROPHESIES.

Hill Farm.

My Beloved Elizabeth:

Who would have thought that weeks would have passed before I answered your last letter, which was splendid as usual? They are all so good that we watch for them as one does for pleasant visitors.

Tommy says you put sight into everything you describe.

I wish for you more than ever now, for our dear Frances Larned has just arrived. Edith, Philip and I arose very early and went to the station to meet her. Did you ever get up ever-so-early of a summer morning? Well, if you haven't, try it. It is the gloryest part of the day. Edith and I often awaken to listen to the

strange sort of stir that takes place. There always seems a hint of daylight quite a while before it comes, as though the trees and grasses understood the wonderful thing about to happen. As the sky shows just a tint of silvery blue, a sleepy little chirp is heard from some tiny bird nestled down in a soft nest in the bushes or trees. All is still except the strange rustle of the woods. Soon she peeps again, but not quite so drowsily—something between a coax and a call. Very often she sends out these sweet sounds several times before she is answered by a low, clear note with a twitter in it. Then come other sleepy chirps from various directions, all the while the sun is climbing up the walls of the world; and when he opens its eastern gates he is met by a perfect chorus of music, that Tommy calls a Madrigal.

We arose about half past three this morning, for the train is a very early one, and the sleepy, spicy woods, as we rode along the fern-bordered road, looked very mysterious in the dim light. It felt sacred, somehow.

The morning grew more beautiful when I saw the blessed little gray figure of my dear teacher come out of the car. Edith and Philip both knew her from my description.

After I had squeezed her to my heart's content and she could get a good look at me, she said I had grown considerably since leaving school. What do you think of that? You will have to hunt about for another name than Miss Midget when you come.

As we went riding along over the smooth, white road between the clover and wheat fields, her eyes looked as though they were praying, as all the misty, morning beauty dawned upon her. The white ghost of the water was rising upward to the sun from the glittering lake and dewy meadows. The pale pink and creamy tinges in the sky, which had been rose and yellow, were now fast fading out into the bright light of the day. The sweet, sweet odors and the songs, that came out from the willow hedges and grassy places were new and strange to her; it was a picture with music to it. It is all new to me, too, every day. We did not talk, for we knew how she felt.

All the household was up and ready to receive her. I went away, with Hugh and Tommy, to gather some water lilies. I remembered she said once that no flower was so beautiful to her mind as the water lily, besides, I knew she would more

quickly get acquainted with my dear ones if I were absent a little while. Mamma suggested it, and I saw how it would be; we three especially love the lake in the early morning. Do you remember the little poem you were so fond of reciting which I thought so beautiful? It has been saying itself over and over in my mind all day:

"There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There's ever a something that sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the sky is gray."

It is now six or seven weeks since our neighbors, the Arcadians, began building on their land. They put on a large force of men and have "rushed things right through," according to Phil 's way of expressing it. The erection of the cottages has been very interesting, for most of them were ready to put together when they arrived and are made of either pine or paper. I can scarcely believe that those strong and pretty buildings are made of such flimsy stuff as paper. One of the men laughed when I said they would melt in the rain. I thought how funny it would be if they were to hang limp and lop over after a shower, as Mrs. Smith's sunbonnet did on the day she came to bring us vegetables and berries, through a thunder storm when the rain had come

down in torrents. She said it had been a "right smart chance of a shower;" that she had been "ketched out in it" and felt "leetle damp." You would have thought so if you had seen her. Phil suggested putting her through the wringer, and said he would be happy to turn the crank. She swished at him with a bunch of grass she had taken from over a basket of berries into which Phil was looking, as she said, "Jist go eout there in the yard and turn yeourself around, then, if turnin' a crank 'll make you happy." We have known her all our lives and so it is nothing new for us to have a little fun together. She simply adores Phil.

Well, the cottages are all up and the two main buildings will be finished this week. One will be used for a general meeting place, the "home house" I call it. There will be a kitchen, which Phil declares should always be built first, a great dining room, and a perfectly ideal living, or library room, where there is a huge old-fashioned fireplace around which there will be many a good time, I feel sure.

The Parthenon is the largest building, and is built in Greek style of architecture, with seven great columns in front. I was in ecstasies when

I learned they were to be there. I always "chose them for mine," when I was a little girl looking at the pictures in an old Greek history we have. It is on the hill overlooking the Red Man's Council Chamber; white and stately, it is magnificent from the lake. The cottages, like baby houses, are clustered on the shores and up the sloping green hill, peeping out through the beech, elm and oak trees.

When the men were clearing the grounds for the buildings I stood guard over the trees, like a Druid queen, and saved many a one, I assure you. How I lectured and argued! Phil says I have been cultivating the laboring man, and calls the workmen the Koradine Clan of the Order of Foresters. I really think few boards have been put up or nails driven without my eyes resting upon the same.

Oh! I have not told you of the splendid spring Mr. Dodge discovered on the east side of Hill Farm. It was opened up and the stream goes bubbling down through Arcadia as the new colony has been named. Rustic bridges are being built across the stream, making the whole place picturesque, indeed. An artist, sketching in our fields the other day, said that Arcadia was beau-

tiful enough for a picture. Of course he meant the glory of the fields and woods as well. On the side and curve of the hill in which is "Druid's Grove" the council chamber begins. So we are all close together in our beauty.

Hugh has written an Indian legend about it, founding it on Papa's story, which he is to read at the Oak Philosophers' meeting. Papa has had the fences taken down and it has become "common ground" with Arcadia.

You know, I think, that there is to be no personal gain in this colony settlement. It is purely philanthropic and educational. Dr. Goodrich sent at once for Miss Larned, after your letter in answer to Papa's, and all are busy. There is to be a meeting this afternoon under the branches of the old Druid Priest. We are growing very fond of the young people. There are only eight of them. Dr. Goodrich has a niece who is the jolliest girl I ever saw. Alice Hawley is her name. She knows Estelle. There are two Bancroft girls, Corrinne and Gertrude. Corrinne is nice and Gertrude rather stately. Neil Bancroft is so full of tease! Phil says he prefers swamp mosquitoes to him. Papa brought me a monkey once. We kept it a week. If we only had it

now we might get it and Neil to entertain each other, and thus relieve our tired-out souls.

I wonder what makes boys so? I am only a year older than Neil, but I feel ages older; and I am sure I never acted as he does. If he did not have such a tender, loving heart, we could not get on. He is never thoughtless or prankish with Tommy, and adores his mother, who fully returns his devotion, with her love-cup running over. Ruth Curtis is here, with her mother and baby brother. Oh, yes! I forgot him. I think it was because he is never still long enough to count.

Douglas and Catherine McDonald are brother and sister, orphans, whose parents were intimate and loved friends of Dr. Goodrich. They are Scotch and splendid young folk. Catherine is especially interesting to me. I thought I loved the woods, but in that she excels me or any one I ever knew. She seems to belong to them, and everything there knows and loves her. She is not particularly gentle, but there is nothing in the animal world, not excepting Mrs. Curtis' little roly-poly baby, that doesn't love her. They must surely love her, for they never seem to be in the least afraid of her. Papa says one way we may

prove our love is by not being afraid; that love and fear cannot exist together.

As Catherine sits reading in the woods the birds will hop close to her and chirp and twitter, and do not offer to fly away if she stirs; and as she walks away they will fly from branch to branch along her path.

She says that several times humming birds have alighted on her head or shoulders; and the other morning, as she sat on a seat which is built out over the water under an overhanging tree and vine, a mink—you know how very shy they are—ran back and forth over her feet, darting here and there and coming back to her several, yes, a half dozen times.

One evening, as she, Gertrude Bancroft and I were passing a farm house, a huge dog jumped the fence and dashed toward us. Gertrude forgot her stateliness, screamed and started to run. I couldn't if I wished to, for Catherine caught my arm quietly and turned toward the ferocious creature, looking at him as calmly as though he had been a butter-fly. He stopped and looked at her, then came whining to her feet, wagging his tail and licking her hand. She patted him, saying something, I do not know what; I only re-

member the sound; I never can forget that. We left the dog looking wistfully after her.

I said: "Catherine, I believe if that dog had been a lion he would have acted in the same way under your look and voice."

"Yes, I think he would," she replied quietly, and nothing more was said, for I could feel she did not wish to talk about it. We found Gertrude half a mile down the road up in a thorn tree, just think of it! which grows close by the rail fence, her face as white as her mull hat. She didn't know how she got there, and was in the same indefinite state of mind about getting back. It had taken her only a minute to leap to her thorny perch, but it took nearly an hour to get her out. We laughed till we cried, notwithstanding her torn clothes and poor scratched hands. I am afraid she would have been there yet if her father and mother had not come by on their way from the village.

Night.

I was interrupted this afternoon by Neil climbing up to my window, like the monkey he is, on the rose trellis, and "booing" me. Tommy had sent him to tell me that the meeting in Druid's

Grove was about to begin. I wish to finish to-night, as Mr. Bancroft and Papa are going to the city in the morning and will post my letter. Our mails are not very regular; so we like to start our letters from the city.

The meeting was very interesting to all. Dr. Goodrich delighted every one with her talk. She said that the initial movement made by the Arcadians is like a nut in which is a mighty kernel, and from whose planting, she believed, there would grow more perfect methods for leading us all into simpler and wiser living.

She likened this growth to that of the banyan tree, and pictured to us how it would send forth new shoots of power, which in turn would reach down and take root for more beauty, until the whole world unite and be adorned with a civilization of brotherly love and mutual helpfulness.

She said that the present is "playing pretend," like imaginative children. I knew she had played, as I have all my life, when she told that. She talked about social conditions, saying they hampered many a soul that had awakened to a knowledge of its bondage and was struggling to get free. She spoke of social usage as the implacable jailor to many a fair rebel in petticoats,

who dare not liberate herself into bodily freedom, for fear of "Mr. They Say."

She told of how every home is more or less cluttered with a lot of "bedizened trumpery" that it may meet the custom and form of polite living.

But what pleased me most and made my heart beat fastest was that a new order of thought is coming into the life of mankind, concerning the distinction and position of its people. She said our ideas of service would change; that labor had yet to be not only dignified but beautified; and that each class must change its base; but there would be a mental stepping down and a mental stepping up before it could be done, and the level reached by both would be the common level of brotherly love. I remember this part of her talk particularly, for somewhere inside of my mind I knew it was true and, as she prophesied, would come about.

My memory often stands me in place of understanding, as Edith says. I carry a thing in my mind until some one tells me what it means, or I work it out myself, as Papa likes best to have me do. Dr. Goodrich said that the theorist is always ahead of the reasoner and is the foot-ball of

the latter to hold or to kick; that much of the beginning of the Arcadian movement would be ideal and theoretical; but that, bound as they are by mutual interests based on love for humanity and its progress, power would be generated for putting theory into practice, thus proving the ideal to be the real and possible for human living. Theories first, reason second, and practice third.

She was grateful that there were so many who were ready to cooperate in proving these ideas, and said a great step is gained when man shows the desire to act in concert with his fellows; that the idea of paternal love could never be understood until the brotherly had first been felt.

"The new time" (that is what Papa is always talking of), she said, "must begin with the germination of the new creature from the ideal; must be conceived by the ideal, and carry its standard on up through social and moral life. From the seed to the man, from the man to the heart of the Infinite." She looked like a beautiful prophetess, her face lighting up with a white, holy light, as she exclaimed: "Friends, I believe from my soul that there is no mystery man may not know and understand if he is properly tutored from his inception to the time when he

shall prove his immortality here and now, by being immortal and free.'' She sat down and everything was so still that even the summer wind seemed to be listening.

Monsieur Kenan said he felt he could not add anything to what had just been spoken, and then went on and talked a great deal. I wonder when people feel that way why they always go on and say more than if they didn't have such feelings. Papa remarked afterward when I asked my question, that Monsieur had many fresh and original ideas that we could not afford to do without.

I must to bed now. Miss Larned has just brought the enclosed note. With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

NARROW ESCAPE.—HAY RIDE.—PINK MOONLIGHT. — BELINDA'S VOICE AND HEZZY'S FIDDLE. — THUNDERSTORM.—WHAT GOOD PEOPLE PARENTS ARE.

Hill Farm.

My Dearest Elizabeth:

The beginning of the end of what is termed the season is already here. The notes I enclose with Miss Larned's do not count, as you say, for I have not your power of condensing. You tell so much in just a sentence or two, that it makes me blush when I think of the pages I consume, that really have so little in them.

They are like confectioners' kisses, all hole inside. We have been listening to readings from Emerson lately, and I think your letters sound like his writings; it may be you have inherited his gift. Who knows? I know you will laugh at me, and say you are not any relation to him, but I do not believe that makes any difference.

I have not had time to tell you of all the fun we have had. The hay rides, the corn roasts, the marsh mallow bakes up at Camp Holly, the boat rides and the swimming school, of which Phil., Hugh and Douglas are the teachers. Oh, the duckings we have had! But I must tell you about Alice Hawley and Phil. One afternoon we were all in the water, grown folk and young. Alice swims like a *deep sea fish*, her father says, and she is the life of the crowd wherever we are. Papa calls her the Merry Maid of Arcadia. Her face always looks as though she had just heard good news. Philip and she had been playing tricks on each other. Once he upset her out of a row boat, which was funny, because she was surprised, as he did it so quickly. Her father, who was enjoying it greatly, sat upon a raft, with his feet in the water. Alice stayed down so long that even calm Dr. Goodrich came out upon the pier and looked a little worried, I thought. Her father's smile had just faded off his face, when, all at once he disappeared like a flash under the water. He soon came up puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and Alice scrambled on the raft looking like a mischievous mermaid.

By this time Phil had dressed himself and put on

his long, new Mackintosh, of which he was rather proud. He stood on the edge of the pier laughing at Mr. Hawley's disappearance, when Alice slyly crept up behind him and pushed the young man kersplash into the deep water and then ran toward her cottage, which is away up the hill. Phil climbed quickly out of the water as he came up and "took" after her. We were all so excited we fairly screamed, "Run, Alice, run," though she was already running like a deer. Up, up she flew and Phil gaining on her. Once she stumbled and fell forward, but it only kept her from Phil 's outstretched hand; then, by a sudden spurt she reached her door and slammed it in Phil 's face. I danced and screamed and felt just as I do when I go up stairs ahead of Phil , for he always grabs at my feet, and I cannot go fast enough.

One night, not long ago, we had a narrow escape on the water in a sail boat. It sprang a leak when we were three miles from shore and began to settle very fast. We had come across Catherine and Douglas, who were out rowing, and persuaded them to come on board with us. That was what saved us, for they hitched their boat to ours, and it lay floating there when Hugh

saw the little stream of water bubbling up in the bottom of the boat. Everybody was singing and being noisy, as usual. Hugh whispered the news to Philip and Douglas. Catherine knew in a flash what was the matter, but bantered the girls to get into the boat with her and row to the shore. The boys, seeing she knew, at once seconded the proposal.

Catherine, with Neil, pulled bravely for the shore and left the others singing, unconscious of their danger. I felt there was something wrong but did not know what. Phil insisted that I should go, but I seemed to grow strong inside and would not leave him; and he could not urge it too much lest the others should suspect. Besides he was glad to get Neil Bancroft off. It seemed a year before Catherine appeared again with the boat. The moon was very bright. I shall never forget Catherine's face as we rowed away leaving Philip, Hugh and Douglas standing knee deep in the sinking boat.

She made me think of a picture we have of Joan of Arc. It was the same *still* expression she had the day the big dog came so savagely toward us. The boys held on to the boat until she and Neil went back to take them off. Every-

body is wondering over our escape. Was it not because we kept cool-headed? I was cold to my heart when we left the three brave boys alone out there in the water, but had to laugh when Phil called out to us to hurry back, that he was hungry.

Our hay ride was simply absurd. The man in the moon had his fagots burning, and the night was like a sleepy day, soft, cool and bright. All the young folk at Camp Holly had intended going, but the very afternoon we were to start some of the Mammas were highly horrified to discover that no chaperone had been provided for the young ladies, and would not let them attend, though they had no objection to their sons going. I never saw my Mamma's eyes flash so brightly, but she asked quietly, "From whom are they to be protected? From our own boys?" Then she said, that if such protection was necessary the boys would require it quite as much as the girls; especially if the young people's minds, manners and morals had not been properly chaperoned in their homes.

Of course some thought she was horrid, and others that she was right, but were afraid of those who thought she was horrid; so a good many

dropped out. It was a blessed thing they did. As it was we were all packed in the hay like the nest full of birdlings under the piazza eves.

We drove six miles to Wild Goose Lake, where there were boats, and rowed over to Blatkind's tavern under a pink moonlight. Did you ever see a pink moonlight? Well if you haven't, you have yet to see the most exquisite night beauty. It looks as though pearls were melted in a wine of pink roses, if there can be such a thing.

I wonder if you can explain how it is that Tommy came to notice its glory before any of our noisy crowd did? I heard him ask Hugh about it.

Catherine had her mandolin, Douglas his flute and Phil his guitar. These, with the happy voices, made the ride over the water in the wonderful light of the moon-wine very lovely. One of the boats was tippy though, and Neil "wiggled" so that the "'fraid girls" interrupted the sweet sounds every now and then with shrieks that made the fish hold their ears, I am sure. I do wonder what makes girls shriek and giggle.

We found Mr. Blatkind, but no supper, as the order sent the day before had not reached him. I think the boys felt worse about it than the girls,

especially Neil. Our host said he thought "Belindy (his wife) could scrape up somethin'." I think Papa's theory of names just fits this old man. He talks so much, and bellows so loud that his voice sounds like a fog horn.

Phil says if he would only cut his conversation a little more economically there would be enough to go around to his little meek wife, who lost her voice several years ago and speaks in a whisper. He found it lying around somewhere and has been using it ever since. She whispered that we might dance in the old barn, till she could "pick up somethin'" for us to eat. At this Neil grew lively again. We danced in the big, dim, dusty place, by the light of a tin lantern tattooed with holes, like a corn-grater; and old Hezzy Smith's fiddle, which is a twin to Belindy's voice, furnished husky music. The light and the music and Belindy's vocal organs, Phil thinks, "were all cut off the same piece." We had to use our imaginations a good deal.

Mr. Blatkind appeared, looking like a wraith through the clouds of dust, and invited us to the house porch. There, on two long benches, sat four forlorn, faded-looking, dried apple pies, a yellow pitcher of milk and a bowl of clabber.

Catherine told Phil as she gazed on a pale blonde piece which she held in her hand, that it was the evolution of last year's pretty apple blossoms. Phil laughed and said that nothing in this world could have foretold its awful fate. All the boys, except Neil, heroically denied themselves and ate sparingly. Alice said she didn't know whether it was from self-sacrifice or self-preservation. Blatkind strolled up from the boats and roared out that he "kinder felt rain in the air." Sure enough, clouds were gathering. We all started for our boats and had a merry race to the other shore. Alice Hawley stood up in the prow of her boat and, balancing herself perfectly, held the skirts of her dress out for a sail, and the boat fairly flew as it skimmed the water. She looked beautiful, so full of grace and so fearless.

As we reached the shore a few drops of rain fell. Martin cracked his whip and 'lowed it would catch us before long, which it did just as we came up over Towers Hill. The thunder clapped its hands and down came the rain. Then I wish you might have seen the scramble to get under the cover of shawls and blankets as we entered the storm belt. We had only one

umbrella, and all acted like ostriches in trying to hide our heads under it. Who ever heard of an ostrich trying to hide its head under an umbrella? Well, you know what I mean. Phil had a pillow and said it was nice and dry under his head. We agreed finally that the umbrella was a nuisance and we would just let it rain. It came down in torrents without consulting us; in a very short time we were as wet as fish, and such a noise as we made. Catherine said the owls would be scandalized.

The horses were plunging along in the black night, which was all the blacker after it was cut and slashed through by the sharp lightning. All at once we were thrown together in a heap, and Martin over onto the horses. We were in the woods, on the new road, about a mile from home. It was no use to shriek, for no one could hear us. The boys jumped out and ran to the startled horses. They were plunging and tugging but the wagon did not move. Phil called to them but they were too frightened to hear him. Yet when Catherine rose up from the tangled heap of girls (with Neil in the middle, for he had scrambled in somehow; he doesn't know how, he says) and called out their names, they became calmer at

once; and when she spoke a second time they quieted right down. We then found we were stuck fast on a stump. After about half an hour we were released and very soon were delighted to reach home and find a bright fire burning in the big fire place, and everybody up waiting for us. What good people parents are! We never went to bed at all, but were soon dry and ready for the nice breakfast. Neil was, too, notwithstanding he had indulged so freely in pie.

Next Day.

I did not finish my letter yesterday, for the boys called me, with Alice, to help build the row boat pier. I put on my bathing suit, so did Alice, and we had ever so much fun. I have a very good set of tools and like them much better than my darning needle. After we finished the pier, Alice and I fixed seats in the branches of two or three of the large trees. I do all the little repairing about the house when Papa is not at home. Phil cannot drive a nail in straight to save him.

We are all reading George McDonald's "Sir Gibby." If you have never read it, read it at once. Catherine likes it, but cares most for books written by Audubon, John Burroughs, and

all the people who write about birds, animals and insects.

Hugh is reading Saunterings to Tommy, who likes everything "the best." The Oak Philosophers are gathering people from all around the lake to their meetings. I promised to tell you about them. Didn't I? It began with Papa's reading Shakespeare there. We called the pretty place the "Forest of Arden" at first, but Mamma and I loved the old Druids so much that we have kept the name; and since Hugh's pretty story about it, the place is all the more interesting.

The ladies and gentlemen sit upon the soft, mossy grass under the trees or on the low pretty seats and listen, and afterward all take part in asking questions and discussing the subject of the readings. Papa says this is the way old and young should learn to think.

Everybody around the lake is becoming interested in the "Arcadians." Papa gets letters every day asking about the *idea*. Classes for all sorts of studies are being formed, and Phil. bids fair to realize his gymnasium desire, with Alice Hawley and me for assistants. Monsieur Kenan has given some fine talks on the study of languages, which makes Tommy Merton's face

brighten; he says sound has eyes to it for him. I presume that is why he loves the woods so well. It is wonderful how accurately he can describe the appearance of a person, animal or bird by the voice or sound. Catherine loves to walk with him in the woods and fields. Hugh and I talk over and over again about what everything means. Phil calls us interrogation points.

Dr. Goodrich, Miss Larned, and Monsieur Kenan are very busy. I wonder if I have told you that they intend establishing courses of studies here, to be called the Arcadian Institution of Development? Everything, even to the offers of sums of money from the most unexpected sources, is moving toward it. The gentleman with whom Papa had the discussion about the land came and thanked him for helping all these excellent folk, and has requested the pleasure of being allowed to do what he can for them. He has a "willing heart toward his neighbor" now, and we all feel glad. He is an architect and is helping Dr. Goodrich and others plan the new buildings and complete the Parthenon. I am so glad it is to be here; as Dr. Goodrich said, "It will afford fine opportunities for demonstrating ideas, and will give greater freedom than the

city, while near enough to enjoy its advantages."

The mottoes on the wall in the Parthenon are:

Learn to live that which is right, and custom will make it pleasant.

He is wise who does not search for Truth, but listens for it.

Know the Truth and Truth shall make you free.

Right thought, Right word, Right action.

Wednesday.

Your letter just here, announcing your intention of coming for the year. I danced my hat off with joy.

How glorious it will be! You must come before all the color is gone from the beloved trees. You, with Miss Larned, Philip, Tommy, and me will live right here in the house. Uncle Fred and Aunty will live in our house in the city. The color of Katy's mind has changed. She writes that she will be here before long, so everybody will be in their places.

We have lived in the sunshine this summer. Uncle Fred said yesterday that I had so many freckles they looked catching. People are leaving every day now. The boats pass loaded with trunks full of crumpled finery. All the young

people are returning home with long beribboned sticks, pressed leaves and ferns and printed ribbons as "helps to memory."

But, think of it; we are to stay right on among all the coxcombery and ostentation of Mrs. Nature. The locusts are sizhing, the crickets beginning to chirp in the long, gold grasses, and I smell odors of spice from the woods. Oh, I shall soon see you; and then life begins over again.

Life is like a wheel, isn't it? It has no end. Round and round it goes. I wonder into what we shall ride this year. It will be filled with good things; it will be God's cornucopia in which is stored everything that is best for us to have. I can see the beautiful colors,—knowledge tied up in strange looking boxes—odd nuts which we have to crack to find the kernels. I can see plenty of sugar plums and candy, too, so I know by that it is not all hard knots and nuts. I am full of expectation and joy. I spill over, Dr. Goodrich says.

With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

P. S. My eyes begin to feel as though they were telescopes already looking for you.

TWELFTH LETTER.

SEED PLANTING TIME.—WHITE PROCESSION.—PAPA'S SPEECH.—THE CHRISTENING.

Hill Farm.

My Dearest Edith:

It seems both a long and a short time since you went away. When I count the days that have passed since I last saw you it seems long; when I count the pleasures of our new life here the time seems very short.

I have tried to write you every evening for two weeks, but the hours are so full of happenings, as you say yours are with your beautiful kindergarten, that they flit by on butterfly wings. Besides, since dear Elizabeth came, I have not been able to keep away from her for very long; she talks so interestingly of her summer journey and experiences. How much she has gathered from them! She knows, too, how to give to others of her pleasure and knowledge. I trust we shall all get as much out of our happy days

together; and I hope that I may learn of Elizabeth how to give it out as she does.

Somehow I feel that I am being made over. I spoke to Phil about it, and he said he couldn't tell how much of me would be left when the tan all came off. I said I wished he would talk sensibly, *just once*, to me. I couldn't keep the tears back. I think a girl does not like to be always treated as though her thoughts were bubbles or baby's rubber balls to be tossed up to make baby laugh. I said so, too, and he caught me up quickly in his dear arms saying very seriously, "I see constant changes in my little sister which I wish would not come so fast. They are taking the little girl away from us too quickly. I feel sometimes, when I look at you growing so tall and slender, that I would like to put a brick on your golden head to keep you just as you are and sort o' squash you out round and roly-poly again, as you were when I used to trot you and be the horse you pounded so unmercifully. Brother Phil would not hurt your feelings for—for all Europe, Asia and Africa. Forgive me." Then he kissed me and tousled my hair and I was happy again. He is such a dear fellow, and I love him so, that, not for the whole world, including his

Europe, Asia and Africa, would I stop his fun making. That would put a cloud in his sky, and I have never seen one there yet; but there is a time for playing and a time for praying. I think that helps keep things even, don't you?

Elizabeth walked straight into everyone's heart. Papa and Mamma say I did not overrate her one bit; but I am puzzled about Phil. I cannot make out whether he likes her or not. He treats her differently somehow from others. Monsieur Kenan says Philip, Alice and Jack Gatling, who came the night you left, are our *drole-de-corps*, the sauce of our mental banquets. Sometimes they have everybody in an uproar, and usually their "catch ups" come in just at the right time. I think Neil must be the *caper* sauce part. How that boy does act!

Here it is October, and the Arcadian institution is fairly started. We christened it Saturday in the Parthenon. Many people were here from the city and elsewhere, and the day was full of yellow light, as though the sun had melted his gold for the world to grow rich and happy in. The boys and girls went in a white procession from the Hall to the Temple. Everyone was clothed in white. Hugh said the girls looked

like Greek goddesses. Those who are to lead us met us at the broad doorways, looking like saints and Madonnas, as they stood in the sunlight by the tall, white Corinthian columns. The Parthenon was filled with people; and as we all marched up the broad aisles, the splendid organ ripened the autumn silence into sweet, thrilling sounds, that, as Tommy expressed it, made me "shiver" with a strange joy. The organ was a gift from Mr. Beverly, Mrs. Walker, Col. Truegood and his daughter Margaret, and cost a great deal of money; it is not only large but very fine indeed.

After all were seated there was a long silence, as though our souls were listening; and then the music came again like the rythmic swing of bells. I must have read that somewhere; it might have fallen into my ink bottle and my pen stuck into it. I am sure I didn't make it up out of my head. I felt almost sorry when Mr. Bancroft began to speak of the coming together of these "peculiar people," of their desires and hopes of helping to bring about the new time all are looking for.

He said the young mind must be led to think, that it may work out its own problems. Isn't that the way I felt last year when I was at Miss

Austeren's school? Anyway his words made me feel as I always do when I am swinging with someone who keeps just the same time.

I cannot remember all the good things he said. After he had finished Papa spoke. I wonder how girls get along without such a Papa as I have. The first thing he said made everyone laugh: "These young people are going to prove that they have eyes all over them, and not merely in the *backs* of their heads; that they have not come to study the past but the great possible *NOW*, with the word written 'werry large'." Papa likes to quote "poor Jo's philosophy," as he calls it.

I think I remember nearly everything he said, for he and I swing together, you know. Every word he uttered was to me as a sweet cordial that seemed to run through all my veins, making my heart beat fast and my body warm. I believe all felt it for their faces looked bright, as though a light from somewhere was shining upon them.

One good thing was,—oh well, I will write his words, for they are set in my mind pretty much as he spoke them—his manner, I cannot give; that is almost more than half:

"The thoughts of the child are the first waves of the Infinite Mind which touch the shores of

human life. They come pure from the place of innocence and are set in motion and circulation by the force of love. These young people, with their faces raised in expectation and hope, joyous and happy, are here because they are ready for a time which is close at hand, just over the hills, or around the bend of the road.

"You bring to my mind, as I look into your dear faces, the remembrance of that old picture we have all seen, 'The Voyage of Youth.' I see you standing with uplifted faces in a bark over which floats a white banner upon which is written 'Truth, Unity, Love.' Your sail is set for a voyage of discovery. To discover what? Yourselves; who you are, what you are, and your relationship to all life. You are seeking new lands, to develop their resources and study their language.

"In this journey of self-development you will discover islands in the sea of your souls, and open up the lands of Innocence and Ignorance, which abound in marvellous gems that await but the conscious touch of knowledge to shine and sparkle. They belong to the kingdom of youth, where there is no unsightly thing, where every thought flashes with color and every sound throbs

and gurgles with joy. But those rich possessions may not be had without seeking, finding and developing. There are always three movements to every harmony.

"We are here to learn how the journey may best be undertaken. Love is our Queen Captain, and her children, Faith and Hope, are our fellow passengers. We are sailing toward the wondrous realm called Wisdom, wherein lie rich treasures. How shall we find the way? To my mind there is only one path through the trackless waters, and there awaits those who find it, the Kohinoor of all things that glow and shine. It is a mystic jewel, that has the power of reflecting hidden things and unfolding beauty from that which seems unsightly. Its light carries strength and health to the weak and sick, and joy to the bowed and weary.

"We are here to-day believing we have caught a glimpse of the mystic light shining upon our path, and we shall follow it in quest of this Holy Grail of Humanity. Brotherly Love is its name. None may achieve the true success who has it not. None may see God without it. Clasping hands in the holy search, the whole race may possess it.

"Sail on, O, Youth! Gain those shores under the guidance of Love; and, crowned with the proof of your quest, build a new garden of Eden wherein your jewel will shine brighter than the sun; and angels shall exclaim, with chiming harp and song, 'Behold the Golden Age has come again and men of flesh see God.'"

When Papa sat down we seemed to see the new garden of Eden close by. I saw Mamma slip her hand into his, but I do not think he knew it. Tommy whispered to me, to tell him how Papa looked. I do not know what I said, for I felt strangely. Just then Neil heaved a long, tired sigh, almost like a groan, and Hugh raised his eyebrows with such a martyred expression that we could scarcely keep from giggling right out. I am sure Neil never sat still so long before in his whole life, and Phil said he felt it deeply. I should think he did. The sigh seemed to come from his shoe soles.

Then there was some beautiful music. Dr. Goodrich, as she came forward, said that was the only thing that would not have jarred after such words. When she began speaking, there was a great flutter in the audience. So much had been written about her that all were anxious to see

her. As she stood there I thought I saw apple blossoms all about her, and I wondered if she had not been born early in June when the roses and flowers were in bloom. She seemed to have come from the same place they did. She is all sunlight anyhow, and oh! so strong and cheery. We love her very dearly. Catherine says she is the true sort of mother, for her heart is large enough to love all children. I was so busy thinking about it that I did not hear any of the first part of her talk. Philip put his hand on me and whispered, "Come back," and then I heard her say: "Many are hearing a voice saying, 'Lo! I show you a better way.' But how may we all find it? The day is past for the few to see visions and dream dreams. The multitude is now awake and listening for the voice, willing to hear and ready to follow."

She then told that for years she had lived in the expectation of such an occasion as the present; that in moments of great loneliness she had felt some happy fruition just beyond what she was then suffering, and knew that a time must be close at hand when the world would clearly see that no man could live to himself alone and secure the happiness that was every soul's right.

You know, Edith, how familiar such talk is among us; but many were there who thought it strange and new. The Doctor said: "Living for self has been tried for ages. Even the myths that hinted of anything different, were vague and dim.

"We call this a new time, as though there could be an end and a beginning. It is only the merging color in the prism of our bow of promise, a transition of life's experiences into the fulfillment of prophecies and dreams that have seemed mere idle tales to practical folk. They, the dreamers and prophets, told only of the day to come, but left its problems to be solved through the inspiration of its workers. The baby has no line of measurement, and so it reaches for the moon; it sees the great bright something and the desire which it drew in with its first breath bids it grasp it. Who shall blame us if we lay claim to the moon, or to the sun, or to any bright or great thing?

"And so we are here this splendid autumn day, like the babe, reaching after the great bright something; as workers in the new day to gather inspiration and help from every living thing, from the tiniest insect to the strongest man. This 'peculiar people,' as our friend has named

us, met under the most commonplace circumstances. Three persons, each possessed of an *idea*, that, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, would not down, met upon a great ship, in a foreign sea. Out of all the number on board, these folk came together in the usual manner discussing wind, waves and other shipboard topics. An hour had not passed until we three felt that God's hand had led us thither. In everything there seemed to us a mighty meaning. The great ship, the sea, the winds, our friends, and we ourselves were symbols of a divine intention. Day by day we found that each had ideas incomplete in themselves, but which in unity formed a perfect whole. The desire in each heart, keen and strong, was to find some method of living that would help mankind to freer and happier lives, to discover, if possible, 'the better way.' Our thoughts fitted together like parts of a mosaic; and we are here to-day, far away from the place of our first meeting, with our '*ideas*' grown to such proportions, small as they are, that we stand amazed in our souls. Our first desire was to find a place where we could gather those of like mind to ourselves. We found one of rarest beauty, and nothing has been lacking. Our Brotherhood

is flourishing beyond our most sanguine hopes. If we have had opposition, we are protected from knowing it." (I thought of all this land they love so much and how they might not have had it.)

"We soon saw that only through true education could our plans be accomplished; that a place for development was our need, and so here we are. Girls and boys, this institution is to be our common council chamber, and the law that rules us, a wise and loving reciprocity. We are here for mutual development, and to learn that the good for one is the good for all, and that no man can live unto himself. Our teachers shall be the inspired words and deeds of men, the good intentions of any heart, and, most of all, the depths and marvels of nature. Out of everything we shall seek the spirit first and its definition afterward. To do this we must all be young together; for what are any of us but little children? The voice of the youth must needs be heard in the Temple, that the wise of the world may stop and listen.

"Young women and men, give us freely of your evidence. We older ones will co-operate with you. We are working together to solve problems

and to prove them by living them. I now have the pleasure of giving a title or name, which is significant of our unity. In the name of brotherly love, this establishment shall be called

GERLSENBOIS HALL.

We arose in a body, waved banners and flags, and threw flowers till it looked as though it were raining roses, while the music from the big organ melted over us like a blessing. Neil, who had been asleep from the exhaustion of sitting still, thought the exercises were over, half awake, grabbed his banner, the very largest one, too, triumphantly started down the aisle with it waving high above his head. He was about half way to the door when he discovered his mistake. I never saw anything so funny as when he turned to look at us all. Everybody was staring. When he fully realized it, he started and fairly flew down the long aisle and out of doors, the flag waving wildly as he ran. As far as he could be seen, he went tearing along as though something was after him, when there was nothing but his own scared thoughts and our funny ones.

After the music, Mr. Bancroft arose and said: "If the Arcadians were led to unusual ways for

developing ideas, it is not from a desire to appear peculiar or to differ with any system. It shall always be our aim to induce the full and free expression of young souls. That they may learn to understand themselves, to make the most of their time and to realize our mutual interests in this school and its common councils, we have chosen leaders, or directors, who, by mutual consent, shall be known as Konslars." After naming them, he thanked everybody so beautifully for their kindly interest, and all went away to their carriages and boats looking very happy. Phil said he must go and find our young "Excelsior," that is, if he had stopped running.

Elizabeth and I went up to the Lookout, for I wanted to talk with her about it all. You see, I never knew before just exactly what Papa meant when he talked about "co-operation," "brotherhood," and such things, although I thought I did. Of course I knew it meant working together, and that doing so would in some way be good for us all. But when Dr. Goodrich, I mean Konslar Goodrich, spoke of the thoughts of those three people fitting together like the parts of a mosaic, why it flashed over me more clearly than I can ever tell, just what they had

all been talking about. Papa had told me how mosaics were made, and had showed me, too, in the best way he could; and so I understood from that. It was somewhat as when I have been looking through a stereoscope. I saw double until I slid the slide along; then something seemed to happen to my eyes and there would be only one picture, where before there were two. Papa said I had found the "right focus." So now I see that to really know a thing, that is, to more than understand the words, to realize it, is to get the "right focus" on it.

I shall never forget it, I am sure, for I had such a queer experience in realizing it, when she said "like the parts of a mosaic." I saw the mosaics Papa had brought home from Italy. I remembered what he had said about them, and like a flash, oh, so quick, I saw the whole world in pieces, in broken bits; and then they began coming toward each other, and at once, in the twinkle of a star, there it was all together in one great shining pattern. I can now see what a beautiful heaven this world would be, if everybody would learn to know that each had a part, his neighbor another, and his another, and so on, each helping the other to shine and polish his

own. On putting the beautiful parts together, he would see he had been helping to make Heaven, instead of having it already made for him. I would "a heap" rather help, as Mabel Cannon used to say, than have it all ready made for me. Helping each other would be much nicer than building fences around our ground and calling things "mine." That sounds lonesome. "Ours" sounds as if there were other folk around. I am like Papa; I like folk. I understand, too, now more about what he means when he talks about the "awful import of words." Sometime I will tell you what he said. I am very happy and am I not a good girl to write you as nearly as I can remember all about the christening of Gerlsenbois Hall?

With kisses for Uncle Fred and Aunty, and your dearest self,

KORADINE.

P. S. Tommy sends his love and wants to know if you miss his help in the Kindergarten.

THIRTEENTH LETTER.

JACK ON HIS METAL.—TOMMY ASKS QUESTIONS.—PIECE OF COTTON CLOTH.—NEW WORLD.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

Dear Cousin Edith:

Nearly four months have passed since the lake was a water garden, blooming with white boats and steamers, bright flags, jolly boys and girls in row-boats, tennis suits, and pretty gowns.

Music and merry voices floated over the waves; under over-hanging trees and vines along the grassy banks were groups of young people, eating caramels and marshmallows and talking all sorts of nonsense, which they thought "lots of fun." You remember, don't you, the fourth of July with all its bang and whiz, rattle and fizz, and Blatkind's cannon whizzing and booming away, fairly blistering the hot air? And wasn't it a hot day? Poor Neil's burnt fingers! What a noise and smell his loads of shooting crackers made, all going off at once; and how disappointed

the poor boy was. Mr. Bancroft said he thought Neil's disaster was the evidence of an especial Providence for the safety of us all. Then, the picnics, I think we had almost, if not quite, too many. Phil says he doesn't know which he would prefer, a plague or a picnic. And the hay ride; weren't the boys good and patient getting the wagon off that horrid stump? Oh, there was plenty of fun, frolic, and "fellows" as the Bang girls persist in terming the young men.

Well, it is all past. The gay scenes have gone with the songs of the birds, as did the autumn, which was much gayer in color, and far sweeter with spicy odors. It was particularly a wonderful autumn, "even beyond the ecstasy of the landscape," as Konslar Kenan said, for it opened a new world to me and to all, I think, in giving us this Arcadian school.

The nearest I have come to being unhappy since it began was the day Papa and Mamma left for Europe. This is nothing like a school, for there is no misery at all in studying. Phil calls it "sugar-coated evolution," as it is not only easy but pleasant to take. Everything is so lovely and interesting. Jack Gatling, who is only a child, says he never knew before how it

might be with the other fellow, meaning that he had never been taught to consider the rights of others, or that there was anything in particular expected of him, and that he is glad to learn there is anything in him worth bringing out. From an easy-going, rather thoughtless young boy, he is becoming manly and eager to know about things. He said he had become so used to thinking he had nothing that would serve him or anyone else, that it had been a great surprise and pleasure to discover that he could find out things as well as anybody, when he was permitted to discover them in his own way. I heard him say last night to Phil: "I tell you, it puts a fellow on his mettle to know that whatever he does must be done upon his own responsibility, doesn't it? It proves every time, too, just how much he knows; and also shows up just what he thinks of the other fellow."

Phil laughed and said, "Oh, yes; it pays a great deal better to be on the safe side." Then I heard him say, as they walked away, that he had been compelled to do his own measuring ever since he could remember. In a few minutes Jack laughed uproariously, and I knew Phil had told some ridiculous thing about himself.

What they were talking about, I think was the freedom we have from any standard of measurement by which we must prove our knowledge. You know we can remain forever here if we wish; our standing is not determined by what we say, but by what we do.

Miss Larned or Konslar Larned, has simply bloomed into perfection. She thinks the school should have been called some kind of a garden, for she says its work is to blow the mind into full flower. She calls Froebel the Adam, and the Kindergarten the Genesis of the new Garden of Eden, and says if all education were based upon this self-revealing method, it would spiritualize the race into the fulfillment of the Apocalypse.

We are not hurried in our studies at all. Konslar Kenan says nature, to be natural, can not be hurried in the least. He told of certain chemical changes that take place very slowly and can not be hastened. They are held by the law which they picture forth.

Then he spoke of the inventor, who, were he to hurry his creation, would disturb its process and not be able to bring it forth. It might flash upon him in a second, but he could not hurry its production. "Everything," he said, "must

be true to the law of its birth—of its coming forth."

Every night when we go to bed, usually after a frolic, we find ourselves eager for the morrow, for every day there is some fresh surprise. Konslar Goodrich says all must plant, sow and reap; but that, as yet we are getting the soil ready for the seed. We are surely finding out our relationships in the many things talked over. Jack says he learns faster in the evening talks than from his studies. Konslar Larned said in class this morning that man is the development of everything we see, touch, taste, hear, and smell. Really, things begin to appear different as soon as we hear a tiny speck of such truths. We had a great time when someone used the word "thoughtfulness." She said quickly, "Now, let us analyze it." I had no idea how much a word has in it. Phil said that, viewed in this way, words made him think of bombs. They are filled full of meanings, and power can be sent flying any distance, and when they burst upon us, all sorts of good be accomplished. Tommy said that must be what is meant by the "In the beginning was the word," and asked the Konslar if there was not a hint of all this

when the Apostle called Jesus "the Word." "Yes; I think it must be, you dear boy," she said, ever so softly.

We are led to compare and illustrate everything. I call it picture making. Hugh says some of them are cartoons worthy of "Puck." Phil calls his "free hand drawing;" but we are not allowed to draw them on what Dr. Goodrich calls the negative, or "no" side of things. Everything springs from one common source, and so is good, she thinks.

Elizabeth and Hugh, Tommy and I were walking up over the hill road yesterday, and they thought my mind was beginning to sprout. I said that if some things had a quick meaning to me it was all owing to Papa and Mamma's way of talking, as many things that were learned here I had heard talked of all my life. Now, with Catherine, Elizabeth, Douglas and Jack, it is quite different. They deserve much more credit than Philip, Hugh, Tommy, or I. You have no idea what it is doing for Neil Bancroft. He says he hasn't broken an arm or leg since he came here; and this is what he bases his improvement on.

Phil calls Neil the "missing link," because he is proving to us all that a perfect monkey of a

boy can bear a relationship to quite a nice young man. Neil thought that was very funny and said that the monkey part was giving the boy part "a chance." He is so slangy. This was after a general talk by Dr. Goodrich (deary me, I simply will have to call her Doctor), in which she told us that the human body has a history, just as any other world and its countries, or a plant and its flowers, a seed and its fruit. She said this was called anthropology, which word appeared to strike Neil's fancy; for he has gone about ever since repeating "an-thro-polo-gy," until our ears ache. Catherine says she should not be surprised if his speaking it so often would filter its meaning into his mind and cause it to take hold of his life as a study. Konslar Larned smiled, and said, "What great thought ploughs we are setting to work here." She said that in the study of books we were hearing about things. That was good and very necessary; but to learn truly we must learn about ourselves; or rather, she said, with a peculiar gesture, "out from ourselves." We must get our bearings first, and forever remember that there is a never-ending line of links connecting us with everything else. This was the true way to grow out

of our darkness, which she calls a "don't know place" to a "know all point." After every talk, which we enjoy greatly, each one is requested to ask questions. I think Neil asked almost a hundred this evening.

We enjoy our Natural History studies very much. Catherine McDonald will become Konslar of this department some day, I am sure. She seems to have been born knowing it. She has better eyes and ears than most of us. She has opened mine and my heart, too. Once I didn't like all sorts of crawling things; but she says the more we know about them the better we like them. When she was saying this I thought of your talk once in Sunday school, in which you said that it was not very wise to dislike anything or any person, especially if we were not perfectly acquainted with the object of our dislike. You called this prejudice, and said that because of it one might miss something very agreeable.

You said, too, if you remember, that our not liking people usually came from either not knowing them very well, or because they did not do just as we would have them. You called it "fitting into our mould." I never have forgotten the expression.

Saturday Morning.

On Monday morning Konslar Larned brought a fine piece of cotton cloth into the lecture hall. What for, do you suppose? I do not believe you would ever guess. Well, it is to be our class text for some time, and we are going traveling. We are to study it for a month at least and when we get back we shall have been around the world, she says, and shall have met most of its inhabitants. One week has gone and it seems as though we might study cotton cloth a year. We scarcely know what the plant's mission is yet, as we are still in its botanic part and the mystery of growth.

The seed bursting, she calls the first evidence of power, which is but another name for life. She gives us long talks on what she calls the inception of plant life, showing that the growth of a plant is simply the development of power —the process of life.

The work for weeks is mapped out, and we have access to the schedule. Everything will be taken in accord with the growth and development of cotton; the seed and its bursting, the plant and its species, its origin, its cultivation, the different parts of the world in which it is found, the

people who cultivate and manufacture it—from planting to commerce.

The whole idea really revolves around man as a masterpiece of power, she says. He is not apart from anything that grows, walks, sings or swims. He plants the seed and uses it.

Nothing is made simply for his pleasure or use. Each fulfills its destiny. Man himself grows from a seed, as does the cotton cloth. He follows his order of development the same as does any other seed, and is no more complete in it than is any other.

I find I give many of her words just as she spoke them. My memory seems to be alive now. I never get puzzled as I did at Miss Austeren's school. The only way I can keep my own thoughts from getting mixed up with other people's is to go off alone and look into my mind, to see if I really and truly believe the things I have heard. I nearly always find out.

This morning we had the cotton fibre, seeds and pod, under the microscope. What a wonderful place, or place full of wonder, it took us to! It seems strange to know of all the tiny, invisible worlds that lie right here about us. This was especially impressed upon us by Konslar Little,

our great, big leader. He is a cousin of Dorothea Gage, a young girl from Virginia, who came the first of October.

I never thought until this morning of all the neighbors we have. That is what Konslar Little called all the tiny creatures and fibers that we saw. I wonder if it could be true that there may be just as much greater folk than we as we are greater than these little creatures. I do not know how to put it ; but it carried me back somehow into the same sort of feeling I had when I was a little girl (was it a long time ago?) and lay under the trees watching the ants run around over their roots. They did such silly things, I thought, then. I wondered often if there were some great, big people above us. If there are, I fancy that some things I do seem as silly to them as did the big ant to me, as he tugged over a long stick or up a blade of grass, with a crumb of some kind, when he could so much more easily have gone around it. Somehow, since the talk and the glimpses through that wonderful microscope, I feel larger around. Well, I must now study, as we have taken up the cotton plant and will go from the West to the East Indies, during the remainder of the week. San Domingo cot-

ton we chose as the prettiest specimen. You know that cotton is from a tree, and has to be attended to like a fruit tree.

How is your little flower garden, or rather bud growth, as Dr. Goodrich terms the Kindergarten? I know you, too, are having revelations every day. Elizabeth says she enjoys your letters. But, O! aren't we all a busy set? How do people get on who are not busy? I should think they would get flabby in their minds.

We are having a lovely time with our music and are fond of our new Konslar Bardora. We are studying *about* music at present. Give a great deal of love to Uncle and Aunty. You must be sure and come up during the holidays. I think all days are such now. I am very hungry to see Papa and Mamma.

With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

P. S.—A long letter just received from our foreign darlings.

FOURTEENTH LETTER.

PHIL BUYS A HORSE.—SPINNING COTTON THREAD.—AROUND THE WORLD.—KORADINE AND THE MUMMIES.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

Your letter was like sweet nuts and ripe June apples. I was very hungry to hear you talk. You remember, don't you, that I have told you I can hear your voice when I read your letters, and at other times, too?

I don't know how it is, but very often when I am busy studying I can hear you speak quite plainly. It is so quickly over, I always feel that if I had listened longer I might have heard more. Nearly always I get a letter, or hear from you in some way, very soon after. Don't you think pen, ink and paper make it awfully hard to tell a thing just as it happened, and have it sound real natural? Dr. Goodrich says, that they who can do this have genius. Well, then, I know that you

and Elizabeth and Papa have it, for your letters are always just as you talk. You can make me see just how a thing was done, or exactly what you mean. I think it is more difficult when the incident is funny. The sound of the words must fit the thing that happens perfectly. If not, it is like soda water with the fizz all gone out of it, or a "jack box" with no Jack in it to jump out and make you laugh. I believe if I didn't have to think about the spelling and other proper things, I could tell it all right. In my mind it is funny enough. Real proper things never did come natural to me. Phil says they don't; that my mind has moccasins on its feet, wears a red blanket and has feathers in its hair.

I must tell you about Phil 's accident day before yesterday. He and Martin had bought a beautiful horse of some men who passed here on their way to the city. Catherine advised them not to buy it; but they laughed and called it a notion; so she said nothing more. Well, Phil was anxious to try it, although the morning was very cold. He thought he would ride over to Mr. Dewit's corner grocery, which you know is three miles from the Hall. He came by on his way to show off, as he is very proud of his abil-

ity to ride well, and we all went out to see him. Konslar Bardora, who breaks English into bits, said, "Mistair Phelepe, de beest ees von elastic annimail," meaning that he was very active, which he certainly was, for he stood first on his front legs and then on his hind ones.

Phil would not let anyone come near to help him, but he was very busy keeping on. Hugh said the horse looked like one of the new patent churns and Phil the dasher in it. Just as he finished speaking the horse bolted ahead, clattered up the hill and turned off through the woods road. All could see that he was running away. The boys started off across the hill, but were called back. Elizabeth stood white and still. Catherine, who came up just then, said slowly to me, "Philip will not get hurt." I don't think the horse would have run if she had been there when it began to act wild. I could not speak. I tried to think of Papa's words, "Keep a cool head in time of need;" but I felt very limp, and everything looked blurred. Elizabeth took hold of me, and she and Dr. Goodrich led me into the house, but said nothing to me. I heard some one gallop by. It was Martin on "Barnaby," Phil 's old horse. Dr. Goodrich said: "There

is no danger; Philip has a strong head, heart and hand. All is well." She spoke so confidently that I felt soothed in spite of myself, even while it seemed almost heartless to be sitting there quietly while my dear brother was being carried off on the back of a dangerous horse.

Suddenly Elizabeth left us and went out, for we heard voices and Phil 's, too, with a laugh in it. I knew it through the buzzing in my ears. Both the Doctor and I jumped up and ran out. Sure enough, there he was with Martin. Such a sight! He was more like a mud boy than anything else, with his clothes all torn and his face and hands scratched and bruised. He asked me if I was looking for a long-lost brother with a blackberry mark in his left cheek, as he limped up and took me in his arms. As he did it the big lump that had come into my throat melted, and I burst out crying and laughing at the same time. I did not know I was going to do it at all, but I am sure Philip never appeared so beautiful to me as he did just then.

Everybody came trooping around asking questions—how he got off, etc. Phil looked so funny when he said, "I don't believe I know just how I did get off; but I think I flew. The

horse ran under a tree, and the first thing I knew I was up in it, or rather dangling from a branch; and the next thing I knew Martin came and picked me." "Where is your hat?" asked Tommy, who had been passing his hands over Philip's face—his way of seeing. Phil answered, with such a comical gesture and a pat on Tom's back, "I don't know; I think the horse must have it on." There was nothing particularly funny in his answer, but we all laughed heartily, except Konslar Bardora, who said, looking very bewildered, "Vat he say? De annimail hee's hat haf on? Vy for?" Then we roared. Dr. Goodrich tried to explain that it was so much of an exaggeration that it was a joke. The Konslar listened, then smiled with delight as he said, bobbing his head knowingly: "Ah, yees! Ah, yees! I pariceive. De American joke von big lie." Everybody joined in the merriment, while the Konslar looked still more bewildered. Konslar Little thought the joke was on Philip, who replied that he felt like one, as he limped into the house with Tommy and Douglas.

Hugh asked Catherine why she had objected to their buying the horse, and how she came to know anything about it. She smiled, saying, "I

knew he would be difficult to manage because he had been badly treated when broken to the bit, and has not forgotten it. I could tell it when I looked into his eyes. I hope he will be brought back. I think it would be well to let him know what kind treatment is; to reinstate people in his good opinion." Martin, who was passing, said: "Excuse me, Miss Catherine, but I am glad to hear you say that. Horses have notions, as well as folks, and enough sight better memories. They don't have to put your name down on paper to remember you."

"That's so, Martin," Catherine answered, laughing. "When we get the big, beautiful creature back from Texas, where Philip says he told him he was going, you and I will turn horse tamers, and let him know what love and kindness are." Martin looked perfectly delighted at the prospect of the proposed partnership, though a little confused, too, at having laughed at her "notion."

Our cotton journey is very nearly ended. We have almost girdled the globe with the thread, which we drew from the seed and are spinning around the world back to the square of cotton cloth hanging on the wall over Konslar Larned's

table. Every inch of it is most interesting. Alice says she would like to draw a map of the world upon it for a souvenir of our cotton tour. It has been like a beautiful dream. In our travels we did not find a country without some kind of cotton cloth. Miss Larned says we visited very much as some travelers do, only the principal places of interest. We have the pleasure of other journeys in prospect, however, to learn about linens, silk, wools and metals, and shall get better acquainted with this dear old world of ours soon.

I had no idea that our white muslins and other fabrics, which are so plentiful and cheap, had such ancient and royal ancestry. How busy the people of this earth have always been! China has a very interesting cotton history, and so has Africa. We had many surprises in both. Konslar Little has a theory that Africa is to bring forth a new republic, whose ethics will be the best taken from all civilizations, and that he is not alone in his belief.

As I told you, the square of cotton cloth has been the object lesson text for the month, around which we have revolved, even to our music. We have been shown how perfectly the whole race is

woven together in one common web of brotherhood. Phil said he had been led to realize this homespun truth by a cotton string of events. We all laughed at him, but Dr. Goodrich said it was all right; that he realized our lives are made up of apparently very simple things; he saw the relationship of things to men; that all were interlaced like the warp and woof of a fabric, and that we are all weavers in the loom of life.

We found, much to our surprise, that India is perhaps the oldest cotton-growing country in the world. In referring to the chronological charts, we discovered that she had a very wise and intelligent people when Europe was still wild and uncivilized. Phil says India was growing and manufacturing cotton when we were eating each other in the Western world. I think we did wonderfully, however, for as we became civilized our government grew wise very fast and opened the commerce of the whole world, and began purchasing the products of those old countries, and so all have been benefited.

Dr. Goodrich says there is much to be learned from the Orient. Many things not put into books, we may interpret to great advantage. In India, the clothing indicates a deeper meaning

than mere covering. All Hindu cloth is woven of triple-twisted thread, and the garments made from it are worn three in number, even the first clothing of the little baby, to symbolize the Hindu trinity. This seemed very beautiful to me. We have a trinity, too, in our religion; but we never do anything to keep it in such remembrance. Besides, I think their dress must be very comfortable. We put on so many clothes that we cannot help feeling "stuffy;" you know how much I like to feel free in my body. Tommy asked if the missionaries wear those garments when in India, as they also believe in a trinity. She smiled curiously, and said, "no."

She told of the silk cotton tree, growing and blooming luxuriantly, which is considered sacred. Its products are used for the manufacture of certain priestly robes and its scarlet blossoms given as offerings at the temples.

She told also how very cleanly the Hindu is; that he never prepares or eats any food without having first bathed in a sacred river or well; that cleanliness is a part of their religion.

I said I supposed that acted out the meaning of the saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"Yes," she said, "but you know there are two kinds of cleanliness; one is of the body and the other of the mind."

How wonderful it is that India has no history; that no records have been kept of her domestic life or her affairs as a nation beyond the common and united interests of her religious beliefs and customs which in spirit are those of a brotherhood. The most that is known of India's past was written by a learned Chinaman, who spent years in India, in the reign of the Emperor Asoka three hundred years after Buddha.

Asoka was both liberal and intelligent; he commanded the erection of great figures or statues of bronze, and built the wonderful cave temples that are so much visited by travelers.

Everywhere in India tablets of stone are found upon which he had had engraved texts and maxims for daily life. We young folk came to the conclusion that India must be the mother land after all; but we could not decide whether it is a very necessary thing to have a history or not. At least we don't want to study about it as some do, especially when it is such a long ways back of us that we are not sure it isn't some fairy story. That's what Papa means when he

talks of certain people "having eyes in the back of their heads."

Douglas and I were talking after the Socratic hour and he said: "We cannot do much with yesterday, or last week, except to make to-day better than they were; and if we keep looking back after them we are apt to get all cluttered up, as mother used to say, with regret, and do less with our present opportunity. To-day is good enough for me," throwing back his beautiful head. "I never wish a past. I must make my to-day honorable and splendid myself. No ancestor can do it for me. Of course, what India, Egypt, Greece or Rome had or did that is good for me, why that is mine and always has been; so there is no need for me to go back to that which belonged to my elder brothers and stay there studying things, that are as much out of my sight as that which is called the future.

"Yesterday was theirs. To-day is mine. That is my belief, little girl, and no one can take it away from me."

"Amen," some one said, and there stood Dr. Goodrich and Miss Larned in the doorway, smiling very brightly upon us.

I love best to read about Egypt. Just to think those queer things called mummies are poor dried folk all wrapped up in yards upon yards of cloth grown from seeds hundreds, yes, thousands of years ago, for Egypt is almost if not quite, as aged a grower of cotton as India, and had very much the same system of weaving and spinning. When we went to see the mummies, I looked at the poor little dried fingers and wondered if they had ever done anything of the kind. I suppose if I had been a poet, like Sir Edwin Arnold, I might have set my wondering to a fine musical rhyme; but, as it is, I could only think how dreamy it makes me feel whenever I read or hear anything of Egypt's history or people. In some way I seem to have known all about it once and forgotten it. It is as though I had dreamed of it, or had lived there when I was a baby, or perhaps been born there. I asked Papa once if I hadn't, and all laughed, but he. I told Phil how I felt about it, the other night when he was up in my room, and he took Papa and Mamma's pictures from the table and gazed into their beautiful faces with the most woe-begone expression I ever saw. Shaking his head, sadly, he said: "Dear Father and Mother, I thought you were my little

sister's parents; but she was changed in the cradle and her ancestors are those two beautiful Papa and Mamma mummies wrapped from head to foot in a piece of cloth which grew from seed in their back yard near the river Nile." I pounded him till my hands ached; but he has called me "Pharaoh's daughter" ever since.

I heard him and Miss Larned talking together this morning. I do not know what she had said, but I caught a part of his answer. I think I could hear Phil 's voice through a brick wall. He said: "I am afraid she would fly away from us all with some of her strange fancies if I did not. I have always had an idea that I must be a sort of a ballast or pendulum weight to keep her down or in equilibrium; but she is the center spot of my sunlight, Miss Larned." I do not know exactly of whom they were talking; but my heart thumped awfully, and I keep wondering if Philip meant that I was his "center spot." Well, he is mine, and Papa and Mamma, and you and Elizabeth, and Tommy, and oh! you are all my loves.

I wonder if it is always a surprise to everyone to find out that they have the very best at home, or if some go on thinking that what is away off is finer and grander and more beautiful than that

which they see and know of every day. Alice says she believes that is what makes heaven seem so nice to some folks, because they cannot see it and always go on thinking of it as away off. We have learned that our own Sea Island cotton is the very best in the world. Although it is said to have been a native of Egypt long, long ago, we find it has been cultivated on the islands off Georgia for many years.

The colored people there have such quaint music. Konslar Bardora, who has been making a study of it, has taught us some of their songs and melodies. Their weird chantings and intonings in the minor keys are not unlike those of their Eastern brothers, the Hindu, whose music the Konslar says is perfect in its basic principles and marvelous in changes of time. We are surprised to know that there are more than three hundred and sixty-five changes. We intend having for one of our holiday entertainments a Plantation Panorama, which is to be both musical and literary. We are to have some scenes taken from "Uncle Remus," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and songs, choruses and dances. Our orchestra is getting on famously, and we are all very much interested.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Governor Black were here on a visit last week. They said they would come the first of June and join the Arcadian Extension and summer study.

Some splendid large globes have just arrived, presented by Governor and Mrs. Black. The workshops, too, are nearly finished. Papa has sent Alice and me each a beautiful set of fine tools from Birmingham; and Miss Vera Jenlen (pronounced Yenlen), our Slojd teacher, has come. She is very beautiful, with a complexion like rose leaves and cream. When she came she could scarcely speak a word of English; but, with Konslar Kenan's method of language study, she speaks quite well already. If she makes a little mistake, her face looks as though it were going to burst into full bloom. She doesn't make so many funny ones as does Konslar Bardora. I sometimes think he knows better and says them just to make us laugh, for he is such a merry soul. He said to me the other night at the table, "De caffee, he ees too feeble, Mees. Vill you mak him a leedle pigger!" When we laughed he looked almost too surprised.

The lake is now freezing, so that the skating will be good when the holidays come. We are all

getting on finely. Tommy is absorbing everything. Douglas stays very much by himself. We cannot imagine what he is doing. We think it must be more than study or reading. Whatever it is, he does not let it interfere with his devotion to his sister, which is very remarkable. Hugh, Catherine and Douglas are busily engaged in a trio for the concert. Alice has just come in from a race with Corrinne and Neil. Her cheeks look like "Jack" roses.

Gertrude Bancroft makes me think of a snow statue. She is not very happy here. Konslar Bardora says she has a magnificent voice, if she would only use it; but she takes very little interest in all this sweet life.

Dorothea Gage is a nice girl, but somehow I cannot get as close to her as to all the rest, except Gertrude, of course. I always feel frostbitten when I go near her. We have a new girl named Mae Sommers. I like her. Jack Gatling is expected back to-night. The boys are busy with books, music, traps, sleds and everything that boys are interested in. Neil fell into the lake last night; thought he would try the ice. Martin brought him in looking like a human icicle.

You did not write in your last letter that you were not coming, but the feeling came over me while reading it that you would not. When I put it away, I thought no more about it, but yesterday I read to Miss Larned and Catherine what you told of the little girl in the Kindergarten, and the same feeling came over me again. Dearest, I hope you will forgive me, but I threw the letter down, stamped on it and burst into tears. Miss Larned put her arm around me, thinking I had found something in it that I had not seen before.

Catherine picked it up, held it a minute and then said quietly, "You should put the letter away and make up your mind to be indifferent whether your cousin Edith comes or not." I don't want to have it that way, but will try to do as she wishes. I must get to my drawing. I have been three days writing. Give my love to all.

How is dear Mrs. Merton? I hope she will make up her mind to come back and stay here for the rest of her life. Dear soul, she thinks so much of her household goods and pretty things. Well, Tom is as happy and beautiful as anybody need be.

You have no idea how perfectly enchanting our life is here. I wish you could be with us, you pretty gardener. How are the little human daffodils, pansies, violets and rosebuds coming on, anyhow?

Kiss Aunty and tell Uncle Fred I would dearly love a new pair of mittens—latest style.

A kiss from

KORADINE.

FIFTEENTH LETTER.

DISAPPOINTMENT. — PLANTATION PANORAMA. — BLOCK OF MARBLE. — LEARNING A LANGUAGE.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

Your not coming has taught me several lessons, for which I am very glad. One is that a disappointment is a certain kind of selfishness. I discovered that I was feeling sorry for myself; that my plans for our pleasure had failed, and feared my enjoyment would not be so great without you. Dr. Goodrich helped me to reason over it, and it was quite as good and interesting as a problem in mathematics. I said so, and she replied that it is a problem in divine accuracy, and added that selfishness is the subtlest of all the beasts of the field. I do not think I quite understand what she means, but am sure I shall some day.

Of course, dearest, you know I wished you to have a beautiful time and had planned greatly

for your visit; but I realize now that if you had been somebody else, and I, too, I might have felt sorry, but not disappointed. You see what I mean, do you not? The wise way, as this dear leader of ours said, is to be very, very glad for anything that is the best for you and gives you the most happiness, and then there can not possibly be any sorry feeling about it. After that everything cleared up.

The entertainments were all delightful, especially the Plantation Panorama, which we held in the library. Some of the boys, Alice and I, with Konslar Jenlen superintending, built a stage in one end of the great room. Gertrude Bancroft, for the first time since we all began our search for knowledge, showed interest in what was going on, and made so many wise and valuable suggestions that we begged her to take charge of the whole affair, which she finally did. I am sure it would have been nothing like the success it was without her. We had beautiful scenery that we all had a hand in producing. Jack Gatling was the master scenic artist, and is delighted with himself. You should have seen him and Phil and Hugh in blue overalls (overhauls Neil calls them). We had as much pleas-

ure getting ready for the "show," as the boys would persist in naming it, as in giving it.

We gave a cotton picking scene, with songs, speeches and dances, that were very good indeed. You have no idea what splendid colored folk many of the girls and boys made. Dr. Goodrich laughed until the tears ran down her face, at Neil's, Alice's and Phil 's nonsense. Douglas, too, who took the part of old Uncle Tony, a character from real life, who, Gertrude said, had been a slave in her Papa's family down in Virginia. Douglas's hair is almost the same shade as Elizabeth's, and very curly; he had let it grow quite long, and Gertrude plaited it in "tags," all over his head. It screwed every which way, for all the world like little pig tails, and was funny and red all about his black face, when he was "made up" as an old colored man. Phil called it a "halo." How he ever squeezed himself into a suit of Neil's clothes I do not know. His hands and feet looked like handles, they were so slim and bare. His absurd dress, in company with his quiet, dignified manners was, as Dorothea expressed it, "perfectly killing." He preached a sermon on "de end of de worl" which was part of one "old Tony" used to give to the

darkeys on the plantation of Gertrude's grandfather. We discovered what Douglas had been doing for weeks past. He played, in his preacher character, five or six different instruments delightfully. He acted his part so well that we felt almost ashamed when we laughed at him.

We also gave a scene from Uncle Tom's Cabin. Alice Hawley made a splendid "Topsy." She sang and danced and played the part as though she were a "really truly" naughty little darkey.

The last part of the entertainment was a surprise. Weeks ago, Mrs. Rosamund Grantly, our leader in physical expression, asked Ruth Curtis, Corrinne, Dorothea, Mae and me if we would go into practice for some special interpretation. Of course we were delighted, as it was to be a secret from all but just the few necessary to complement our work with music. It opened up a new realm to us. We all agreed that we grew inside as well as out, for it is a pleasure to discover how perfectly the body will respond to the mind's request. We gave what she called a "Legend Dance of the Orient," a simple story told in rythmical pantomime to slow, dreamy music. Konslar Bardora led the orchestra,

which is composed of Douglas, Tommy, Neil, Hugh, Philip, Catherine and Elizabeth, and they inspired us with their splendid playing. Our costumes Mrs. Grantly had brought from India and Egypt. They were of scarlet and gold stuffs richly embroidered.

The "cholas" and "sarees" glittered and tingled with differently colored coins and silver bells, as did the slender bands bound about our foreheads, arms and ankles. As the music played dreamily, we came through the parted curtains, making a low salaam, touching the palms to our foreheads, and began in a minor key a slow recitative, accompanied by a gesture, pose of body and rythmical step. I never before felt so "one with everything," and as though the whole world of us swung together. Since then, everything looks clearer. Everbody was delighted. Dr. Goodrich said we looked as though we were "wind swept," as we swayed together in the dance and story.

We were not dancing simply to please the eyes, but to prove the speaking power of the body through lines of grace and beauty, and also to show one form of entertainment in the oldest cotton growing country in the world.

The work has begun in earnest, now that the whole days of skating, ice boating and sleigh rides are over. Our work-shops are finished, and Konslar Jenlen, with her peach bloom cheeks and tongue set sharply against her teeth when speaking with her pretty Swedish accent, is very busy teaching us the handcraft of Finland and her native country. Corrinne Bancroft, Mae Sommers, Alice and I are delighted to get into our shop aprons and use the hammer and plane.

Alice declares she can now calculate her mind into something more like a summer day than a March wind. She loves the work so much that it is helping her in her language study. Miss Jenlen says she will speak Swedish "like a natif, in six months."

Konslar Little has us transformed into a company of Foresters. We are all interested in hunting for data, and have been turned loose in the woods. I love the trees very much as I love people, and cannot bear to have them cut down, even though it be to build great ships, houses, factories and many useful and beautiful things. I am glad, however, to think that even in their new forms, they shelter and serve man, and I presume it is right after all to cut them down

sometimes. The dear, dear Papa says everything is right no matter how it looks.

We had a good long letter yesterday from the absent ones. They are now back in England. Knowing we are studying the different woods and their uses, they wrote us most interestingly of some of the famous trees they had seen. Dr. Goodrich had Philip read it on Sunday afternoon in the library. Mamma writes that our work here helps them to know what to study and search for in their travels. So many people are coming all the while, winter as it is, to visit Gerlsenbois that Dr. Goodrich says we shall not have room for the many who are applying for next year.

You remember Mr. Davis, who came to see Papa about the land? Well, he is one of the owners of the new railroad, and has arranged a journey for this year's classes to visit the World's Museum, which affords interesting educational advantages. Dr. Goodrich says the truth of our way is proven by the goodness and riches flowing in. Thus may we know that we are in harmony with the right thing; but I keep asking in my mind "why don't we know sooner?" Elizabeth says finding it out is what we call experience,

and that it shapes us and makes us all ready to know how to enjoy; gets us in tune, as it were. Doubtless she is right, as she always is, but it is not quite plain to me yet. I want to get in tune quickly. The plant shoots straight up from the little seed toward the light of the sun; it doesn't go wandering all around in the dark to learn how.

Papa told me a story once when I was a little girl that I have never forgotten. It was about a rough block of marble that was taken out of the dark earth and carried to the work-shop of a famous sculptor, who was very joyous as he examined it. There did not seem to be anything about it over which to be very glad, though the man's face glowed as he began cutting with a sharp chisel into the hard, white substance. He cut in deeper here and there and after a long while there began to appear some sort of form. The marble cried out feebly at first; but as the keen edges cut more deeply and the blows fell thick and fast the shape cried out in agony; but the man kept on. The chipping and carving and polishing were steadily continued until one day the sculptor rested, and as he looked at his work his face beamed with happiness and light. It was a block no longer. He said, "Behold thy-

self!'' The white, white marble, suddenly cured of hurt, looked up and saw reflected in a fountain near by a wonderful white angel with spreading wings, and for the first time it knew itself. It had become a shape from the shapeless.

I think now that all the things that trouble us must be the chippings and blows of experience; the sculptor must be God; we, the shapeless marble; our ignorance imprisons the possible angel, while the fountain and pool are the words of wisdom and truth that tell us what we really are. When I asked Papa to explain the story, he said I would find it all some day myself. I believe I have it now.

In our work each writes a short review of the day's research. For instance, when wood is the subject, each must write some interesting thing that he or she has learned about a tree and its uses; or some fact concerning its growth or peculiarity. It is strange to find they have habits, and as queer ways of doing things as folks.

We have greatly enjoyed our peeps into the deep and tall lumber regions of Maine and Canada, where there is a perfect army of men cutting, hewing and shipping lumber. The pine trees all over the earth are an interesting study. We have

gone from the pineries of Georgia and Michigan to the tall, swaying forests of Norway, standing giant-like on the mountain tops in the bleak weathers and rough winds of the cold north seas, and have read the beautiful folk lore of those countries in the library in the evenings by the grate fire, our kind leaders revealing to us their hidden meanings. Then there are the red cedars of California, so famous and big and ever so old. How patient they seem, growing for centuries, like the dear oaks, alone in their beauty and not conscious of it; just living out their lives.

Mexico shines and glows in my mind as I read of her rich mahogany and ebony trees, her gold and silver, and her dark people. As we go through the warmer countries we constantly find new facts about cotton that we did not discover in our first journey, and examine embroideries, garments and stuffs, braid and fish nets. Wherever it is warm cotton is always to be found.

Our German Konslar, Herr Kopf, has arrived, and all are now enjoying the German as much as French. Both are very like play, all are children together in getting new tongues.

I believe from what I have noticed of the progress Alice has made in Swedish with Konslar Jenkel.

that if, with each language we had some work peculiar to its country to accompany it, as she has in slojd, we should not only begin to think in the language at once, which is the key that unlocks it and the tongue, Konslar Kenan says, but we would also be doing something in it; that the more largely we are surrounded by the sound and acts of its life, the more quickly will we acquire it and absorb it. I think one must learn to feel like a Frenchman or German to be able to fully acquire his speech. I found this out when I danced in the Oriental story dance.

We are learning to speak easily, because, as Konslar Kenan says, we are taught to use the ear first. The old way is to try and make the eye do duty for the ear. The tongue has no mode of conveyance to the eye; it only talks to the ear. So, when language is studied in the old way, the tongue is left to stumble helplessly; really it is not taught to do anything.

We study a method that makes the verb the pivot around which the thought turns, because the verb is the soul of the sentence. Phil says we do not construct rope walks of words and then have to learn their names. We see them with the mind's eye learning them at once in the

sentences, thus getting at their names, meaning relationship and use. You understand, for I have seen your little ones learn English very much as we are learning German.

It is all very simple and fascinating. We act it out and it excites our ingenuity, and, oh, we get great fun out of it, too. You may know Phil , Alice, and Neil help matters along. Phil teases everybody but Elizabeth. Somehow he is more dignified with her It worried me until I asked him about it, and his answer, while there was merriment in it, satisfied me. His quiet manner showed that at least he does not dislike her. He said, taking my face between his hands, "I respect and admire Elizabeth to the hem of her pink gown." Neil has no exceptions to his teasing.

I am writing in the library in the corner by the great old fire-place. Tommy has just come in. The firelight shines upon him. I see how mature he is growing, but I am sure he will never look any older. He has a letter from his little mother. Either Phil or I read them to him; sometimes Catherine does. All send love. I send love to all, and a kiss to my dear rose gardener.

KORADINE.

SIXTEENTH LETTER.

WALK AND TALK IN THE WOOD.—A LETTER IN THE AIR.—A STUDY OF TREES.—BAMBOO SWEETMEATS.—RUMMAGING IN THE MIND REGION.—THE YOUNG MAN FROM KALAMAZOO.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Cousin:

I feel this morning very much as the trees must this time of year. I am tingling and jumping with joy and expectation. A letter from Papa tells us, among many interesting things, that he and Mamma are beginning to make arrangements for returning home. It seems perfectly natural that they should come with the opening buds and blossoms and the singing birds. My heart, too, has been singing a tune ever since I read the letter.

As Hugh and Philip came out of the woods road, I called to them and said, "You have a letter from Papa and Mamma, and they are com-

ing home before long." They laughed and asked me how I knew. I said, "I read it in the air and heard it in the wind." Phil and I went over to the house, as we speak of home now that we are at the Hall so much, to read our letter, for he never opens them until I am with him. He says it would take all the *read* out for me, and that he has to keep up the co-operative idea of the place. The letter told us they hoped most surely to be home soon. Mamma had that "most surely" put in for my sake, I know. When I was little, if I could get anyone to say "most surely" I knew it would come to pass.

They are having a most lovely visit in a country house in the north of Ireland with an Irish barrister friend of Papa's. After reading it all over twice, Phil turned to me and said, "'Pussy,' —when Phil is very much in earnest and sort o' solemn like he calls me Pussy—"what made you think I had a letter this morning? More than that, what made you say anything about Papa's and Mamma's coming home? You know we did not expect them until the middle of July."

I said: "I do not know, Philip, but when I heard the train come in two long hours ago I felt that it had brought a letter from them—well, it

was just as if I had known it all the time, and I knew the letter would tell of their coming."

"Well, you girls are funny folk, anyhow," said Phil , as he looked into the fire. "There's Elizabeth, she can walk as straight as a string to almost anything that a fellow loses; and just see what Catherine has done with Czar." (I forgot to tell you that he was brought back a week after running away with Phil , and is as gentle as a wood dove. Whatever she has done with him, I don't know.) "And look at all these helpers of ours, especially Dr. Goodrich and Konslar Larned. They seem to know everything a fellow is thinking about. Let us get Dr. Goodrich to talk to us upon the subject." I said, "I am sure I do not understand it any more than you do. Perhaps it is our way of learning things." Then I thought of Tommy and said that he seems just as wide awake inside as any of us, and often tells me things he could only have found in his own mind.

"Oh, well," Phil answered, "that's all the place Tom has to live in."

"Why, I think he lives here with us and enjoys everything we do. Some things he learns ever so much more quickly; simply because he

has 'no windows to his head,' as he calls it, is no reason why he should be more awake. It is a deeper inside than just having your eyes shut,'' I said. But we had to get ready for the gymnasium drill, and had no more time to think about it. I will ask either Miss Larned or Dr. Goodrich to explain it to us. I feel there is something in it that will be good for us all to know.

To-morrow, Sunday, a series of lectures are to begin which hereafter, Dr. Goodrich says, will be one of the features of the place. They will not be given regularly, perhaps, but when all feel they have reached a point in their unfoldment where questions require solution or help. Such points, she said, were bound to be reached by all concerned, including Konslars, in this mode of training.

These series are to be in harmony with the development of the youth's mental and spiritual nature. What a steady creature she is! The wonder is, she makes us all feel the same way, and still we are as free as the birds that went away last November.

Tommy remarked, as we were all walking through the moist woods last evening, that she seemed to him to be like that deep sustaining

tone or vibration he feels and hears in the great organ as he plays, and which seems to be the power that binds all the chords in one deep harmony together. Hugh said: "Well, she is like an atmosphere to me; I seem to breathe her and get strong."

Elizabeth thought it all comes through her power to concentrate upon anything she is doing, and the determination to do it as it ought to be done. The Doctor seems to think that nothing will come to us to do, that we cannot train ourselves to do perfectly. She talks much about perfection and efficiency in many things. She says, "Steady purpose is faith in action. If a thing comes for you to do you may be sure you can do it, no matter how difficult it appears, if with a steady, unwavering determination you concentrate upon your purpose to do it perfectly. It will not come to you to be half done, but wholly."

We are getting on famously with our journeyings in far countries. I believe a party of young people like us really could take, with very little trouble, a journey over the same routes we have gone in our hunts after cotton, wool, silk and their fabrics.

Every day there is something new and interesting, from the fleece-laden sheep and goats, the tiny, silk, self-wrapped creature in its cocoon, and the soft white cotton balls, to the wonderful and beautiful creations in delicate textures, and the strange peoples whose customs we talk over and wonder how they came by them. Some of these I think we would do well to adopt. We could take lessons in gentle and polite manners and cleanly habits from some of these strangers. Our cotton as well as silk search took us where it is considered most offensive to wear the same garment twice without cleansing, and where religion teaches the necessity of the daily bath. Konslar Little says he is sure by the time we have searched the different parts of the earth for its metals and their uses, we can journey wherever we wish as learned travelers. We take those all up next year.

We are wandering in the woods "from the mountains to the sea," and everywhere find beautiful and curious facts concerning the lives and habits of trees. Hugh is writing a paper on "the famous trees of the world." He has read some scraps of it to Alice and me, and it is splendid.

Konslar Larned is very much interested in it and is helping him to gather facts. The sacred fig tree of India, the Aswattha, is a splendid banyan tree which grows as high, perhaps, as our white oaks, and sends out long branches out of a knot-like spot, which become tendrils or delicate roots.

These grow until they touch the earth and, taking root, soon reach the size of the parent trunk, and sometimes larger. Mrs. Grantly said she dined under a splendid banyan tree and counted forty-two of these root-branches, which made a beautiful grove with a canopy of green above their heads.

She also told us of a visit to a cocoanut grove or *tope*. They went in a queer little cart called a gharri that was drawn by two pretty, sleek bullocks. She showed us a picture of it. They went from a Hindu town, Koimbator, three miles to visit a temple, and crossed a sacred stream where people were taking their daily bath. "Oh, these Hindus are the cleanest people in the world," she said, enthusiastically.

They went from the temple to the *tope* where the cocoanut trees, straight and tall, were growing close together, and where the natives were

gathering the juice, which they get by tapping the tree in the stalk of the bloom. The juice gathered is a milky looking fluid, slightly intoxicating after fermentation, and is called *todi*. Tapping this bloom prevents the tree from bearing nuts for a period. She says it was very interesting to see the men fasten straps about their waists, to which were attached empty *lotas* and climb with great ease and swiftness to the tops of these trees, which were fully sixty feet high.

Every cocoanut tree in India is numbered and taxed by the British government. She said, not the hairs of the Brahmin's head, but the trees of his country, must be counted and render tribute. The *todi* gatherers picked green cocoanuts and opened them for her and her party, and they drank the delicious milk which, if left to ripen, would harden into the white meat of the nut. I wonder why the green nut is so much larger than it is after it ripens. It is the only thing I ever heard of that shrinks in growing. I presume there are other things that do the same way, however, that I have yet to learn about. I wish you could have heard her tell of the different things they made for her right there; also of the things that are manufactured from the different

parts of the tree. She said one of the men made her a spoon from a part of the shell with which to eat the half-formed meat of the nut; another made a drinking cup, a pretty dish and other things.

The leaves are stripped up and woven into material for awnings and coverings for wagons, and also tents and mats. The outside of the shell of the nut, that hairy fibre, is woven into ropes, carpets and foot mats, while the oil is used for many things besides cooking and lighting. But she says the finest thing she saw made from the cocoanut is a beautiful polish called *chunam.* They pound the meat and mix it with powdered sea shell. It is used to protect the paint against the great climatic changes of India. It is also used upon ships for the same purpose. A dressing, too, is made of it for cement floors, which, when mixed with a pigment, leaves a polish like that of ebony. She told many interesting incidents that one never reads in books.

She said to see the natives gather a small nut called the areka-nut, also a species of palm, was very interesting. They would climb to the top of the tall and slender tree for the nut, and after gathering all on it, would sway it back and forth

and then jump like monkeys into the next tree to gather its fruit.

There are so many curious things to learn about trees. As I told Tommy this morning, I know there is nothing strange in miracles any more. They are only things we do not understand. Why, trees seem just like folk, just as full of odd doings; they take on habits, too, and adapt themselves as readily to conditions of winds and weathers as some people do.

Konslar Grantly says the bamboo outrivals the cocoanut for manufacturing purposes. They grow in clumps, herding together like cattle in a coming storm.

The bamboo serves so many of the same purposes as wood that we have studied the tall feathery grass in company with the trees. I should think those ingenious Japanese would take it for their national emblem. Its uses quite rival the number of letters in their alphabet; it is much prettier than their queer jiggly signs, and very much easier to understand. I think I like the bamboo language better because I am an American. Anyhow we have something which I am sure is a married relation of the bamboo, and that is our beautiful corn whose golden stalks are

jointed and creased the same as its forty-second cousin on the other side of the world.

Konslar Grantly said she saw the bamboo growing in great plumy clumps to the height of forty or fifty feet; that to look upon its befringed beauty in a bright moonlight was a splendid sight. She told us of eating the young shoots, which are as tender and delicious as our asparagus. These are also made into sweetmeats by the confectioners, and are just as good as when used for vegetables. She showed us a Chinese rain cloak made from the bamboo. Such a queer looking thing as it is; but, like everything else these people make, it serves perfectly the purpose for which it is intended, which is not always the way in our own country.

Beautiful houses are made of this universal plant, so light and airy. Phil hitched his coat collar up over his ears, drew in his head like a turtle and muttered "January," with a shiver that made us all feel as cold and chilly as in the middle of winter. The Konslar said these people make the most beautiful screen work in the world from this wonderful growth, and that their carvings upon it are as fine as those made upon ivory. It is made into boats and the tackling and various

poles used upon vessels, into musical and scientific instruments, and into floats, which every little child living on the river boats, has tied upon its back to insure its safety if it falls overboard. She showed us many interesting pictures of the Chinese and Japanese houseboats, which she says is a very general way of living in those great, simple countries.

Elizabeth observed that she thought we might copy, to our advantage, some of their methods for simplifying living. Phil nudged me and whispered, "You would like nothing better than a tepee and a dog." I answered that I would like to include him with my other simple things. Gertrude wondered if any of these "life preservers" were ever brought to this country; if they were she would like some to tie on Neil.

Konslar Grantly had us go, in our minds, into the shops in the cities, and tell her what we saw made by the hands of these patient workers in the Orient. What a jolly time we had rummaging around without disturbing anybody at all! What a wonderful place the region of the mind is! There we were, all hunting around for the same thing and never running against or jolting anyone. It was very funny when we had done

with the subject to hear some one burst out with something more he had found, showing plainly that we were still rummaging.

We saw fans and fan cases, fences and ropes, chairs, tables, shields, lamp wicks made from the pith, knives, wheels, brackets, easels, and oh, many, many things. The color is not always yellow, its natural shade. Those queer, wise, long-eyed people know a secret by which they change it to dark, reddish, brown and black while it is growing. This colored fibre is only cultivated in botanical or palace gardens and is considered very choice.

Gertrude said it was only the rich who could have the choice things.

Tommy said he didn't think so. To his mind the simplest things were the choicest, and the poor of purse could always have them; that a king on his throne could not enjoy a daisy more than the poor man; if their hearts were simple both might enjoy alike. Tom gets gentler and sweeter every day.

My St. Nicholas came the other day and had the cunningest little rhyme in it telling what a Japanese wood-chopper does with a single bamboo. I think I remember the most of it:

One night when the hills were drenched with dew,
And moonbeams lay about,
The comical cone of a young bamboo
Came cautiously creeping out.

It grew and grew in the summer breeze;
It grew, and it grew, until
It looked right over the camphor trees,
To the other side of the hill.

A Japanese phrase the wood-cutter used,
"Fine tree" is what we should say.
He chopped it all 'round till it fell to the ground;
His ox then hauled it away.

He made a fine tub from the lowermost round,
And a pail from the following one;
A caddy for rice from the very next slice,
And his work was no more than begun.

The next were tall vases and medicine cases,
With dippers and cups galore;
There were platters and bowls, and pickets and poles,
And matting to spread on the floor.

A parasol frame, and an intricate game,
And ribs to a paper fan;
A sole to his shoe, and a toothpick or two
He made next, this wonderful man.

A rake then he made, and a small garden spade,
And a trellis to loop up his vine;
A flute which he blew, and a tea-strainer, too,
And a fiddle to squeak shrill and fine.

It would take me all day, if I were to say
All that wonderful man brought to view;
But a traveller I met, says he's sitting there yet,
At work on that single bamboo.

I can believe it, for there seems no end to its uses. If it grew in as many lands as cotton does, I think we might get on nicely with very little besides, for these two plants furnish both clothing and food. The boys think it would get monotonous eating "stewed bamboo" and wearing cotton clothes. They have been trying to joke me about my taking the St. Nicholas, now that I am "getting along in years a spell." I do not care a bit. I dearly love it. I should feel that I had sliced something out of my childhood if I were to stop. I told them I intended taking that magazine until I was an old, gray-haired lady with gold-bowed spectacles and great-grandchildren. There, now!

We have come across a tree in Africa that is the wonder of all wooden things. It is called the Boabab. Who would believe there could be a tree that could not be burned by fire or killed by stripping its bark, nor injured within? And, marvel of marvels, it grows after being cut down, its roots living right on, sending up new shoots as though nothing had happened. It cultivates its own way of dying, too, by just drying up. Phil says he wouldn't believe it if it wasn't so far away from home. Konslar Little says he

saw one that was said to be over fourteen hundred years old.

The red cedars of Lebanon make my mind glitter and shine and dream dreams when I read about them and King Solomon's rich possessions. I think Solomon is the father of all men who like to cut down trees. My heart beat fast when I read of the wonderful perfumed cedar forests of Lebanon; and it hurt like a real ache when we read of the fourscore thousand wood-choppers that Solomon employed to cut down the fragrant inheritors of earth, with which to build his great Temple. I think a living temple of breathing, odorous trees would have been far more splendid than any man could build, no matter how wise.

We have been told of the tall, tall palm trees of Adiar and Ceylon, and of the black pepper vine on the Malabar coast. We have read about the great oaks of England, among which the Druids lived, worshiped and sacrificed; the famous lindens of Germany, and so on around the globe we have come, with the sun shining all the way. But in all our wandering we have found but few trees more wonderful than our own mammoth cedars of California, or more beautiful than our yellow and white pines and odorous hemlocks.

The wild olive may sound very pretty, but nothing is so sweet to my ear as the song of the blue-birds and robins that comes from our dear old apple orchard over there on the hill. And nothing is more beautiful than our beechnut grove, where the branches curve like the roof of a Chinese pagoda, nor grander than our own beloved Druids, with the "high priest," under whose sweeping branches my dear Papa has taught us ever so many good things.

We are expected on Socrates evening to ask questions in the line of the week's work. They include science, government, art, manufactures, peoples, customs and general history. Getting it in this way, it seems as though we have taken part in everything. I will write you some of the questions we had at the last meeting, but will not have time for the answers, which were full of life and information. But you are following us so closely you can hunt them up, and I will tell you more about it when I see you.

Are the Hindus satisfied with British rule?

Sometimes you speak of the native government—do not the English govern all India?

When did the English government tax the cocoanut trees?

Are other productive trees taxed?

What is the average yield of a cocoanut tree?

Did you see the date palm?

Did you eat fresh dates?

Are the fans we see made from the date palm?

How many kinds of palm trees are there?

Did the Hindu women accompany your party?

If Hindu women never appear in public, what did these people think of you ladies traveling alone?

Were the roads you traveled built by the English or the Hindus?

Would like to know something of the temples and forms of worship.

Can you tell us something of the general character of the Hindu?

How old is the cocoanut tree before it bears?

Konslars Little and Larned have been our constant companions in these journeys. On several Saturday evenings we entertained each other, and visitors as well, with what we call "travelers' tales," which have been very interesting, indeed. Each has taken pride, or, I should say, pleasure, which is the better feeling, in detailing the route of our studies around the world. It is jolly, too, to weave one's own mind into the

scenes and company of strange folk; and you have no idea how very cleverly some of the boys and girls do it.

Philip, Douglas and Elizabeth are especially good in telling of personal encounters; Hugh in building fiction out of facts, as Dr. Goodrich terms it. Tommy is called the picture maker, and I Mrs. Hans Christian Andersen, which name I am very fond of.

Philip told a long story on Saturday evening that kept us all still as mice, for it was full of information and amusement, as well as hair-breadth escapes. Elizabeth said it proved Phil 's inventive genius at least. I can only give you a bird's eye view of it, as it was very full of detail, and related quickly which, as Miss Larned told him, saved it. It was about a young American traveling in another neighborhood on the other side of the world; he was an inventor from Kalamazoo, who went sailing in the air in a row boat with a main sheet, a jib and a fish-tail rudder. He sailed just above the tallest church steeple whose weather vanes were his guide posts. Phil described towns, cities and country, and the lay of lands; said the fish-tail rudder slapped the cheek of a trade wind that howled

with disappointment, that a man from Kalamazoo had invented something that rendered this terror of the *high* seas powerless. And so he went on, finally landing his young man in Africa, where we were shown many interesting things quite unknown to history. He described the country over which he went as perfectly as though he had been there. After many accidents or rather escapes, for he said this young man from Kalamazoo grew so wise that he could not fall into so foolish and unnatural a thing as an accident, Phil had him discover a huge rock in a desert place, to which he fastened his electric flying machine. I forgot to tell you it was run by electricity and made of aluminum. After fastening the boat, this young man from Kalamazoo leaned back upon the rock to rest. Feeling it move, he looked around, and there was a great door opening into a dim, funnel-shaped cavern. Phil 's voice grew into a shivering drawl as he began describing the young man's entrance into it and his final disappearance. We fairly shuddered as Phil became more and more solemn, and were all just as still as could be. He stopped as though thinking deeply. We waited for him to go on fully prepared for any-

thing that was awful; he still kept his serious look and his silence. We scarcely dared to breathe, so anxious and eager were we to know about the fearless traveler. At last I could wait no longer and said: "Well, go on, Philip. What became of the young man?" All bent forward to listen. "I do not know. He never came out," said Phil, as the serious look left his face, and the twinkle came back into his eyes. We all drew long breaths and laughed merrily at one another, and have enjoyed guessing what became of the young man. Phil declared that if he had not found the rock cave in the desert he would have been traveling yet with the fearless young inventor from Kalamazoo.

I must quit. This is what Papa calls a stage coach letter. It has been written with various stops and several changes of horses. I am looking forward to my twenty-four hours visit with you.

Love to all,

KORADINE.

SEVENTEENTH LETTER.

IDEALS.—DR. GOODRICH TALKS.—MIND IS MASTER.—NEIL AS A WEATHER VANE.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

Dearest Cousin:

This has been such a wonderful day that I cannot sleep until I have written to you.

Something of the greatest importance has happened to me, and yet I fear I cannot express it in words. I feel a buoyancy, as though I had heard very good news, and so I have.

We had such a strange talk this afternoon from our dear Dr. Goodrich. You remember her face, so childlike and strong it is. Can the two go together? I would not have thought it had I not known her and heard her speak. When she talks her face lights up and her cheeks are as delicately tinted as the apple bloom; there are no lines criscrossing as with most people of her age. She must be about fifty-five years *young;* I cannot say old in speaking of her; but

if her words are true she has thought to such wonderful purpose that she might be hundreds of years old. If what she says is true, every living creature has a right to be beautiful, good, healthy and full of wisdom.

To-day she said the soul is a sleeping beauty, unconscious of its wonderful powers until the young prince, the right word, comes and arouses it to a knowledge of its splendid possessions and makes known the real state of things. Right here she talked of something that I do not quite recall. It was about what she called the ideal. She said that the ideal is the real, and that there is a key by which each can open the door to his own ideal, or real. I do not remember which.

She further said: "All life in nature is perfect. In freedom, each expresses its kind in perfection. The birds, the fishes, even the insects are harmonious in their development. Can you think of a strong lion in the jungles laid low with consumption? Of a bee, with dyspepsia gathering honey? Or a bluejay with neuralgia in his back? You, too, have a right to the same freedom, the same adaptation of your life to your place. If you have in any way lost it, there is a way to return to it.

"Your body is your tool, your engine. It obeys you as certainly as does the hammer of the blacksmith, and responds to your thought as surely as does the iron horse to the hand of the brave fellow who rides it.

"Does the body run itself? Do the heart, lungs and all the little cells work of themselves? NO, no; it is the thought or mind of the man. The key of this is that you are master of a wonderful machine; that it is yours, but not you."

I grew dizzy with this thought; but Jack Gatling whispered to me just then, that he would like to be introduced to himself. This made me steady again. She told us that even the position of the body shows the mental attitude of a man. (How funny some of us must be if that is true.) Every soul straightened up. Since I have heard Dr. Goodrich talk I think of each one as a soul. I look upon all dear faces with their different expressions, as something put there by mind. Once or twice I have been almost frightened, when I have caught a glimpse of the way we may all show just what we have been and are thinking. Do we not carry on our faces signs like the dial of a clock, each line being the second, minute and hour hand, telling what o'clock it is?

Think of one's whole life being built of thought! Think of ancestor after ancestor away back, fading out like the lines of a railroad track, or lights down either side of a long street, until they narrow together in the distance! No one knows where particular thoughts come from. First from our parents, then from ourselves. We are always building bodies and characters, sick or well, good or bad, according to the kind of thinking we do.

Dr. Goodrich went on, saying: "Fear is the greatest foe to us all. Think of how many really harmless things even the bravest people are afraid—of climate, of cold, of heat and afraid of food. And how catching this all is! Fear travels about like an epidemic. It skulks into every avenue of life. But the best thing I have to tell you is, that you can train yourselves to close the door of your mind against this same fear. The way is so simple, and the door unlocks so easily, that one can scarcely believe it true.

"Suppose it is raining, and you must go to the bank to get a check cashed, your leader, seeing you start out in the rain, says: 'Have you your over-shoes? Be sure not to let your dress get drabbled.' So you go, knowing

that while dresses come anywhere near the ground they must get soaked in a hard rain. You come home with stockings and skirts wet. It is recitation time; you sit the entire hour in these garments; you think all the while, I know I shall take cold; I feel chilly; I've sneezed several times, not knowing sneezing is nature's effort to throw off a cold. So you go on, both you and your friends, creating a cold by a very ordinary process simply by thought.

"Suppose on the contrary, you had not been reminded of the possibility of getting wet, but instead, when you went into the rain, she had said, cheerily: I hope you will be paid for your bravery and get your check cashed. You did not in the least mind the storm. You were thinking all the way that it was lovely of dear Papa to send a draft each month without you having to ask for it. You plan uses for the money, and think of ways to be saving, so you can assist someone who has less than you; and all the time you have not thought of the rain. You return, take your seat in the class-room, and have an interesting lesson. Your leader is filled to overflowing with his subject. You forget your wet clothing, as there is something more im-

portant to think about; and, instead of catching cold, you catch his enthusiasm and are happy with an increase of knowledge."

Much that she said I do not recall. One thing I remember very well. The best way to begin a new, healthy body, is not to be at home to wrong thoughts. Be as free and fearless as the bird who builds his nest right here by our window. You have a right to perfect bodies as much as he, and fearlessness will help to give them to you.

Suppose you are riding on a railroad train and some dear lady, thinking only of her own comfort, opens a window in front of you and you sit in the heated car, in a great draft. You shake yourself mentally, and at once say positively, "I have no fear, fresh air cannot harm me." You soon come to know that God's sweet wind in any place has no power to give you cold. This is an easy lesson for you, and once you conquer the idea that a draft can give you a cold you are ready to learn more in the law of mastery.

"How can the mind train itself," asked Alice Hawley. "That is easy," answered the Doctor. "You should consider the mind in two conditions. conscious and unconscious. The conscious part can impress ideas upon the unconscious part.

For instance, unconsciously you wink when an object flits before your eyes, but consciously you can hold the eye steadily open and gaze at the object. Unconsciously you breathe about twenty times a minute, but by a very little effort you can train that unconscious mind that breathes to hold the breath for a long, long time." Jack said, "If we have two minds, why don't we have two bodies?" Jack thought this a great joke; but the Doctor said, "Why, of course, you have, a spiritual body and a material body, and both are built up by mind." Jack nudged me, and said: "I hope I have longer legs on my other body." I frowned at him and told him to keep still; that I didn't believe he had any. Right after that, what was said seemed to sober him. I felt that it had reached him somehow, for he was very quiet, and when the talk was finished, went to his room alone. This is unusual, for he has his arms over somebody's shoulders most of the time. He has a great, tender heart, but is so full of fun and mischief that he does not spare his best friends.

At last, Dr. Goodrich, said: "Mind or spirit builds the physical through the power of thought. Learning how to think well is learning how to

build well. The first and most important thing is to put away fear; that is, to let the mind work in freedom. Now, for instance, suppose eight of you girls go out for a walk that leads through the woods, and you come to Stony creek. Five of you run and jump across as fleet as deer, the other three come running, but their hearts fail them. They stop, frightened, and exclaim: 'Oh, we cannot jump that!' Now, why? All the bones, muscles and nerves are the same in each. Why do not all go alike? Because five are fearless. They have slammed the door of their mind in the face of doubt, and it has no power over them. You see the five have a mind free to go. All can train their minds into willing obedience; to jump every stream of difficulty; and I am here to help you do it." All this and much more, coming from a woman who has a medical diploma and years of practice, makes her words more convincing.

Elizabeth said nothing, but there was such a light in her face that I looked to see where it came from. The lecture caused great interest. No one left the room but Jack, who, as I told you, said he was going out to stand up straight in his mind.

Konslar Kenan said there was nothing new about all this. They were truths that had been told for centuries by individuals who are said to have been born ahead of their age who have served as finger-posts to those who have come after.

Konslar Bardora made us laugh in spite of his great earnestness when he said, "All peoples haf pin vid bot ears lay up vor deescords. Dey see de instruments but do not leesten vor de true sound. Dey now begin to hear une grande harmonie. Truth is the key-note of all life." While he was saying this, his gestures were so many and so perfectly in tune with his words that I am sure we could have understood him without a sound.

Phil said they were as graphic as Neil's frantic gesticulations the other day when he climbed to the ridge pole of our new, high, grain barn over on the side hill. We did not hear what he was shouting to us, for the wind blew his words over into the next county. He pointed with all his fingers at once, waved his arms wildly, shouted while he clung to the sharp cone of the tall roof. He was as active as a weather-vane in a high wind.

I do wish you could hear our beloved leader. It is so difficult for me to write her thoughts. My words seem to be as dead and dried as those mummies that Phil. calls my ancestors. I go to sleep now, hoping that you can feel the spirit of them. I seem to have written off my wide awakeness and am lopsided and "noddy."

Yours blinkingly,

KORADINE.

EIGHTEENTH LETTER.

TOMMY IN THE TEMPLE.—A NEW WORLD.—KONSLAR GRANTLY'S STORY OF THE BLACK BOY.—JEALOUSY; ITS CURE.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

What a queer feeling of "goneness" one has after a pleasant visit. It always seems to me that I have lost something.

I guess it was a great big slice of my heart. I could not have had a better time if I had stayed a month, only, of course, I could have had more of it. I heard some one say, not long since, that the most precious things were done up in small packages. I do not believe that is always true, do you? Preciousness belongs to quality and not quantity. Goodness me! I know my love would run over many bushel measures. There is too much to be weighed or measured.

It was well that I came up on the Saturday

evening train, for it took me the whole day to fit myself back into place. Sunday was a beautiful day. Tommy and I, with Leo, strolled out into the new green woods and had a good long talk. The dear boy never before had so much to tell of his desires. He told me he had never given up the hope of some day seeing this beautiful world. He has always "promised himself" that sometime his eyes should do their duty by him; and now, as he is becoming better acquainted with himself through this life here, his faith in that self-promise has grown so strong that he feels it will come true. He says there is a law for all, that can make the lame to walk and the blind to see. He talked as though he was outside his body, as though he owned it, just as he does his clothing. It was very strange. As he went on, I also grew strong in the belief that his wish would yet come true. I hope it may, but all the doctors who have examined Tommy's eyes say that, although they are perfect in construction, there is no sight there. I said this to him, and he replied, "I know that; but who ever saw sight? I tell you, Koradine," and his hand caught my arm very tightly, "my sight, your sight, does not belong to the body; it belongs to

us. Of this I am convinced; and when Dr. Goodrich talks as she does she makes me know myself apart from my body. At some moments, of which I have never told anybody, I see as plainly as any one. I know I do, but it is only a glimpse and does not really seem to be through these windows of mine."

He was all shining and bright when we turned into the path that leads to the Parthenon, where we met Miss Larned and Konslar Kenan, Elizabeth and Philip. All were out enjoying the soft spring weather, and many went with us into the great, silent building where we go whenever we wish to be still inside.

Tommy went to the organ, without a word, and played as he never had before. As we looked at him our hearts fairly stood still. He was more beautiful than any of us had ever seen him. It seemed that the boy's spirit was leading us all up into a place where we could see, as well as feel, that all things are possible of accomplishment.

Oh, Edith, it was wonderful! There we all sat, each in his or her own silence, walled in by the harmonies of the great instrument. The soft spring air floated in through the doors and win-

dows. The sun had sunk low in the west and lighted the woods with a red glow that made the trees look black like ebony. The gathering shadows hid all within the beautiful temple. The dull gold of the organ pipes and the slender figure of the beautiful boy were caught in the dim, red reflection and held there while a minor strain, oh, so pure and sweet, floated forth, upborne by the grand undertone he loves so well, which beat like a pulse, strong and sure. I could hear his faith ring out upon the waves of the deep vibrating harmony. His soul played, and the organ was its speech. It must have spoken plainly, for as Hugh, Catherine, Douglas and I walked back to the hall, Hugh said, "I had a strange fancy while Tom was playing. It seemed to me that he was praying for something and fully expected to have his prayer answered." Catherine, who had not spoken a word since we left, said slowly: "I, too, had the same fancy. I think he was praying for light and that his prayer will be answered."

Douglas thought of the wonderful obedience of the body to the soul's command, during the beautiful hour of melody. He could see that Tommy was unconscious of his fingers; they

simply obeyed his desire. Douglas thinks that Dr. Goodrich's lecture has opened the way for the dear boy.

We have never passed so silent a time as that Sunday evening. There seemed to be a hush everywhere. All went away to be alone very soon afterward.

Ruth and Alice and I sat up awhile and saw the new moon come up over the hill tops, and watched it till it crowned the old Druids' head. Then we went to bed, speaking scarcely a word.

Saturday Morning.

A week has passed since I began my letter to you, and, oh, what a change it has brought about! When I last wrote everything was just ready to obey Mother Nature's command to come forth; there was a promise of obedience upon every tree and bush, every hill top and in every meadow. The trees had grown from slender etchings to heavier lines like shaded drawings upon the blue sky as we looked up through them. In seven days a new world has come into view. It is awake. The buds have opened their eyes and the leaves, like little Columbines in the pantomime, have jumped up and are shaking out

their green gowns; and the anemones and blue and white violets are fluttering like so many butterflies with stems. Everywhere tiny things are springing up and spreading their flower wings. Everything has appeared, as by magic, and so silently, too, save for the hallooings and whisperings of the winds.

There was a warm spell that Sunday when Tommy played so divinely in the temple, but next day a cold wave came from some icy sea. The sun shone out quite bravely, but in two minutes it hid behind a cloud and the rain came down out of it, all frozen. The wind blustered, shook the tree tops and whipped their branches together. Then all of a sudden it grew kinder, and drove some white woolly clouds, that looked like sheep, out of the southern sky; and the sun came and played hide and seek with them.

In three or four days we could see the earth's complexion changing from brown to green; and one morning, after an all night's warm rain, we awakened to see everything bright and green as could be; and the birds that had been only twittering were soon singing in full chorus.

Phil. said Dame Nature had stolen a march on us; and that he is so glad we are not in Green-

land's icy mountains, nor wandering about on India's coral strand, but just here on the banks of old Swiss Lake, where the waters are sparkling, and the springs dancing down the hillsides and through the fields again. The robins are here, their pretty throats quivering with sweet notes; and the blue birds are thick over there in the orchard, coaxing the trees to bloom, I think. We had for this Saturday morning reading two hours with John Burroughs' "Wake Robin." Philip calls him my lover. Well, if I ever have a lover, I should like him to have a heart just like John Burroughs.

We are greatly enjoying our hours with Konsular Grantly. She is showing us how to open another doorway that leads into our power-room, as she calls it. New meanings break in upon us every day. Really everything around us is getting to look like a big picture book with lots of pictures in it. Even our beloved gymnasium is now more than a place in which to develop muscle, and strengthen the body, although we are studying, systematically and practically, the body's power and expansion. This, we are learning, can only be truly obtained by working from the within to the without, showing that the

mental is master over all. Really, it is the *thinking*, or mind that must be trained.

The Konslar says the acrobat or gymnast has long ago proven into what a state of obedience the body may be brought, through continued practice and careful training. She spoke of the clumsy looking man we all saw at the circus, who came in stumbling over everything, and all at once began tumbling around in the most remarkable and graceful fashion, and wound up his performance by turning several sommersaults in the air from a trapeze hung high in the tent. We laughed as we remembered the comical looking fellow, whom we had not thought of as teaching us any lesson. "That man," she continued, "knew that he owned his body, and that it would respond to his mental demand. You, too, must remember to hold in mind the thing you wish to do as already done. This thinking makes it possible. It is the very core of the secret."

She says expertness is but another name for genius, which is a state of perfection arrived at by persistent application, and should be as honored in the clown as in the king; that no one ever became famous without it; that, whether one plays ball, plans a cathedral, paints a picture, or

carves a stone, persistent application is necessary to success. She flushed us with enthusiasm when she said we could do anything we wished if we set about it with a strong will and a steady purpose.

She told us an interesting story of a black boy who came to her once for training, a member of a large class of white boys and girls attending an academy. A prize had been offered for the best declamation. The selection made by the teacher for the colored pupil was Wendell Phillips' famous oration, "Toussiant L'Overture." Konslar Grantly said that as she looked at the ebony face before her, the teaching and belief of the white race swept across her mind, and for an instant brought a doubt of the African's ability to assimilate the eloquence of the famous aristocrat who had stood inspired before an enraged mob and calmed it into silence by his masterful utterance. Then, suddenly, she realized the ever-present power of spirit, in which every creature lives and develops its purposes and gifts, and her doubt was gone.

The boy said: "Do you think I can do it."

"Why not?" she answered.

"Oh, I am only a black boy, you know, and"—

"Of course, if you feel that way about it, you stand no chance of gaining the prize," she said. She asked him what was his desire in trying for it. He scarcely knew; but as she talked with him she found the same thing that all have, an ambition to excel. She asked him if he thought it would make him any happier to stand above his young schoolmates; if so, she felt she could do nothing for him. Then she explained the true idea of a prize; that it is something to stimulate endeavor and to bring forth and improve the powers within us. "Merely winning honors over others, or for the success of the hour, is ignoble, and is what is called ambition and is based upon selfishness. If you wish to be in harmony with a heart whose every beat was for the love of his fellow creatures, to look through his radiant eyes and perceive the nobleness of your own down-trodden race, I can teach you and you will gain the prize. Your triumph will be in the glimpse you get of your true self and your kinship with all men and all things. God is no respecter of persons. He sets not one of His children above the other. His gifts are of equal value. Every possibility lies within each soul, and each alike has access to the one source. What was possible

for Wendell Phillips to have been, is possible for you to be. What Toussiant L'Overture accomplished for himself and his race, you may also achieve. But to do so you must be more than an imitator; you must be fired with the same loving desire to uplift and liberate those who are downtrodden and in bondage. All self-thought must be lost in the desire to help your fellow man. That was the spirit of both the white orator and the black liberator. To use words of any great thinker, one must feel the life in them."

As she finished she smilingly said, "My dusky pupil won the prize, as I knew he would when he told me after his last lesson that his one desire was to make the noble words as true through his utterance, as they were when they fell from the lips of the great orator whose flaming thought framed them."

The story was a lesson in itself. Somehow these leaders of ours look straight through things and turn them into good for us. Much happens here of which they never appear to take any "outward" notice. Often while being entertained by some good and jolly story, some of us will feel that we are being searched through and through; that all sorts of naughty thoughts are

being washed and cleansed, like so many little children who hide out of sight that they may play on in their mischief.

Then, too, as Phil says, we do not suffer as one without hope, for the story, or illustration, shows the way out, and how not to do so any more.

I think most people would not mind having their faults shown them if they were told they had made mistakes instead of having committed sins, which sounds so much worse, and makes us feel as though we could never get back into the good any more. People think the word "sinner" means much more than it really does. Papa has always told us, you know, that the word "sin" means "mistake." If it does, then it seems to me that people can just wipe it off their minds when they come to know it, as we do a figure in a wrong place, or as we correct a misspelled word. I never thought of that before, but I see now that sin is only a figure in the wrong place. I do not like the word "sinner." It stands off by itself, like an awful monster that can not be tamed. Papa never uses it. He thinks its influence is not good.

Although my letter is so long I must tell you something that happened to me the other day.

You know how happy I have been to have you all see and love my dear Elizabeth. Well, she and Catherine have become great friends and are much together, which is perfectly natural, as they are near the same age and then, too, as Dr. Goodrich says, both being orphans, they are drawn to each other. One day Corrinne Bancroft and I were studying together and we saw them coming up from the spring with their arms around each other. They looked glorious and I spoke of it. Corrinne looked curiously at me and said: "I should think it would make you jealous to have Elizabeth leave you so much for Catherine." I did not know at first what she meant; I felt very warm, then chilly. I did not say anything and as we were through studying Corrinne said she guessed she would go to the hall. I grew dizzy and sick. I had never thought about it being jealousy before. I felt very uncomfortable and my head began to ache. I went over into the clover meadow so as to be all alone. Papa has always told Phil and me that when we feel cris-cross it is best to find some place as quickly as possible where we can be quite alone. Leo went with me, but oh! how lonely I was. Just as though I had not a single

friend in the whole world; and my heart hurt and beat fast while I felt angry and sorry for myself. I could not make it out for a long time. Leo ran around awhile and then lay down beside me and licked my hands and looked so lovingly up into my face that it made me cry. The poor fellow was so troubled I tried to stop; when he whined I had to stop and comfort him. Just then a lovely, saucy blue-jay came and sat upon a limb of the tree against which I was leaning, looked down at me and chattered; he seemed to be telling me something. I spoke to him, he turned his peaked, capped head first on one side, then on another, and then whirred away, looking like a tiny blue flag fluttering in the air.

Then I saw that the sky was, oh, so blue, the sun shining, and all at once I wondered why I was sitting there alone. Oh, yes! Corrinne Bancroft had asked me if I was not jealous because Elizabeth was so very fond of Catherine. I could not tell. I wondered about that sore spot in my heart, and the sorry one in my mind, and felt it must be so. I would have to find out, or never be happy again. Then, as usual, Papa came to my mind, and I remembered his advice, when I was in doubt about anything, always to

ask questions of myself and let my heart answer. So I began. The first was: "Do you love Catherine?" "Oh, yes," my heart said quickly, "very much." "Why?" "Because she is beautiful and good, kind to animals and loves them dearly," my heart answered. I asked my questions out loud, and Leo would prick up his ears, first one then the other, and look at me intently. Just then the bird flew back to the limb of the tree. I asked myself again, "Do you love Elizabeth?" "Yes! yes! yes!" my heart seemed to sob out. "Why?" I asked. "Oh, because she is beautiful, and good, and wonderful, and—and—just everything!" and the sob now came as though made of joy. "Would you be happier if Catherine disliked Elizabeth?" "Oh, no! no! no!" my heart called out so loudly that Leo awakened and the bird hopped up higher. "Do you wish Elizabeth to dislike Catherine?" I began to laugh. "Well, what is the matter then?" My heart was silent. The question was a very hard one. When they are that way Papa says they are "getting warm" and close to the answer. I felt as though I had hurt someone's feelings and must get away from myself. "Well, well! out with it!" After waiting a bit, I said to myself,

in a shame-faced way, "Why—I—thought—perhaps neither Elizabeth—nor—Catherine would love me quite so well."

"Oh, ho!" said my heart; "that is it, is it? You were feeling sorry for yourself." And then flashed over me all the meaning of Dr. Goodrich's words in her morning talk. She said that often when we imagine we are loving a person very dearly we are loving ourselves most. We want our friends to belong to us alone. We do not consider what is pleasant for them, but what is most delightful for us.

This is selfishness. She said that jealousy, envy, and all things called "evil tendencies" come from selfishness, a tree whose root is ignorance, and ignorance is the chief sin or mistake and is what makes human nature possible; that when we *know* things we become divine.

And she said that when the little child is taught early to analyze things that come to its mind, as it is taught to do in the Kindergarten, it will grow quickly and grandly into a better wisdom and escape all the things that are now thought necessary for its development. I am sure you will understand.

I remembered these words. My going off alone with my first experience of jealousy made it all plain to me.

I had gone on loving Elizabeth and thought I was doing a fine thing; but I now see that I was loving her very dearly because she was good and tender to me; that I was selfish in it, or I should not have been heartsick and sorry because she loved Catherine too.

Deary me! I stood up and opened my arms and let out all this selfish love for her. Such goodness and beauty could not be all mine. My head grew clear, and I felt as a seed must feel when it has just sprouted. The bird chattered and flew away. It had been hopping and flying from branch to branch all the while I sat there. I wonder if he was afraid I would not do his dear Catherine justice. I wanted to go at once and tell it all to Dr. Goodrich, so calling Leo, I raced with him to the Hall.

All the young folk with Konslar Kenan and Miss Larned were talking together on the lawn, but I did not wish to join them just then. They called out to me, and Catherine seemed to know, for she said, "Koradine wishes to see Dr. Goodrich." I answered, "Yes, I do, dear Catherine,"

and as I went upon the piazza I met the Doctor coming out. She looked at me and said: "I think you must have heard good news, my child." I answered, "Yes, I have—from myself."

She put her arm around me and we went into her study and I told her all about it, and how her words had come and explained it all to me. "Surely," she said, with tears shining in her beautiful eyes, "such evidence as this is the voice of Truth hinting its approval." I wish you might have listened to the talk we had together, or her part of it. I feel so grateful to Papa for telling me how to get at things that trouble me. All is very lovely. We are manufacturing happiness enough to send over the whole earth.

You should see Tom Merton. His face actually shines. Miss Larned says he looks like a creature of the skies. I see him now walking across the meadow and up the hill. Leo, who seems to know all about Tommy's blindness, walks faithfully by his side. Tom's white hand is laid upon the dog's shaggy neck. Tom sees more than we who have eyes. The sun is just setting. Wonderful flashes of red light break over the sky and the hill tops, and the green trees are afire. The white sheep on the hills are standing

still. Tom and the dog are standing still, too. Tom has taken his hat from his head, The wind lifts the brown curls from his white forehead and I see his beautiful face. I do not see it distinctly, but I know how it looks and that he is looking straight into the sun.

With love,

KORADINE.

NINETEENTH LETTER.

BATTLE OF THE BIRDS.—KONSLAR GRANTLY ON EXPRESSION.—STORY IN PANTOMIME.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Own Dear Edith:

It is ever so early in the morning, everybody is asleep, I think, except Martin, Leo and me, and several thousand black-birds that appear to be holding a convention of some kind out there in the Lombardy poplars. They are all chattering at once; I wonder if it isn't about going to housekeeping near the corn lands which they know as well as anybody are those fields that lie like brown blankets covering up the grains of gold, the farm hands planted a week or two ago.

About a dozen blue-jays are sitting in the cherry tree which grows in front of my—no—our window. I should not be surprised if they were planning a bird battle to break up the convention in the Lombardy region. Their blue and white uniforms look fine, but are very much puffed out

with the feelings of the saucy fellows. They seem to think the black rascals are trespassing upon their property. Every year they have the same sort of time about it. Yes! sure enough, whirr-rr they go, like bullets, right into the black regiment. Blue, sky and clouds; what a time they are having! *Caw* and bright feathers, sound and color, all in full flight! The blackbirds have swarmed over in the three mulberry trees, making them appear as though it is fruit time. Oh, what a lovely world this is! If Papa and Mamma were only home, its beauty would be complete. I am sorry they could not be here as we all hoped. I know they wish it as much as we. We have heard so much about the world and its possessions that I feel as though I were a geography. I think of my life as being round like a ball, divided into land and water, with the sun, moon and stars doing all sorts of things that I know very little about as yet. I wonder if we do not each live in a world of our very own. We hear so much about different things here, that we are getting old in our minds very fast. I guess my letters are rather prosy sometimes; but, deary me, I must talk to someone, and who will forgive me so quickly as my dear cousin?

I do not want to get lopsided in my mind. My telling you about the ideas we are having here, is a good deal as it used to be at Miss Austeren's, when we took a walk after school hours; the fresh air seemed to help us understand things better.

Phil came in just now to have me help him get an awful snarl out of his fishing line. You see, I still have the same "genius," as you always called it, "for untying tangled knots." I read him what I had just written you, and he laughed, and said: "You girls are the funniest people that live anywhere. You always have to tell each other everything. Why don't you turn things over in your own minds, as men do? Your ideas would then be done nice and brown on both sides, like a griddle cake, and everything come out straight and clear. Dear, me, Koradine, do help me with this knot. Say! why do you girls always talk over everything?" I said: "For the same reason that you have come to get me to untangle your fishing line. We have not only our own knots to untie but yours, too." Then we both laughed so hard we forgot about the line, and after Phil had stopped shaking me, it looked as if it was a puzzle of some kind. Philip said it was a delirium in string.

Konslar Grantly's development talks on the body's expression are very interesting, indeed; and we are enjoying them greatly, for she does not fit her ideas upon us like tight shoes or corsets, expecting us to wear them. She says, "It appears so to me. I give you the benefit of my study and thought; you may in the same way get something better out of it." She wishes us to be free in our minds, that we may also be free in every bodily movement. Very often when she begins I feel sure she must be wrong; but before she has finished, sometimes even before the end of the sentence, I find it is only because I do not know enough to jump at the whole meaning at once; and so I am learning to wait before I begin to judge.

On Friday morning, she said: "I cannot lay down rules for you to follow. Expression of the mental states can not be worked by rules, but in law. Observe, I say, *in law*, not by laws. Rules are made by man for the regulation of his conduct; they are the tools wherewith he works to civilize himself. They measure, weigh and calculate as in mathematics; they judge, decree and control; they construct systems for speech and prescribe methods for his moral guidance

"His development proceeds by and through law, which frees him into knowledge of his true being. Attempting to reduce law to rule is what makes man self-conscious, imitative and mechanical, binding him to conventional usages that lead him astray and give him false ideas about himself and what he sees around him.

"Were I to guide you by rules, I would make you self-conscious and automatic in action.

"To understand law is to forget self.

"Self-consciousness is the result of accepting illustration instead of the principle illustrated; it is the tight shoe that never permits us for a second to forget we have a foot, and makes us either very awkward, or aggressive and important.

"You must develop your own powers of understanding, which each may do. You will then see that you live, move, and have your being in law, which is the ALL, yet everyone expresses it according to his own individuality. No two faces or forms ever yet presented the same appearance. No two souls ever yet used the same gesture to express a similar emotion. Were this possible, the race would show the monotonous sameness of a row of paper dolls that we cut out

of blank paper wherewith to amuse the little children, or as alike as two engines.

"Law is diversity in unity, and man in expressing it is the same. One man may greet his friend standing still as a statue, and yet convey to that friend his deepest love. Another may bend or prostrate himself and convey no deeper feeling. Neil sails his boat with poses all his own. Alice swims or dives, observing the principles, but she does it as only Alice may. Elizabeth walks as only Elizabeth can. Each will express himself better and fuller only as he seeks the reason of that expression. Great actors become great through methods that accentuate their individuality, and arrive at these methods through analysis of the feeling and their intelligence in interpreting it. Their actions are the incidents of the meanings. They who act and read intelligently must needs get beyond the methods set down for action, accent and pronunciation. These, however, are indispensable, for they are the colors and figures which make the representation alive with beauty and power. But to be able to create the form which is to wear this clothing, one must go into the infinite realm of the soul, or higher consciousness, for its

true interpretation. When this is done, it will spring forth as the leaf or flower, perfect in shape and shading as no set rule or definition could make it, for it comes with the seal of that particular soul's divination upon it, and is for it and none other.

"The body is an ever-revealing record of the mind. Its pose, its gesture, its carriage, the lines upon its face and hands, are the walls and the handwriting built and writ thereon by an eternal actor, an infinite doer.

"To me there are ever and forever two of me, a finite and an infinite, a terrestrial and a celestial, a body and a mind. We forever seek and find expression for that which is. You ask me what life is, I do not know. I only judge of that which I can not see, by that which I do see. That which I cannot touch, taste, smell, hear and see is to me what is called the subjective, or soul state. Subjective is that which is inner, the subject of an object. It is the cause of the objective, without which the objective could not be."

She showed it to us in a drawing, which made it plainer, and was like proving a problem in mathematics. There was no room for a doubt; the demonstration proved itself. She continued:

"All this, perhaps, seems hidden, more or less, according to your consciousness and present understanding, but it will straighten out in a short time as you go on proving up. It is needful that you have this present mental training, else you will read the handwriting on the wall without perceiving its meaning. That is, you will think all the beautiful movements of the body I am to give you are but for drill and parade. I would prefer leaving you in the unconsciousness of nature, even in the ignorance of the lower animals, to having you 'playing pretend,' as Koradine expresses it, and caricaturing a noble art.

"I ask you again, as before, 'from what are you to develop, and *to* what?' We are told by the oracles of old to 'Know thyself,' and the art of true expression teaches and shows the road."

"The road to where, and from where?" Elizabeth asked, with her eyes shining like stars.

The Konslar's eyes shone, too, as she answered: "From your first consciousness of being something more than a clod to the eternal center of all consciousness; from the first atom of thought, which is creative, to the girl or boy, man or woman, in full understanding of his or her true

self. It is telegraphed me upon a mental wire that some of your trains of thought have stopped and you cannot couple to my air-ship. Never mind; all cannot come along at once. It will be plain after awhile. Every one at last gets to the same mental depot."

Mae Sommers whispered: "I guess she means me. I would like to go aboard her air-ship, but am too dizzy now."

The Konslar continued: "We are here to find what this machine, the body, is, that we have to work with, and the power by which it is operated. Francoise Delsarte said that nothing is so unfamiliar to man as himself. Why? Because, to my mind, he has not discovered that all through the ages he has been building himself; has been his own architect; has been thinking himself into form; has been expressing his possibilities. The only reason the race is not a race of beautiful gods is that it does not know itself and its power. Galen calls his work on the human body 'a hymn to the glory of the Creator.' Yes, so it is; but man has sung it himself; has composed his hymn from the eternal harmony of life. I tell you, my young friends, you can make your lives what you wish them to be.

"Delsarte perceived the truth. He was a seer whose consciousness had developed to the perception of law. It is written of him that his theories never made a great actor. Most likely not, for the true actor must originate; he must create out of the law which governs his individuality. Delsarte glimpsed that which every true actor uses. He did not set down or formulate rules to bind or coerce his followers; his seership was too high for that; he left only a few texts from which we evolve the truth, as he perceived and applied it, and from which we may gather inspiration to greater effort and development.

"I think you are coming to know that your bodies belong to you; that they show forth what you truly are. The emotion first and then the picture is drawn and the line written that tells of it. If you hear good news your cheeks flush, your eyes shine, your heart is glad and sends your joy to every part of your plastic clay, which, through pose and action, responds at once, no two persons expressing it by the same attitude or gesture.

"To be graceful, in the highest sense, is to be full of grace; to have a soul filled with the consciousness of truth, and being absorbed in truth it

will unconsciously express itself in gracefulness." There was much more in the lecture, but I have not time to tell it. The best comes out in the work we are doing. Some of our exercises are both beautiful and amusing. It was a very great surprise to us all to discover that in law there is as much place for humor and wit, as for the sober and serious.

Phil calls our exercises "Drills in Imagination," for we build up out of our minds our situations and actions. Sometimes we unite our studies by a story which we perform as it is told. We plant, sow, reap, weave, spin, build, climb or dance, according to the thread of the story. You have no idea how interesting it becomes. A story in pantomime I may call it. Phil, Douglas and Hugh are apt to make the work rather difficult when they relate the story. We all love to delineate for Tommy, who never writes his story, but tells it out of his imagination; and oh, such lines of grace as we get out of it. Jack Gatling says that if he had such an imagination as Tommy's to live in, he would settle up his business with the world and retire to it altogether.

The other night Tommy accompanied his story with a soft undertone of music on the piano. I

do not believe I know enough about words to describe it, but I am sure I know now what is meant by becoming *one* with something. At first I felt a little shy about it. That, I knew, was my self-consciousness. Tommy seemed to know it, also, for his story and music sounded shy, too. But pretty soon I forgot that and the dear folk about me and felt lifted up as a wave with the sound of the sea. Then I seemed to be doing nothing of myself. I was a part of the story, the music, and Tommy—and everything good; and I knew about things I cannot tell of; I have no words to fit them. Then, all at once, I felt as though I were about to rise and float away. I guess it was that which frightened me, for I suddenly burst out crying and flew into Philip's arms, which seemed like a giant's, he held me so strong.

Really, it was strange. The feeling only lasted a minute, but—please do not laugh at me, dear cousin—I seemed to see that if we could only have borne it a minute more I could have risen up and floated away. More than that, it seemed to me that everybody could do the same if they only knew it. It was wonderful! I do not believe I shall ever feel the same

again about being heavy and clumsy. We are just that way in our minds, or we would not be so in **our** bodies. I feel sure about it for myself, anyhow.

I must stop now, with love to all and a big kiss for Uncle Fred, who sent me the box of candy. Everybody said it was fine.

KORADINE.

P. S. I hear Tommy whistling. We are going to have a morning row. He would send his love if he knew I was writing. K.

TWENTIETH LETTER.

A Secret.—Gertrude Leaves Gerlsenbois.—A Talk Under the Druids.—Sparrows as Protectors.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

Dearest Edith:

Something has happened! What do you suppose it is? You never could guess, I know; and I cannot stop and wait for you to draw those brown eyebrows of yours together, deepen those two little perpendicular think-lines into interrogation points and shut your blue eyes more than half way while you try to think whatever can be the matter. We have had quite a good deal of excitement. As Konslar Bardora says, "Ve vas struck in von heap vith agitate."

Well, Gertrude Bancroft has left Gerlsenbois Hall. What do you suppose for? You will never guess that either, and my pen fairly wriggles to tell you. You may guess once. Was she sick? Oh, that is funny! One could as soon

imagine a white lily down with the measles as Gertrude ill. No; guess again! Well, married, then? Wh'ee! Wh'ee! That is funnier than a sick lily. Gertrude carries her dimpled chin so high and gazes so skyward, that she looks, as Mrs. Smith expresses it, "clean over the men." Neil declares the only time Gertrude ever saw him was when he was caught on the ridge pole of the big grain barn and couldn't get down. I see you will never be able to find out, so I am going to tell you. She has left here to go upon the stage.

Her Papa came about ten days ago, and his sunny face was pretty serious for a day or two, while he and Dr. Goodrich and Gertrude were much together; but in a short time the clouds cleared away and he was his own dear self again. I can imagine Dr. Bancroft having been just such a boy as Neil; but I cannot make a *vice versa* out of Neil.

I felt there was something going on. I could not help feeling it; but of course knew, whatever it was, it was not mine to think about, else they would have told me; so I went about my business. (Catherine and I were busy with some young birds whose mother had been hurt.) Still

we are so like one family (birds and all) that we knew something was about to happen, but, like you, we could not guess.

On Friday we were all invited to take tea with Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Goodrich under the oaks in Druids Grove. The afternoon was splendid. I never knew Gertrude to be so loving and sweet as when after the pretty luncheon she arose and said she had something she wished to say to us all, and then told us she was going away. We fairly gasped, and the tears sprang to Gertrude's eyes. We did not know how much we loved her until then; she had been so quiet and never connected herself with us in any of our fun, except that panorama of ours in which she seemed so happy.

Well, she told us all about it; how unhappy she had been at first, but that after a time she had given her confidence to Elizabeth (everybody goes to Elizabeth), and that they both went with her discontent to blessed Dr. Goodrich, who took all her load away and helped her in her chief desire. Neil fell off a stool he was sitting on as he whispered "out loud," "Goin' to act, I'll be jiggered!" It was the best thing that could have happened, for Gertrude was "strung

up high," and we were all so surprised that it seemed as if there was no place to breathe in, although we were out under the blue sky with the air, trees, lake and beauty all about us. She said, "Now I am going away from this dear home to do that which is as sacred to me as though I were going out to preach. If done in the right spirit, it is preaching. Once I had an ambition, such as is felt by all who desire to do something in the world, to be seen and known, to become famous for self. I know better now. The development here has changed my desire from what I thought I wished, to that which I know I may serve best in." She said many tender things we shall remember all our lives, and looked so beautiful and unconscious, that we could scarcely believe it was the cold, reserved Gertrude Bancroft who stood before us so happy, talking so freely. Finally Dr. Goodrich arose and, putting her arm around Gertrude, said: "The stage gets the first fruit from our Arcadian tree, and all who go there with a high purpose in their hearts may serve in as useful a field as any other."

It was quite like a wedding. I told Gertrude so. She put her arms about me, kissed me and

laughingly said: "I am this day indeed wedded to my work; before it was only a betrothal." It is the first link out of our chain, which we all miss very much indeed. I suppose something more will happen, for there always does. Neil feels very lonely, and says he expects "a lot will happen now." He says he is sorry he ever called her a "sky scraper" and told her he had to get on stilts to have her look at him.

Poor Corrinne is lonely, too; but her mother will be here soon, and then she will be all right again. She and Mae Sommers have gone to the village to-day on the boat. The Doctor sent them off together. I am awfully sorry I ever laughed at Neil's funny sayings about Gertrude, for it shows me now that I criticised her down inside of me. I think the animals are kinder than folks; they never laugh at each other. I wonder if laughter is not always a little cruel. I know it is sometimes. I never thought about it until that day when Gertrude talked under the old Druids. I am going off alone the first chance I get, to make it out clear to myself. All the books in the world can not make some things plain to us; we have to study them out ourselves.

There goes Dorothea. Dora is almost as

strange as Gertrude; but I do not intend to allow myself to criticise or question about others. There are enough things to interest oneself in.

Catherine has succeeded in curing the mother bird, whose leg was broken, and it hops about quite lively now. We gave over the last two days of Gertrude's stay to merry-making. She went off showered with flowers and rice; if she doesn't succeed it will not be our fault. When one goes away it makes things seem queer, as though they could never be quite the same again.

Catherine told such a beautiful true story last evening, while we were all sitting upon the bank under the willow by the spring. She had been in the woods all day, coming back just in time for tea, looking like a wood nymph, Konslar Little said. She is growing more beautiful all the time. Catherine said she had been hunting for a thrush's nest in the underbrush and hedge; had just passed a farm house and was watching some brisk, busy little English sparrows that were chattering and feeding in the dusty roadway just ahead of her. All at once she heard what seemed to be cries of distress from the robins, and looking through the hedge into the "wood-lot" she saw the father and mother birds flying

and chirping about in the most distressed manner. There was very good reason, for creeping under the bushes, was a big gray cat getting ready to spring upon the young robins, the mother bird had pushed from the nest, and who were hopping about trying their wings in a little flutter. She said she was thinking how she might get through the hedge in time to help the distracted parents, when all at once she heard a great chattering from the sparrows in the road, and saw they were suddenly joined by quite a number of other sparrows. Before she could think what it was about, they all arose in a body and swooped down upon the cat picking at its eyes and body so fiercely and making such a noise that it was glad enough to scamper back to the farm yard as fast as it could go, while the merry rescuers went flying and chirping away.

Catherine cannot talk about the birds without imitating their notes and warblings, which she says we may do if we will but use our ears to catch the shape of the sounds they make. Konslar Bardora says, "Vees de birds, de sound is in de law of dere being; vees de imitation, it ees meck-ancakle." Catherine finished her pretty story with a splendid defense of the "little pests."

She has studied their habits and ways, and says they are not pests at all. I must stop now. Mae and Alice are here to have a run. Leo is with them and sends his love.

With kisses for all, and love,

KORADINE.

P. S. Leo's enthusiasm is so great and his tail so vigorous in expressing his love and expectation that the ink bottle and my only geranium are a total wreck. I replenish my pen from an inky pool on the floor. K.

TWENTY-FIRST LETTER.

SHORT TIME.—KORADINE IN THE CORN FIELD.—DOROTHEA GAGE, HER EXPERIENCE.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

Dearest Edith:

It was ever so good of you to write me while your time was every inch taken by the Kindergarten Association. Konslar Larned was very happy in her visit, and says your paper on "Invention and Creation" was splendid. She trusts that some day, in the not far away time, you will come to help here with your ideas. Catherine was saying last night she knows there must be a life, a place somewhere, in which the divisions of time are not marked by years, but by how much we know and have found out. I had to go off alone for quite awhile to make out her meaning, and where do you suppose I went? I know you cannot guess. Well, I walked across the white clover meadow where the bees were going to bed, climbed the fence—yes, I did; I

am half sister to the squirrel when it comes to getting over a wall or running up a tree, you know—and set off through the furrows in the corn field. I love to go there from the very first appearance of the tiny green spikes, up to when they stand like an army, with banners and spears and tasseled horns of plenty filled with gold. I remember how Papa used to take Phil and me there to hear the corn grow when everything was still in the early night. "Cracking its joints," Mr. Smith calls it. I remember, too, how I used to take Hector, my beloved little yellow dog, and play that we were lost in its wilderness. As I think of the winds whistling through it, and the rustle of its leaves and silky tassels, I almost forget to remember I was telling you what it was I went to dig out of my mind, there among the tiny green flags.

I tried so hard to think at first that my thoughts were like swarming bees. I knew I could not get the honey of my desire in that way (rather sweet thought, think you?) so I hushed up and listened to the quiet, which was only broken by the wind and a tinkling cow-bell far away. I could see a sprinkle of stars, and the sheep looking like patches of snow in late

spring time on the hillside, the lights in the Hall and the White Temple, as we call it since that night Tommy played so strangely, and just a corner or curve of the lake through the trees. It was all very beautiful. Then came a thought of Papa and Mamma so far away, and their dear love and goodness; of the great sea and land that separated us; of our own spot here, with its beloved women and men, girls and boys, all searching after good things, and of the many events that had taken place and the numbers of things we had learned about in the short time we had been here. Something just then seemed to say inside, quite distinctly, "Short time! What is that?" I then remembered what Catherine had said, and kept repeating "Short time, short time, short time," sure enough, what is it? I thought of the centuries and their growth, of races, civilization and trees we had learned of in this same "short time." Then it suddenly occurred to me that history is something lots upon lots of people make by living and doing a "short time;" the story of lives and events other folk gather together and tell. I seemed to swell, or grow out big all around me, and like a flash I saw that men were measuring eternity, and had

named their measurement time. Then I knew quickly and clearly what Papa had always meant when he said we could only "live in the Now, with the word written large," and that was what Hugh had seen and tried to tell me. And I saw plainly that there is no such thing as old age in reality; that all things we learn about are not simply accumulations, things stored up, but just a part of all life, or as our dear Dr. Goodrich says, "incidental to its progress." I have found out why I have said so often that things *seem*. I know now that as soon as we find out for ourselves in some such way the "*seems*" all clear up splendidly.

I must not forget to tell you how I was made to realize time. I had forgotten all about everybody and everything. The first I knew there was Leo's nose in my face and Phil saying: "What are you doing, Koradine? Come on home; there are no crows flying at night. Here, Tom, let's take this Jack in the field up to the Hall. Bats are not afraid of scarecrows." Sure enough, there was Tommy, too. I was almost provoked, and said: "Goodness me! Can't a girl run off for a few minutes to be alone, without two boys hunting her with a dog?"

"Few minutes!" they both exclaimed at once. "Everybody is in bed, or were, until Alice Hawley and Mae Sommers came knocking at our doors, saying you were not in the house and that no one had seen you since tea. Neil thought he had seen you in a boat near Pine Point. We have been searching for two hours. Leo just nosed you out. Whoever would think of hunting for a live young girl in a corn field at twelve o'clock at night. What are you doing? Baying at the moon?" said Phil, as he kissed me. "I intend getting a cow-bell and tying it around your neck. What would Papa say?" "Nothing," I answered, laughing, for the two boys were boosting me up over the fences as though I had been a stuffed scarecrow.

"Papa would let me alone," and just as I said this we all fell together in a heap on the other side of the fence, with Leo pouncing upon us for a frolic. I told Dr. Goodrich all about it in the morning, and she gave me one of her rare kisses, that was all.

Isn't it funny that just as we quit thinking outside, why there isn't any more time! It seems to shorten up distance, too, so that there isn't any of it at all. It is like thinking of a place;

all there is to do to get there in your mind, is to think there, and, sure enough, there you are.

Three Days Later.

I have not told you much about the doings of our young people lately, especially the new ones. All are very nice, though I cannot take the time to write of them. I think I have spoken of Mae Sommers; she is one of the new girls and fitted into our hearts right away. She was brought here by her cousin, Major Watson, who is her guardian or something; but I am sure it would take a good deal of cutting and fixing to fit him into my heart. Goodness! That looks terrible in black ink on white paper, and perhaps I ought not to write it. However, I felt just that way when I first saw him sitting in the library, where he was talking with Mae and Dorothea Gage. I did not know anyone was there, and ran right plump up against the group before I saw them. They laughed at my startled face, and Dorothea introduced me to both the strangers, and told me they were old friends, at least Major Watson was, as she had known him in her Uncle's house while abroad. I never could make Dorothea out any more than I could Gertrude Bancroft.

She has never seemed free, even in her speech. She has made me think of a box with a tight-fitting lid that will neither come off nor go on easily, with something inside she would prefer to keep hidden. When she introduced me to the Major she acted very strange—the lid had stuck and would not come off.

Her face was white and she looked as though some one was about to strike her. I saw a man strike a woman once when I was a little bit of a thing, and there was something in Dorothea's expression that made me remember that woman's frightened face.

Major Watson was very polite to everybody, especially to Dr. Goodrich, and very kind to Mae and Dorothea. Most of the girls thought him ever so handsome; but I didn't; neither did Elizabeth nor Catherine. I do not know why, unless it was because he was so much older looking than any one I know, even than Papa. Any way he was not near so new looking and fresh; he went away in a day or so, and I was glad I did not have to look at him any more. Even Dorothea's lid seemed to come off much more easily after he left, old friend as he was, and so kind, too.

Dorothea is nice, and what Douglas calls

"clever"; but— oh, well, I do not know what; maybe it is because she has never become one of us, never really entered into our happy times. While not much older than I, she seems like a grown-up young lady. Our development is according to our experience, Konslar Larned says, so that is why, I suppose, we all appear so different.

Catherine is becoming very fond of Mae and carries her off a great deal, now that every thing with little legs and wings has come creeping and flying out into the world again. Ever since Major Watson's visit, Dorothea has been, if possible, more shut up in her box (except a day or two after he left) than ever, and has taken long walks by herself and has seemed to take no interest in anything here but Dr. Goodrich and Mrs. Grantly's talks.

One or two different times she received permission to go to the village on the boat and was gone all day, and when she came home one night I am sure she had been crying. Whenever she comes near me, I get all confused in my mind and feel as one does when the wind blows hard and tousles one all up.

Another Day.

Well, something has happened that explains my feelings about Dorothea and I am going to tell it to you, for I know you will be able to make something good out of it all.

Yesterday I could not study or fasten my thoughts upon anything; they were like cobwebs across my path, so I went to find Elizabeth and was delighted to find her with Catherine and Mae in her pretty room which looks out upon the lake.

Elizabeth held out her arms and I pounced into them and asked several questions all at once, which she answered in the same way. Uncle Fred, you know, says, for the life of him he never could understand how women all talk at once and know perfectly what each is saying. Naughty Uncle Fred!

Suddenly some one knocked upon the door and we all called out "come in," expecting a rush from Alice Hawley or some of the girls. It was one of them, but not with a merry laugh and a bright face did Dorothea come in. Poor girl, she was as white as marble and her eyes were shining and hard like glass, as she stood in the doorway. Even Catherine arose quickly and

went toward her, but she stopped us all by putting up her hand. She did not speak. Elizabeth went rapidly to her for she looked about to fall. I drew the big study chair out for her; Mae put a pillow in it and Elizabeth and Catherine almost carried and sat her down. There was not much time or distance in our thoughts just then, I can tell you. She looked piteously up into Elizabeth's face, and the cold, proud Dorothea burst into tears as Elizabeth knelt beside her and pulled her head over on her shoulder. Catherine and Mae left the room silently, but Dorothea held my hand so tightly I could not get away. As Mae left the room her lips were shut close together and I felt she knew a part at least of what was the matter. I hope I kept my wonderment out of my eyes, for Phil told me once that, when I am greatly surprised, anybody could knock them off with a stick. I know that I was more than surprised and curious at poor Dorothea's misery, for everything was blurred with my tears. If anybody had knocked my eyes off with a stick just then the stick would have floated away on a briny tide.

After a time she said, "I know I have been foolish and wilful here, I have no one to talk to.

Of course dear Konslar Goodrich would listen to me with all kindness, but I felt more like coming to you girls. I want to tell you all about myself. I can not stand being shut up any longer. I must have help,'' (the lid is coming off I thought, and sure enough it did.) We all have known she was lonely, and Catherine said to me not long ago she knew Dorothea was very miserable, but little could be done for her, she would have to work her subtraction and addition out all by her lonely self.

Dr. Goodrich told us to pay no attention to her faults, that they must have come from wrong training, and lack of proper association; the time would come in some way when she would feel the need of our sympathy, then, finding us ready, she would come to her true self and begin to really live and be happy.

And it has all come about just as the Doctor said.

What a curious life the poor girl has led. I can see now what our dear Frances Larned meant by saying ''our development is according to our experience.'' Both of Dorothea's parents died (I never like to speak or write that word) when she was a little girl about ten years old.

She was adopted by her Papa's brother, Mr. Ralph Gage, who is perfectly devoted to her. A year or two afterward he took her to Europe, thinking to give her greater advantages than in America. She was petted and praised by every one and so grew to thinking very nice things of herself. She had a French governess and gowns, and sweetmeats and fine suppers with her adoring Uncle's friends.

She says she did all sorts of nice things and saw no end of pretty places, everything in short that only a young lady who has entered society and is completely devoted to it, does. In this way she was led into things unfit for a girl of her years, and having no wise person to tell her of better and truer ways, grew haughty and proud, fond of dress and light social pleasure.

She stopped for a bit, holding her red lips between her little white teeth, choked down a sob and then went on. It was at a little card party given by her Uncle Ralph to some of his intimate friends that she met Major Watson, an American, who was an old friend of her Uncle's. He had been absent several years traveling in foreign countries and had just returned. Her Uncle was delighted, and insisted upon his remaining

with him in their home. So Dorothea met him every day. At first she felt as though she had two big good Uncles to pet her and lavish pleasures upon her, but it was not very long before Major Watson told her he loved her, and wished her to be his wife; (think of it, Edith; why, he is old enough to be her Papa; he has gray hair and lots of wrinkles); he was so good and tender that she promised.

But what troubled her from the first was, that he did not wish her to tell her Uncle. With all her foolishness she had never failed before to tell him everything, no matter how silly it was. He had been both Father and Mother to her, she said, with a burst of tears. After a time her Uncle suddenly broke up his "establishment" as she calls it, in Paris, and returned to this country. He had to go to some foreign country and, not knowing what to do with Dorothea, he sent her here until his return. He is a great friend of Dr. Bancroft and heard of the Arcadians through him.

Dorothea stopped quite a little bit, and when she began again there was not a sound of a tear in her voice; it was hard like rock, and I was afraid the lid was to be put on; instead of which she said that Major Watson had brought his

ward, Mae Sommers, to Gerlsenbois, knowing she was here, and that he had not gone away at all but had been living across the lake, and she had seen him many times. He had been urging her to elope with him now that her Uncle had gone away. But she could never get the consent of her heart to deceive her Uncle further than she already had. Besides, the teaching she had heard here had opened her eyes to things never dreamed of before. The words of strength had been given her suddenly and she had grown strong, so strong, that last night when he came she bade him go away and never trouble her more. He would not listen to her, and actually tried to make her go with him, until she told him she had received a letter from her Uncle, who was in London, and that she had written him all about it and asked him to come to her as soon as possible.

Major Watson was terribly angry, and said a great many cruel things. Poor girl! But I feel sorry for that man. He needs to go to house-cleaning and sweeping the cobwebs out of his mind and washing his heart. I wonder if, after all, such people (I hope there are not many) are not ignorant. It must be a sort of a "not

knowing," even if they are learned and have traveled everywhere.

Well, Elizabeth soothed and loved her, and talked in her own true way; she said the first step taken in the matter was the wrong one—that of consenting to deceive her Uncle. "Deception of any kind will always bring pain, which hurts and burns until all ignorance and blindness are destroyed; then we see and know the best way and suffer no more." I hope that Major Watson may have some one to help him to see a better way and to get liberated from his mistaken ways. I intend telling him about it in my mind every night and morning, anyhow. Maybe a thought wave may strike his shore. Who knows?

Dorothea, so pale and quivering, asked us to forgive her for all of her proud ways. Elizabeth kissed her, and I offered her my precious Papa and Mamma when they come home, and then all cried together and Dorothea caught me up close to her. It was all very sorrowful, but I do not think I quite understand all about it yet. Still it's beautiful to have Dorothea really and truly with us. Surely all will be glad to help her.

Next Day.

Dr. Goodrich and Konslar Larned know all about Dorothea's trouble. Elizabeth told them everything. Dorothea is pale, but a new look has come into her face. I had no idea she was so beautiful or strong looking. I think that must have just come there—a new hand-writing upon the wall. Dr. Goodrich and she have just gone riding, and Tommy has thrown a white rose into my room, which means that he is ready to go walking. I hear Leo barking; he knows as well as anybody that I am to go with them.

With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

P. S.—Write soon.

TWENTY-SECOND LETTER.

NEIL'S DUCKING.—THE POCKETTS.—DOROTHEA'S RESOLVE.—LITTLE MATTHEW AND TOMMY.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Cousin:

Last night the whole heimgarten, as Konslar Kopf calls the Gerlsenbois folk, went rowing down to Keysport. We had a jolly time. Neil fell into the lake, as usual, and had to be hung up to dry by the sparkle in the sky. The starch was taken out of him, and he looked pretty wrinkled; that was all the harm that was done. He had started out looking very fine in a new white duck suit and carrying a cane. Even Dr. Goodrich laughed at him, for he takes such queer freaks about dressing up, and never selects the right time for doing it. Anyway he fell overboard in trying to jump to the shore before the boat was near enough. There was a log that he thought he could reach, and did; but it was slippery, and when he landed upon it, his feet,

not having claws, slipped off, one on each side. The jar dislodged the log and both rolled over into the water. Douglas and Jack fished him up and hauled him ashore, sputtering and kicking. He has tried ever since to explain "that if the log had only kept still" he would have landed all right. Phil told him he landed all right; that the slipping off part was what ailed him, and says he wishes Neil would either break himself of his bad habit of diving whenever there is a boating party, or get himself a full dress suit of water-proof, *a la* Paul Boynton, because he is so tired of wringing him out.

We had a luncheon and rowed home in the moonlight, our oars keeping time to the music and voices of all. The lights are beginning to shine out again around the lake and from the hill tops. Two white steamers are already running, and sail boats are again fluttering over the waves. The days are beginning to melt and run out longer. It is time for the fussy folk to watch the thermometer to find out how warm they are. In a little while everything will be just as it was last year. It seems odd to have it all come back and be the same as it was before. We get so used to change that I guess we do not realize

how queer it is, how like a dream. But is it not more beautiful than any dream?

Two Days Later.

I broke off very suddenly, because Alice and Mae came rushing into the room to tell me of some new arrivals, and I went out with them and so left my dear cousin waiting.

There were three of the oddest looking people I ever saw, standing upon the lawn with dear Dr. Goodrich. The man was a very short and fat and large-around gentleman, with a big head without a speck of hair on it, which he was fairly scrubbing with a yellow silk handkerchief. His face was so solemn that he looked as though he was *playing pretend.* We heard the Doctor call him "Mr. Pockett." The lady with him, we have since learned, was Mrs. Pockett. She was very, very thin, and ever so tall. She made me think of an afternoon shadow. Close by the side of her stood the most forlorn-looking little boy I ever saw. Goodness! But he was thin and pale; not white, but a sort of faded yellow. His bushy hair, yellow, too, hung like a tow-mop over his great, hungry, blue eyes. What made him look so terrible, though, was a very large

hunch on his back, just between his shoulders. I could think of nothing but a clock, for the hunch was so high that it made his face seem very low down upon his body. His poor little legs were so thin they fairly wobbled, and his fingers were like claws. I was awfully shocked, and tried ever so hard not to think he was ugly, for Papa has always said that nothing is, if we see it rightly. Our dearly beloved Doctor laid her hand upon the tousled, cream-colored mop of a head; the little creature drew back, snarled and struck at her, for all the world like an angry animal. I could not look any longer. We went off up the road into the woods that we might not see him any more. We had not been gone very long when we saw the carriage with the Pocketts driving away, and so we turned about to go back. You may judge of our almost horror to see the little, pale, yellow boy standing very near where we had last seen him, alone. Just then Dr. Goodrich and Konslar Larned came out of the door. The boy did not pay any attention to us at all. He was looking dully up the road where the carriage had gone. The Doctor told me to find Catherine and tell her to come to her, and also to go away for awhile and leave

the little fellow alone, which we were glad to do. I met Catherine and Tommy coming down from the Temple and delivered the message, and went away to the slojd rooms, where we are doing some very pretty joining work. Last night the Doctor told us all about Matthew, for that is the little fellow's name. She saw him when she first visited the Poor Farm, shortly after coming here, and had talked with the Arcadian colony folk about him. So when she and Dorothea were driving the other day, they went over there and made arrangements for his being brought here by the Pocketts, who are the keepers of the farm. And then, what do you suppose she told us? You could never guess. She said she had adopted him. Think of it! That terrible little creature is now her very own. Isn't that a mother heart for you?

Jack Gatling whewed out so loud that everybody heard him; he was so much surprised. He was so shocked he couldn't help it. It was a slip, for his manners are almost perfect. The Doctor smiled and said: "You would not be so surprised if I had brought to this tender care a child whose face and form were beautiful. There are numbers of kind, loving hearts who have sheltered

many little homeless ones. This little life is, as his name indicates, a gift of Jehovah, and I ask you in the name of the Arcadian Brotherhood to co-operate with me in the development of this child that the Infinite Love has sent us.'' I burst into tears, and Tommy caught my hands. I felt his tremble and knew how ready he would be to serve the little creature. Just to think of it! We have a real, live, little boy to look after. It all sounds very pretty to write about, but if you were to see him I am sure you would be shocked at first, as I am yet, for he will let no one but the Doctor and Catherine come near him. He scratches and bites like the coon Neil caught the other day.

Three Days Later.

Do you remember you told me once that nothing straightens out the tangles of life so much as to do a kind act for some one whom we do not love? Well, I never had a better proof of this than yesterday. I have not confessed it to anyone, but since the time that Corrinne Bancroft made me jealous I have not cared for her, although I made believe I did. Please do not pass sentence until all the evidence is in.

Well, yesterday everything went wrong from the time I got up. No letter from my beloveds was the first thing. My drawing study hour was all "out of drawing." I nicked a piece from my cherished chisel, broke a bit of joining in the slojd room, and cut a slice out of my finger. My head and back ached, and I was utterly discouraged. Tommy was silent. He had just received a letter from his Mother and felt homesick for her, I guess, for he took Leo and went off alone, never saying a word to anybody. Somehow the sunshine looked faded. I shut myself up in my room, but would not or could not try the "sure cures" that Elizabeth has given me. Catherine and Elizabeth had gone to the village, and the Doctor was busy with her new charge; so there was no one I could go to for comfort. All at once Neil came running to tell me that Corrinne had fallen in the gymnasium. I was nearer than any one else. Of course I ran as fast as I could. Poor Corrinne had fainted, and Mae and Alice were holding her straight up. I told them to lay her down flat on her back, loosen her clothes, and open the windows. I am sure I do not know how I came to be so quiet, unless it is that while running I thought of Papa's saying, "In time of

danger keep a cool head." Besides, I said to myself, "There is no danger. There is no danger. I know there is no danger." So when I reached Corrinne I was as cool as I could be and knew just what to do. I felt of her to see that there were no bones broken, though I do not believe I should have known it if there had been. We rubbed and chafed the poor child's hands, and I began loving her in some sort of a way. Before Dr. Goodrich arrived Corrinne breathed, sat up, asked what the matter was, and looked so funny we all laughed. The strangest part of it is that every ache and pain had disappeared, I felt as though the sun had come out from under a cloud, and everything was new, the tangles all straightened. Dr. Goodrich, when I told her, said: "The Hindu teaches that one heals the hurt of mind or body by doing a kind act for one he does not love. That makes the love to grow I am sure, and is the true sort of serving."

Dorothea is so changed and loving. She is constantly doing something for somebody. We had a nice talk this morning out on the beach, while sitting on an old boat over which a columbine has grown. She is very happy now that she has

come to herself and rubbed off all her false notions about things. She said it is almost as good to feel forgiveness from others as to *forgive one's self.* She could not be happy until she had forgiven herself and made herself let go of all pride and consciousness of the things that have happened to her. This, she thinks, is true repentance. She made me see it very clearly. She is taking great interest in little Matthew. On the morning that she rode to the poor farm with Dr. Goodrich, she realized that there was too much to be done for others in the world to sit down and hate herself the remainder of her life. The Doctor told her the story of little Matthew's mother, who died at the poor farm. She had wandered there from the city with her poor, deformed child in her arms, when he was only a few months old, and no one knows her name. She was very young, only about seventeen. Dorothea shuddered as though she had a chill when she told me this. She said, suddenly, with such a beautiful look upon her face, "Koradine I am almost glad for what has happened to me, painful and humiliating as it has been, because now I know how other people suffer, which is something I never did before. I could

not, though I tried ever so hard. I feel more awake, more alive inside, down in the deep of me. When I heard how that young girl-mother staggered into the poor-house yard, with her half-starved, deformed baby clasped to her breast, and had died leaving it there, in the faith that some day it would escape into something better, I realized how she had suffered. I am glad I had suffered before I heard it, for out of it has come a desire to devote my life to helping those who are ignorant and miserable. I have learned here that there is no difference between any of us. We are all one. My Uncle will help me, and I think it will be the joy of his life. I am his only heir and he and I will spend his fortune together for the good of our kind. I shall begin right here where I have been led to myself. I believe all will do better as soon as they know better."

As we were talking Leo bounded up and licked my face, unmannerly beastie that he is, and soon Tommy and Douglas came around the boat house and sumach bushes. They joined us and we threw sticks into the water, which Leo brought back, giving us a shower bath each time. As we walked home, Tommy said softly to me, "Little Matthew brought me my cane as we were about

to leave the piazza and touched my hand; he is taming, I think." Tommy's face shone as he told me this. Little Matthew, I believe, will very soon feel the love that we all live in here.

Sometimes I wonder if we could see this love with our eyes, if it wouldn't appear something as the beautiful dancing waters out there, shut in by the green hills. Ruth was reading "Walden" to us the other day; Thoreau calls the lake the "earth's eye." He makes nature speak, don't you think? Papa and Mamma are in London, as I suppose you know. Phil has just come in and thrown himself down upon the couch. He says, "Give my sweetest love to Edith."

With kisses for all,

KORADINE.

TWENTY-THIRD LETTER.

THE HEAD AND HEART.—A DREAM.—DOMINION OF SPIRIT.—SURE CURES.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

Your lovely letter was read to Dr. Goodrich, who thanks you very much for the thoughts you write of little Matthew; she says that every true word uttered for him will be seed planted for a rare growth of what looks now so unpromising. She sends love to Uncle Fred and Aunty for their kind expressions. What you say about such an experience being a blessing to us young people, in teaching us what true sympathy means and making our development more symmetrical, has made me think deeper down than anything I have heard for a long time. I believe it is because there is a good deal of heart in this as well as head.

I had a queer dream this morning just before I awoke. I seemed to see the head as one big

building, with many beautiful and wonderful things stored in it. There were all the arts and sciences; there were lawyers and doctors and wonderful inventions; everybody was so learned that there was scarcely a secret in the whole earth. Their knowledge made plenty of light, still it was not real light. I could not think what the matter was, and wondered why all those wise people did not make the place brighter with their inventions, when something said inside me, "Call not these Head people wise; they are only learned." And just then there came a light, and while it was only yet faint and pale, all the other lights that had sparkled brightly seemed sort o' smothered. The new one grew brighter and brighter, and gradually flooded everything with a brightness greater than the sun. I was dazzled and blinded, and there stood the Heart; the learned men and the wonderful scrolls, inventions and everything I had seen in the Head were swallowed up in the great love-light which flowed from the Heart. Wasn't it queer? I will ask Papa about it when he comes. The only one I have told about it is Tommy. He put his hand upon mine and smiled, and I know he understands. I see, now, that our heads and hearts

must love alike before we can be harmonious, else we would be lopsided.

Dr. Goodrich talked in the library last evening to a number of people who came over to visit Gerlsenbois Hall. As it was a Socratic evening they all remained when they heard she was to speak. I will give her words as near as I can. Ruth, Douglas and I took notes. What makes everything she says seem true, is that her words can be put together almost anywhere and they fit and make sense. That must be the nature of truth. After speaking of our joyous winter and spring and all as co-workers, she spoke of the

DOMINION OF THE SPIRIT.

"All life is represented by opposites. We have light and darkness, heat and cold. You have heard Mrs. Grantly use the words subjective and objective. Now, in their places I will use positive and negative. They stand in the same relation, but are used in a different sense. Light and heat are called positive, while darkness and cold, their opposites, are called negative.

"You cannot put darkness or cold in a room, or take them out. You may displace them by

light or heat. They are among the no-things of life.

"We go on to deeper questions; we have still other opposites—spirit* and matter, or what is better understood, body—the seen and the unseen. We have good and evil, love and hate, health and disease, or want of ease. These represent the positive and negative qualities of life, and the laws governing them are coming to be better understood each day.

Understanding, or knowing about things usually proceeds from the known to the unknown. The solids we can see are not the only elements of matter contained in the body. There are finer qualities, such as air, light, heat and electricity, all of which, though unseen, are, nevertheless, matter. These, in their known laws, divulge possibilities or probabilities of the laws governing the factors or elements of spirit.

"We cannot see electricity; we discover its laws only by its effects, by what it does. By its

* The English language possesses no word to represent the trinity of soul, mind and spirit. These words are used interchangeably, and convey different meanings to different people. The writers usually use the word spirit to represent all of man not perceived by the external senses and not included in that part which becomes useless and inanimate in the change called death.

power light is introduced, and there is no darkness. It encircles the globe in speech fleeter than the wind, and is fast becoming the moving power of all machinery, and yet no one knows what it is.

"And so with spirit; we judge it by its effects. As I understand it, matter or body is the manifestation of spirit. In and of itself matter has no power. As far as we yet know, spirit, or mind is the substance, it shows through the body—is served by the body."

Jack whispered something to Ruth, who looked very demure, but would not laugh. He told me after the lecture, that he had found out why he could never forget himself; he could not get out of his own way.

When you find marks like these * * * you may know there were some things none of us caught. She said, "As far as human beings are concerned, spirit is that which thinks, has feelings, intuition and memory.

"Spirit is the permanent, matter—body, the evanescent or transient.

"Spirit is the positive, matter the negative.

"Spirit is the subjective, matter the objective. I wish you to fix these words in your minds in

their proper places, opposite to each other. You will in time see the meaning of them. In so doing you may reason your own way to acceptance or not, as your development allows."

I like them to put it that way; it leaves us to find the way out. Sometimes I cannot think at all, I just sit still. * * * *

"From the fact of the reality, permanence and positive nature of spirit, there has been developed a theory of securing and maintaining health and harmony in our lives. This is accomplished through the recognition or consciousness of the power of the spirit. Indeed, *you may live the life of the spirit now.*

"Good includes all that is high, noble and true; it includes wisdom, power, health, strength and love. It is love, while evil is the absence of love, and as a reality is non-existent; it is nothing, and has no power unless we by believing in it give it a place and power in our minds. Growth depends upon faith in the reality of the spirit and the power of Good or God. In other words, it is the knowledge of our oneness with Infinite Spirit. A consciousness of this transcends mere belief and is faith, a faith that is abiding and eternal.

"The best of all, the greatest truth that man has ever found is that one can train himself into a knowledge of spirit, into a realization of the spiritual life, an understanding of the oneness of all life, and the power of good over evil. You ask me how?

"You must know that thoughts are creative; that words are spoken thoughts, and stand for the thing spoken. You can hold to a certain thought until you bring about the condition of that thought. You not only affect yourselves by thoughts, but others also. Now, you know that bravery and confidence beget bravery and confidence; that love and tenderness beget love and tenderness.

"But what is most important for you to know is that reiterating a certain word brings about the condition in mind that word or thought represents. This is a law capable of proof by all. Suppose you say: '*I live the life of the spirit, I am bound by no law but that of spirit.*' Repeat it again and again, and sooner or later you will come to realize the power of the spirit, the spirit that is whole and in harmony with universal law, in which there is no disease or discord.

"*Good only rules my life:*—Say this one hun-

dred times a day if need be, and goodness and love will rule your life. This is really a prayer of faith. You are a unit of the whole, and as you have within you the germs of love and harmony that constitute the whole, by your claim, these germs grow and develop. You speak the word and become that which you speak.

"*I have life, health and strength;* realize these words in your innermost soul, and health and strength is yours. They are sure words of healing. They are life.

"*I have love, wisdom and power;* by the operation of the law, they are yours. Could all the children of the world only know this prayer of faith, this working of the law, we would have health in place of sickness, love vanquishing hatred, and good ruling all things.

"*The word is the sword of the spirit;* it is the key to the door. Speak it and in freedom the spirit shall know all, and have power over all.

"Spirit knows no sin, sickness or sorrow. Then, as you claim that you are of spirit, that you have the attributes of spirit, you shall have no sin, sickness or sorrow.

"Speak the word and as the fervor of your

speech is, so shall be the mighty things that follow.

"Speak the word and your life becomes a manifestation of spirit."

Everybody was very still after the Konslar had finished. I do not think all quite understood everything, for they looked queer. But I know that what she said about the spoken *word* is as true as it can be, for that strange time I had at Miss Austeren's, of which I wrote, was all cleared up by repeating the word Joy. I have tried other words since, too, and they work every time. They are Elizabeth's "sure cures." She found them out herself, as the dear sweetheart has all sorts of good things. I call her my Castle Beautiful. When I go running to her she calls out, "The draw-bridge is down, Koradine; come right along!" Sometimes it is up, however; but she will smile so sweetly that I go away happy and feeling all right.

I heard quite a nice looking lady say, "If we should believe in everything being good, there would be nothing to fight."

Perhaps it is like a nightmare I had once. I thought there were a lot of wolves all about, growling and biting at me. I screamed and woke

up, to find myself in Papa's arms and Mamma kissing me and calling me to wake up. Everything was warm and bright in the room. It must be something like my nightmare to believe in the power of evil, and finding out it is not true is the waking part. That's the way I've fixed it in my mind, anyhow.

Phil said after the lecture that this kind of preaching gives every fellow a chance of thinking for himself. There is no chalk line in the speaker's mind "to toe up to." Tommy said: "There is no preaching about it; it is all true." There he goes now, and Matthew is standing looking at him as he walks up the steps feeling his way with his cane. He is going into the library, and pretty soon the Doctor and he will go into her study. He will come out after awhile with his face shining. The Doctor and Tommy are much together now-a-days, ever since little Matthew has come, who will not let a soul of us come near him, except Catherine and Tommy, of course. Wonder of wonders, Leo has gone up to him. He puts out his hand and Leo licks it. The dog is waiting for Tommy, I have no doubt. Matthew has slipped down beside the dog and is patting him. I think Leo

looks more like folk than the boy. It is almost real summer now. The berries are all ripening, and the country boys are all barefoot. I wish I was a little country boy.

With love and kisses,

KORADINE.

P. S. I am hungry and thirsty for your pen pictures. Some time you must give me lessons in word painting. K.

TWENTY-FOURTH LETTER.

PINT CUP AND AN OCEAN OF WISDOM.—THE PAST.—ELIZABETH—WISE MAN OF THE EAST.—MATTHEW AND LEO.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Cousin:

The days are glorious and I am beginning to look forward to the time when we shall be here together again. Our time is full of all sorts of good things. I wonder why some poor creatures are ever tired of living, as they call it, for, of course, they cannot die. There is no such thing any more than there can be an end to eternity. Life is just life; that is all there is about it. What we see is not it, only the sign of it; the knowledge of its process is what is called *science*.

Konslar Larned explained it to us. I get excited over it. Ruth, Corrinne and Jack are interested, as everybody is, but say it is not as clear always as they would like. Catherine sug-

gested, in her slow way, that perhaps *it* was clear enough, but that they might not be. Ruth says the thoughts given by the Doctor sometimes seem perfectly true, at other times unreasonable.

She guesses she has only a pint cup which cannot hold all the ocean of wisdom the Doctor is pouring into our minds. Elizabeth told her that the contents of her pint cup was of the same quality as that of the ocean; that if she could come to understand it she would know what the ocean was like; that a tear or a rain drop is but a part of the whole sea of fluids. I think Ruth ought to be very happy if she is conscious of having a pint cup.

We have all talked a great deal over the last lecture, Konslars as well as we young people. It is strange how each person gets at the meanings in his or her own way. I suppose that is what Konslar Kenan means by the "mark of individuality." He says the questions which such subjects and talks bring forth, are the crude deposits which assist in the creation of new mind-worlds.

Konslar Bardora says: "Zey air ze levers vat pry oop ze dark valls und videns ze ceercle of ze mental horizon."

Next Day.

Stand with me this early first of June morning under the sun, with feet in the dew. Take a good, long breath, hold it, and, with eyes closed, think of what you are taking into your body, with what you are renewing, sweetening and freshening every cell in your lungs; it is the breath of the Infinite. These are a few of the thoughts of our breathing exercise, and I quote them to you this perfect morning, out here among the locusts and wild roses, up on the Lookout where I have come to write you of another talk from Dr. Goodrich. Behind me, as you know, are the tall, deep woods, all dewy and shining with the musical flight of the birds from limb to limb, and the bees beginning to drone and dream in the flowers. Oh, the smell of the locust! How sweet through all the soft sound comes its delicious fragrance!

Away below me and just over the valley tree tops glitters the lake. It is the same color as the little amethyst ring that Tommy gave me for a birthday gift. It was his birthday, and he said he would like me to wear it and to think of him as seeing, every time I look at it.

I expect you will see him before this reaches

you. He was glad to go, for he had not seen his dear little mother for quite a while; besides she is to come back with him, as you doubtless know. We will be very glad to have her with us once more.

I find, as I come to understand the words of Dr. Goodrich, I remember them better, and writing them to you clears things up; and to know you are getting help from them makes me all the happier. I really do not know what I shall do if I get much more so myself. If I were a bud I know I should burst into bloom.

THE PAST.

"Nothing in life has helped me to become happy and healthy, too, so much as to forget every unpleasant experience of the past. I mean by this, to live in the present and not the unhappy past. 'What's gone and what is past help should be past grief.' What volumes of thought Shakespeare puts in a sentence! All the past we should forget does not lie a long ways behind us either. It is the hurt either of body or mind that we received a year, a month, a week, a day, an hour ago that should be put out of the sight of our memory or mention; to tell it, is to keep it in the present, and to suffer now and over and

over again that which has been suffered enough. Such thoughts scar the memory. If I have a sorrow or grief I do not tell it to anyone. No one is the better for listening, and I only fix it in my mind by recounting it. I find it better to fill my life, to occupy every moment with its demands. In every situation and under all circumstances there is much to enjoy. Let us look for that, knowing that what is done, cannot be changed by recalling it.

"The past should be buried with the past. Suppose, last year you had broken a limb. Never at any time recount the memory of the hurt and pain."

Neil whispered to Phil , whose shadow he is, "There, haven't I told you to let up talking about my falls and drownings; that it only makes 'em worse and makes me do it all the more." Phil did not say anything, but looked "a heap."

* * * More of these marks that tell I missed something because of those awful boys. Only it was about remembering all the kindness of dear ones and the loving attention of all, which ought always to be a dream of delight, but to push out of memory all about the suffering.

"So, too, if one has made a misstatement

about you, and it results in what is called a scandal, do not repeat it, for it grows by what it feeds upon like everything else—the law is always true to its nature—but take the first occasion to do that person a kindness. The error will be seen and felt much sooner than if you emphasize it by recounting the affair to your friends. Has it not been said, 'Resist not evil?' Suppose that in the past, as children or younger girls and boys, under excitement or strong provocation, you have taken a misstep, committed an error or done that which your elders or your own maturer judgment would not approve, and today you are living right, your conduct adjusted in harmony with life's laws. That error or that misstep should never be called to mind by you or those who know you. You have a right to all the good in life, to health and happiness, to peace, joy and content. You have even a right to be beautiful and to be loved.''

I looked at Elizabeth as the Doctor said this; so did Phil , and surely she seemed to be proving the words true. No rose swaying in the summer air ever looked more alive and perfect than did she, as she sat in her pale pink gown, exquisitely neat even to her finger tips. Phil smiled and said

softly to me, "Elizabeth is unconsciously demonstrating the lecture."

"You may make yourselves beautiful as well as lovely, because the beautiful in spirit sooner or later become beautiful in appearance. Although the exterior may not always be attractive, the spirit, being free to play its part, so dominates the body that it refines it and reflects itself. We do not stop to see if the face or form is symmetrical, for we know and feel the goodness and loveliness which rules all and is all in that person's life."

When Dr. Goodrich talks this way her very spirit seems to dwell in our spirit. I wonder if that is not at least the starting point of what is meant by becoming one with our fellows, that Konslar Little talks so much about.

Phil says there must be a beauty spot somewhere in his soul; he thinks of sending to the city to get the most powerful magnifying glass made to go on a voyage of discovery; and when he finds it he will show it to a "select" few of us. Dear heart, he does not know that his beauty spot is so large that it shines all over him. Hugh asked, "What shall we do with past joy? Must we keep thinking of that?" She answered,

"I grow into new joy. I keep it as seed for constant planting and consequent growth. Joy is the product of Love: if we love much we joy much — enjoy — that is, we live in joy." Douglas said he had lived so much in the past that it had shut him out from his fellows; that he had kept longing for the old home days, for his native place, for his father and mother — here his voice grew so husky we could not hear him, his face sank down, and Catherine sat quite still, her eyes shining like lights in the dark. Then Douglas stood up, shook his broad shoulders and said, "I find I must learn to live *now*, and how to forget." Then he and Catherine went away.

The Doctor had gone out or I am sure she would have had some wise and tender word for him. Really, while there are many lovely faces here none are so beautiful as hers. I am sure any artist would be proud to place it upon canvas. But could he catch the light that sweeps over it or shines from it when she talks? She lives *the* life most truly. Every time she talks it becomes easier to live the love lessons.

Dorothea says Dr. Goodrich has put strength into her resolves to grow above her past, and to fill her life each day with good thoughts and

things. I do not think our dear leader had any one in mind when she was talking. She does not seem to think of deeds or doings at all. Her whole desire is to tell us how we can make our lives "sublime." She always looks upon the bright side of things, and never expects the dreadful things; as Phil says, "is not looking for hornets in the air, or rattlesnakes in the timothy."

Elizabeth says, "If we keep our minds free from frets and worries we may teach ourselves to live above many things that trouble us when we live and think lower down. Bad thinking, sick thinking, and sorrow thinking make all things look and seem bad, and cause us to be sick and bring more sorrow. One way to be well and happy is to forget the sorrow and pain of the past." Elizabeth has such an old mind. I wonder if people ever come back to this world after they have gone away once. If they do, I believe Elizabeth and Catherine have lived before. They seem to know things without being told. Elizabeth is so wise. Who knows? Perhaps she was one of the wise men of the East, if there is ever a chance for man to re-live as woman. She says, "if a very small child learns in any way to lie or steal, or to have any naughty

habit, and is led by some wise parent or teacher to know better, that it is the same thing as being born again; that it is just as wrong to bring up that past life to the child as it would be to blame it for some other child's misdeeds, or as though it had never done the naughty thing at all.''

So you see, dear cousin, it must be true that if a girl or boy has done wrong and comes to see and do the right afterwards all the time, then that miss-step must be considered as never having been taken. Wouldn't you say it was blotted out, and speak of the person as whole, the same as you would speak of a broken leg that had become entirely well? If this is the law of life, it is just as true for the poor convict behind the bars as for any one else. I wonder if we cannot build pretty places in our minds for our souls to live in. Fancy a beautiful Love palace, all white, —for of course it would be white if it were built of love.

I could go on and think of all the rare flowers one could have growing. I would name the trees after the beautiful deeds good men and women have done for humanity, that stand so straight and tall in history. I think Jesus and Buddha trees would be the tallest; then, there

would be Savonarola, Joan of Arc, and John Brown; oh, such a host of people.

I often wonder what kind of a dream or thought-land Tommy is creating. I know it is strange and good, and must be more beautiful than I can imagine.

Little Matthew now sits at the table and eats with a spoon, instead of his fingers, and scowls less; his heart must be rubbing its eyes, for he really shows some sort of love for Leo, he lays his head upon him and goes to sleep. He looks better, too, since his hair has been cut; it is more like flax now than a mop.

Dr. Goodrich spoke of us all being so quiet each time after her talks, or whenever Tommy plays, and said if we were willing we could have a silent hour in which to calm any fever beats of pulse or mind. It is the best of the whole day.

Do not for one moment think I forget you or dear Mamma or Papa, or any of the dear ones because I am so happy here at Gerlsenbois — happy because my life is so full and because every day, more and more, I feel my strength and know my power.

Thine always,

KORADINE.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER.

RETURN OF FRIENDS.—WILD WHOOPS OF WELCOME. — THOUGHT GARMENTS. — LAW OF PERFECTION.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Beloved Edith:

Three boats are just passing, breathing very hard, for they are loaded to the railings with people in linen dusters and sailor hats, carrying lunch baskets and umbrellas. They are "them drattled picnickers," as Mrs. Smith calls them, going up into the "big woods" over on Pine Point. Our boys are exercising their lungs in giving forth wild whoops of welcome that would make an Indian blush. All that is needed to produce a real live Fourth of July are fire-crackers and Blatkind's cannon. Neil looks, for all the world, like a Jumping Jack. He is standing a little ways off in front of Phil , and, knowing my mischievous brother as I do, it looks as though he might be pulling the string, as he quietly leans

against a tree. Elizabeth, Alice and Konslar Jenlen are looking on laughing, with Tommy and his mother, while Leo and Matthew stand near our dear Doctor. Almost all the Konslars and young folk are on the lawn or piazza. We are delighted to have Mrs. Merton with us again. Mrs. Bancroft also came yesterday. Mrs. Curtis comes to-night. Ruth will be glad. Corrinne has received a lovely, long letter from Gertrude, who feels rather lonely since her mother left her. Mrs. Bancroft says she is nicely situated, and has "good prospects" for the future.

Have I told you we are to have an evening devoted to Dress and Drapery? I presume Dr. Goodrich's lectures have put it out of my head. One who did not know as much as you about our world here in Arcadia might wonder that we could so mix our thoughts and deeds; but as we know that everything is a part of the whole, and as our life here is made to represent the entire circle of the body's and soul's experience together, why, of course, everything must have its place. We are never allowed to forget this for an hour. Each thing belongs and is related to some other thing.

There was a lady here a month or more since who gave us several talks upon the subject of

Dress. She was interesting and queer. Perhaps we did not fully understand her, or "know her all around." She talked much about "artistic effects," "nocturnes in fabrics," "tones and personality." Somehow, while it was interesting, it was like taking a bath when one is hungry; it felt good but did not satisfy us. Every one, however, has his part to play, so, out of this lady's visit we have been led to think of *clothing* the body. That is what the Doctor understood she was to talk about, instead of dress. She says, the only way we can realize freedom in dress is to understand what clothes mean. We are to study the relation they bear to our bodies. When this is done, all form, color and texture will express the development of all who *clothe*, not dress, themselves. So, you see how it is; nothing comes for us to look at, but to enter into and look out from. The circle of our knowledge widens from the center, and we cannot help learning. I have been thinking that, if we can build thought houses to live in, then, why can we not clothe our souls? If we were to hope always for the truest and best, not only for ourselves and those whom we love, but for all the poor, sick, and those called wicked, our soul's

garment might be of some beautiful stuff known as Hope Fabric, and we who had created it be known as Hope Angels, or some such thing. I can not tell just what I mean, though I think it might be so, and, if so, how wonderful and sweet! I shall try to weave myself a thought garment of love. I will try to love everything, so that nothing will look ugly. I will begin with little Matthew. Love, I am sure, is the only thing that will melt his awful hump and impish appearance out of my eyes and mind. I feel sorry for him; but dear Frances Larned said last night that while Pity is good, it is a next door neighbor to Love, and cannot live where Love lives. She said pity can feel sorrow, but love cannot, for love knows better; so I know I must pity less and love more, in his case anyhow. Elizabeth's thought garments must be beautiful. She goes about serene and sweet; her mind is beautifully clothed.

Dr. Goodrich talked Friday night to a crowded house. So many came from all around the lake, that the lecture was given in the Parthenon. I was glad to see there the lady who talked about "having nothing to fight." She did not look very happy when she came in, (Alice, Mae, Ruth

and I ushered,) but when she went out I thought some of the criss-cross lines had melted away. Doubtless Tommy's music and the sweet voices of the young people prepared the way, as did John the Baptist, for the holy Truth that came after. We took notes very faithfully and I asked the Doctor to help me remember what she had said in several places. I do not think you will have to put up with any stars this time.

PERFECTION.

"My dear young friends, I have been thinking this morning of the law of Perfection. Perfection! To me that is the most wonderful word in our language, and to know that I have a right to perfection is the greatest revelation I have ever had.

"How I rejoice that you do not live in the days when people thought children were born base and depraved. No; no. Look at the beautiful babe, Nature's masterpiece, not a spot nor a blemish on his entire body. What perversion of imagination to think the germinal soul is not equally perfect. No; in soul, mind and body the child is a trinity of undeveloped perfection. As the body grows in symmetry and

strength through freedom, so also grows the conscious mind or intellect.

"The mother has already learned not to remind her child that wet feet or clothing may produce colds and sickness. Quite the contrary. She encourages the little fellow in sturdiness, in ability to encounter heat, wet and cold. The average mother has ceased to count the exact number of garments her child needs on a changeable April day, while in his out-door sports she stimulates his fearlessness and bravery. Even the two-year old climbs fences, ladders and trees, wades and splashes in water and delights to stamp his bare feet in sand hills and seashore.

"The encouragement given to physical freedom and growth to-day would not have been tolerated twenty-five years ago. Indeed, the mother would have been agonized from fear of dire results to her little one.

"Mothers are learning that it is often and often their own fears that bring sickness to children, and that to give them physical growth they themselves must be freed from these fears.

"A boundless, unselfish love, a constant listening to the voice of intuition are the surest aids in guiding a young life. With these as leaders,

parents are quick to recognize the good in a child, and are ever on the alert to bring out his best qualities. His very freedom becomes his strength.

"We have learned to overlook small failings in children, to be blind to their mistakes, while we watch for and encourage their successful work and the good manifested in their character. This is the surest way to have them grow good, manly and virtuous. In this way, though his moral feet come in contact with mud and filth, he is so protected by home love and confidence that his character may not be tarnished. Now, as the parent recognizes the good in the child, so you must recognize the good in yourselves. Do not go skulking about like a mean, cringing criminal, but rather joyously as the happy child who knows that he is entitled to his father's bounty. You have a right to goodness, wisdom, beauty and truth. You, as a part of the great unit, can only be in harmony with that unit by claiming and recognizing that right.

"How strange this would have sounded even ten years ago! But, thanks to Emerson and all the enlightened vanguard who have written, 'that which shows God in me fortifies me.' 'If

a man in his heart is just, therein so far he is God.' These thoughts are food for the hungry and refreshment for the weary. The recognition of God in oneself and in one's neighbor sows the seeds of justice. The open door of trust in all men, is the surest road to the removal of theft and crime. Every key turned in vault, safe, locker or door, is a thought of distrust that goes out to take root in the mind already trained in selfishness and avarice. The hunter, the miner, the pioneer, have no need of bolts and bars. Like the Japanese, they give and command confidence by leaving the latch string always out.

"Carry this into every avenue of life. Believe in your own strength, love and wisdom; believe in the wisdom, love and honesty of your comrade or neighbor. Believe, believe, and distrust vanishes. Looking on the bright side of things and acknowledging the good we already have, brings more brightness and goodness.

"Be glad over little things, glad for a bright day, glad of a fire on a cold morning, glad for kind friends, for good news, for new ideas of life, health and activity.

"Rejoice in ability to learn. Confidence in one's ability is a virtue, a necessity. Distrust,

never sailed a kite or an airship; never wrote an essay nor built a house, nor even made a loaf of bread. The clarion notes of

I KNOW, I CAN, I WILL,

clear the road of all skulkers as well as of all briars and brambles.

"Rejoice in strength, that it may increase and grow with your days.

"Rejoice in wisdom, for wisdom begets wisdom, the earth will open its treasures unto you.

"Rejoice in love, for it is your inheritance.

"As you grow in strength, wisdom and love, so will you grow in perfection."

I know you will wish nothing more after this.

With love,

KORADINE.

TWENTY-SIXTH LETTER.

ETHICS OF CLOTHES.—ALICE, THE ARCHITECT, BUILDS DRESSES.—ELIZABETH A HARMONY IN GOLD.—WHIMS AND VAGARIES OF FASHION.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Beloved Edith:

It does seem almost bad that you could not have been here during our Dress Drill, as the boys call it. Such fun as we have had, and profit, too. We looked for you until the last train passed on Tuesday night; we thought surely you would be here. I received Mrs. Stretcher's great-grandmother's wedding gown all right. The waist is only about three inches long. I felt so funny when I put it on. My ribs seemed surprised. Elizabeth tucked my "corn tassels," as she calls my hair, on the top of my head with a large comb, put a black patch on my chin, and called me "Madame Recamier." I am sure you would not have known me. The boys did not take

kindly at first to the affair. Even Phil would not "play pretty," as Mrs. Curtis says of her little Arthur, until the Doctor told them she liked their opposition, and looked for valuable assistance from it; that it was healthy and stimulating. She hoped they would try to prove the folly of any progress in clothing for women. Of course this left them without a mark to shoot at; so they acted better afterward.

Catherine and Elizabeth were talking it over and said they could not understand why men always opposed any improvement in woman's dress, while they did not object to any change in fashion, no matter how absurd. Catherine said women are afraid to adopt reform clothing because the men always ridicule them. Elizabeth agreed with her, and said that some who are trying to free themselves from the bondage of dress call their effort in that direction a reform instead of a fashion, and that a great many women and most men are afraid of "reform," no matter how good it is. I said, "Well, then, it is the men who keep women in bondage by their opinion, after all." Konslar Kopf gave us an interesting paper on the Ethics of Clothes, and Konslar Larned read several selections from Carlyle's Sartor

Resartus. Both opened up some more thought worlds. Phil wrote the funniest thing; it was a sketch of some very particular people who were traveling and had all their clothing burned, and had to be dressed in whatever the peasants could give them. We all laughed over his description of the dude dressed in the smock and trousers of a fat sheep herder, a solemn preacher in knee-breeches and blouse, and a very thin and proper young old lady in the short frock of the Tyrolese girl. We just roared; I never heard anything so funny. It is strange what a difference dress makes; but surely we shall not have to wait for another thought world to create garments in. Why, these clothes we wear now represent us, don't they? Alice Hawley "rediscovered herself" to us all. She thought she could not possibly write a line, when asked to develop her ideas of

BUSINESS DRESS FOR WOMEN.

She said she had no ideas on the subject, as she had never thought about it. Jack Gatling took notes, for he thinks Alice a splendid girl, and has let me copy them, as she destroyed her essay. I send all the notes that were taken:

"I cannot imagine why I was chosen to write

upon this subject. I am sure I have never been in business, unless helping sometimes in housework, or assisting the boys to build a boat landing, is business. To be sure I never had to learn to use the saw and hammer; I was born knowing how. Perhaps some one has a vision of my future, with a sign out, 'Alice Hawley, Architect. Homes a specialty,' and has wondered how that Miss Hawley would dress.

"It seems to me most architects build houses on paper. Perhaps a lady architect's dress should be no different from that of any other business woman.

"I think dress should be no hindrance to anything we wish to do and should always give us freedom of body. I attended some lectures on dress with Auntie last year, and the gentleman said, 'The first indication that a woman's mind and soul are expanding, is when she lays aside her corset.' As soon as we get freedom of any kind we take a long, deep breath, which can not be done if any part of our bodies, from the toes to the throat, is hampered. I know I can not. To my mind this comes first of all.

"After that may come the thought of 'artistic lines,' 'neutral tints' and the 'matching of

colors to hair and eyes.' (She was alluding to our recent guest I think).

"The wings of the bird or butterfly are made to fly with; being left free the lovely adornment of color attracts our attention, and we love and admire them as we could not if they were tied and trussed and weighted down in the same way as most women's bodies are with tight corsets, shoes and collars.

"I am not yet a business woman, though I hope to be some day, and because of that hope, I suppose I ought to begin to develop ideas about dress. The first necessity of my business dress must be comfort; it must not interfere with my progress. (Here she saucily smiled and looked very sweet and brave as she threw back her pretty brown curly head.) Next it must be useful, therefore must be of such stuff as will serve for more than one place and occasion; and last, but not least, it must be just as pretty as my taste can make it. I am afraid I could not be comfortable in it if it were not. 'Freedom and beauty are twins, and woman should seek for both in dress if she desires her work to be felt,' I heard a wise woman say. (We knew whom she meant.)

"No one of her sex has demonstrated a stronger individuality than has Rosa Bonheur in her almost masculine costume, which is both free and beautiful, and must have had much to do with her great success as an artist. Other women, famous as sculptors and painters, have worn some equally simple and appropriate dress which allowed them to move and think untrammeled. The worker's mind must be devoted to her business and in no way distracted by her gown. I was thinking, while Philip was reading his paper (here she dropped the hand that held her manuscript), how absurd a woman minister would look in a black broad cloth suit, a huge bustle and a long train, with a high stiff collar coming up under her ears, talking of freedom or spiritual growth, or a woman physician rustling into a sick room in silk and stays and white kid gloves; or a lawyer in grenadine, lace and flowers, arguing a case of some criminal. Beauty includes appropriateness.

"More women are engaged in housekeeping than in any other business. A housekeeper who is a 'general utility servant,' should wear a gown of wash material made with a round waist and plain skirt reaching to the tops of her boots, that

she may climb any stairway with freedom and grace, instead of pigeon-toeing to the top to escape the skirts which, if long, will get under her feet, trip her and try her temper. Why should not legs be allowed their freedom as well as arms? The Syrian dress which has a divided skirt, gives greater freedom and may be preferred. A long skirt of some material may be kept ready to slip on for a chance caller. 'Name this compromise until you are independent enough to call it Fraud,' advises the wise woman.

"The prejudice against short skirts belongs to past ages, when women were considered inferior to men and were their pets or slaves. Is there any reason why the lower six or seven inches of dress skirts should be held with the sacredness and reverence they now are?

"A woman may cut a piece deep and wide from the top of her dress; she may wear enormous puffed sleeves or none at all, absurd collars, bustles, hoops, any kind of deformity that fashion dictates without a protest; she may even drag the bottom of a dress of the finest material in the filthiest streets, or lift long skirts to expose her legs above her knees, but must not at any time shorten her skirts and make them decent, cleanly

and convenient. This she must not be asked to do; it is the 'Occidental caste insignia of woman's inferiority that must be preserved,' the wise woman says.

"Dr. Goodrich has told us that the scavengers are the lowest of the Pariah caste of India. In a sense, every woman that walks the streets is a business woman; to do her business easily and well she must divest her skirts of this emblem of the Pariah; she must cease to be a street scavenger."

After Alice had finished reading, her dummies, as Phil called them, filed in, all in proper order. Corrinne was the housekeeper. Well, it almost made us hungry to look at her. I am sure in such a dress none could fail to cook for the gods. How sweet she was in her blue chambre, short in skirt and waist. Phil said she was not short of material either, for she had an extra long skirt to put on, should any one call who would be ashamed to see her feet. Her blonde hair, the white lace at her neck, all matched.

Mae looked a daughter of the regiment in her Zouave jacket and Syrian skirt, or skirts, as Jack says, there were surely two of them, being divided. Ruth Curtis looked natty in her blue

jacket and long skirt — at least long by the side of Mae's. She was every inch the office girl. Her sailor hat said there was no such thing as fail; that she was on the right track.

Vera Jenlen, strong and earnest, Jack said, "regular old business," had a narrow skirt, coming to the tops of her boots and an English jacket all made from real tailor's cloth, with pockets big enough for a man. She always wears this suit in the slojd room, and didn't look a bit make believe as the rest did.

There was one called the fruit grower's costume. It was of India jean, a cotton drill, soft and very durable, a tan brown color. Hugh said it would not show the worms, so there would be no screams. It was a Princess, with convenient pockets. Douglas in describing it said it was cut bias, with Pompadour seams, and Louis 14th hems. This dress was, of course, short. Phil said he was glad to learn that it also had a long skirt, to be worn when the wearer was ashamed she had feet. I told him he ought to have a skirt made at once.

Alice was glad to get through with her paper. She said she had to ask so many questions and work so hard that she felt like flying. Her

Auntie told her she thought that was what ailed her, she would rather fly than write. She is glad she did it, however, she has found out she can do more than she knew, which is added power, the Doctor says. You know efficiency in many ways is almost a hobby with her.

All were interested in Elizabeth's paper on

ARTISTIC DRESS.

It seems to me if Elizabeth had only stepped upon the platform in her simple gown she need not have spoken a word. She appeared all in tune. Tommy whispered to me, "How does she look?" I said, "Can you picture a harmony?" He said, "Yes." "Tell me what it is like." "Like—like the perfume of the roses, that comes to me when the sun is warm on my cheek, and I hear faint, sweet music from across the waters, and one I love is near me." "Well, she looks like that, then," I said. There was a murmur all over the house as she came out, unconscious of her beauty. I wonder if my love for the dear girl bends my ideas about her like a rainbow. She always seems to do just the right thing, and speak the right word, and wear the right dress on every occasion.

Her red gold hair lay in a low coil upon her white neck. Her gown was of soft, krapy stuff, of the tone of her hair. It fell in clinging folds to her feet, and was caught up a little at one side with a clasp of gold. Her waist was outlined by a cord of the same shade. I cannot tell you how it was made, for Elizabeth fashioned it herself and it seemed a part of her. She must have been what our esthetic visitor called a "related harmony," or a symphony in gold. She was as free as the Goddess of Liberty.

I am afraid I cannot tell you everything she said, for I gazed so much my ears forgot to hear. "The beautiful is always the free; that which leaves the body untrammeled is beautiful, providing the covering is for use and not for adornment only. * * * * *

"Usually the dress of women does not permit freedom of the body. The inventive genius of the ages has been devoted to prevent this. Bones, bands, steels and stays are used to improve the Great Artist's plan, as though women were not pleased to be made in His image and likeness. These not only prevent freedom of motion and expression but produce actual deformity.

"Girls, are you not tired of the outline pictures

that you see in every physiology and health book, contrasting the natural with the unnatural waist? Why, Minn. Jeffries, who roomed with me at the Seminary, actually pasted the leaves of her book together, so she could not see them. But if women had never distorted the soft, pliable parts of the body, the pictures never would have been thought of nor the object lesson needed. I am disgusted when I look at the caricatures in fashion magazines. I wish for a thousand Minn. Jeffries to paste their leaves together. Indeed, in these plates, necks are often as long as the head, and waists as small as the necks and as long as the arms. I always close my eyes and wonder, wonder if in any way they represent the mothers of a free republic. Is it not time that fashion, use and art should be introduced and become acquainted with each other?

"Great artists picture and model the human figure as nature made it, according to the laws of proportion, not as a fashionable shape upon which to exhibit handsome fabrics. To study earnestly, even for a short season, the pictures and statuary of a fine art gallery, will free any mind from the tyranny of the fashion plate and tailor block. One can easily imagine a goddess

walking with the feet of the sculptured Diana, but the imagination will not play so freely when looking at the fashionable shoe in the shops of the city. The shoemaker has made us a nation of mincers and hobblers. The corset maker has cut off millions of cubic feet of pure air from lungs that beg in vain for it; and the milliner has covered, or uncovered, scores of pretty heads with various sorts of "top knots" and harlequin nightmares, that have made us look like lunatics on parade.

"An artist says that among all her friends she fails to find a foot that is perfect enough to serve as a model. Why are we all willing to be deprived of the best use and beauty of the part that bears the weight and strain of our every motion, while our hands are left free to be trained to noble uses, beautified and adorned by the manicure and jeweler's art and devices?"

She further observed, that in art, all female figures have large waists and full stomachs, with a suppleness of poise. The entire figure expresses the artist's thought; it lives; it breathes; it speaks.

"*If we must have fashions, artists should create them*

"True dress has appropriateness in fabric, color, cut and drapery; every line expresses the wearer's unconscious will, in what Ruskin terms 'a serene simplicity of grace.'

"True dress expresses character and individuality.

"True dress gives the greatest freedom, and freedom combined with utility need never be opposed to art."

When she finished, Dorothea and Ruth came on the platform, one wearing a Greek costume in white, the other a simple empire gown in pale green. Each explained in a few words how and why her dress filled the laws of true art, and demonstrated how easy it is to preserve the lines of beauty in these simple costumes.

Catherine looked as if she had stepped from a *Revue de la mode* fashion plate as she came on the stage, and was received with a great clapping of hands, especially from the boys. She was handsome and elegant indeed, according to the taste of the world. Her paper was called

CONVENTIONAL DRESS.

Here is what I can remember of it: "When our grandmothers urge economy upon younger

folks they say, 'If you keep a thing long enough it will surely come in fashion again.' But it is not well to keep things after they are old or past use. To paraphrase Shakespeare, I say what is past use is past saving. Only man is fashionable. The doves and swallows wear their same old clothes forever; they never think of different styles of tail feathers or the latest cut in wings. The dove has no desire to wear the pea green of the parrot; it delights in neutral tints at all times; the bears and opossums are constant to one mode. The pig is content to wear the same curl in his tail, and the cow never moos for a new crook in her horn. The noble horse, man's best friend, wears his shining or shaggy coat and flowing mane and tail, except where lunacy and cruelty induce men to mutilate him by bobbing his natural protector, that they may advertise their slavish obedience to fashion's decrees."

Catherine's face flushed and her voice deepened as she read this, and we knew that while she did not like to seem severe, she spoke from principle and the love for her "animal brethren."

I saw a young gentleman, who admires Catherine, and his mother exchange glances. They had come to our entertainment drawn by a pair

of magnificent bay horses, "cobs" they call them, whose tails had been cut off so short that they looked like a pair of dust brushes with handles.

Catherine told us some very interesting things concerning fashions which she said were whims and vagaries of either those whose business it was to amuse people, or whose lives were empty of earnest doings and whose unrest led them into anything that promised satisfaction.

"There have been modes of dressing ever since Eve fashioned the first garments for herself and Adam. For centuries, drapery perfect in line and fold adorned and protected the body.

"Later on through the habits and customs of civilization this clothing degenerated into what is known as fashion, which, witch-like, put to sleep the sense of the true and beautiful until she ruled its followers with the will of a despot.

"Ever since man exchanged his armorers for his tailor, the anvil and forge for the block and model, and the steel for the loom, he has been as much under the dictates of the fashioner as his sisters. He has been puffed and slashed with silks and satins and padded with horse hair; has worn rings on his fingers and bells on the toes of

his shoes, the same as the belles of the times. Women have been farthingaled, powdered and patched, willing victims to the words of as mythical a personage as Mother Goose.

"The 'correct dress' movement, by some termed a 'fad,' really gives the first promise and prophecy of a return to artistic clothing and drapery for the body."

She closed by telling a little story of the origin of the word *fashion.* In London, a long time ago, lived a Miss Fashion who became celebrated for her great beauty. Everything she wore, no matter how simple, was copied by all the great ladies, and originated the despotic power we call Fashion.

After Catherine finished, we came on the platform attired in all the strange fashions we could get hold of. I wore, as I told you, great, great Grandmother Stretcher's wedding gown. Corrinne wore a dress and bonnet of a Virginia aunty before the war. Ruth was fine in a pale green brocade, with silver sheaves of wheat embroidered all over it. Neil said he had to walk half a mile to get around her; her hoops were immense; they were called "tilters," and such a waste of cloth in the skirt! She had a large

hat, with deep lace around the edge, and carried a parasol about as big as a tea plate.

Mae Sommers, who has a genius for costuming, had manufactured a dress of the fifteenth century, a long, scant trailing gown of some brocaded stuff, caught up by a stiff stomacher; a pocket hung at the side; the sleeves were long at the shoulders, but fitted the arm very closely near the hand. On her head was something she called the "great hennin," a very long tube or funnel made of pasteboard and covered with figured silk. It fitted close, hiding her hair and curving around her face like a hood. In front it had a short veil of white tulle, the long ends of which were caught up on to the end of the cone. You would not believe it, but, really, it was becoming.

If I had more time I would tell you of the boys' dress. Douglas was arrayed in puff, cuff, high "bonnet" and feather. Neil wore a stiff stock, high collar and knee-breeches, with silk stockings, buckles and slippers. Douglas had found a Benjamin Franklin primer and copied perfectly the funniest "good little boy" picture. He looked too silly for any use. Hugh was absurd as a "dude" of the nineteenth century. Tommy was

every inch an East Indian Prince in a beautiful costume Mrs. Grantly had brought with her.

The Dress Drill cost us a heap of work, but has done us all much good, especially the boys. It has made us see what a nightmare fashion is, and that if we are trying to be free in our minds we must also be free in our clothing. I hope when I am born again I will be born with feathers.

My duty is done. I hope you are not tired. I am, just a little.

With love,

KORADINE.

P. S.—Oh, I forgot to tell you, Phil and I are going to New York to meet Papa and Mamma next week. We shall not be gone long. Love to Uncle and Auntie for

KORADINE.

TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER.

City Sounds. — Light Opera. — Waiting. — Suspense. — Stillness. — A Message.

New York City.

My Dearest Edith:

Here we are in the midst of a great congregation of marble, brick, mortar and cobble-stones. We have exchanged the odors of flowers, woods and grasses for the smell of gutter and the steam of cooking, which goes on somewhere underground. We walk over hard, broad, smooth pavements, instead of soft, springy, narrow, grass-bordered paths. In place of the musical country sounds of twittering birds, humming bees, singing leaves and happy voices, we have the rumble and roar of a great city, with its cries of "ole clo', charco', rags an' ole iron." I like the hand-organs, and spend much time hanging out of the window tossing pennies to the grinders. Philip says I am making beggars of us, and that if I do not soon stop, we will have to start out with an

organ and a monkey of our own. I thought to write you at once of our arrival and tell you all about the absent ones. Yes! absent still, for the steamer has not yet come, and we have been here five days. The time seems pretty long, though I try to shorten it by my thoughts. I keep as busy as possible, for then my heart does not go so far ahead of the day. I have found out that what Dr. Goodrich told us about sending our spirits ahead of our bodies, is absolutely true. It does tire one. There are a great many steps up to our room, there are elevators, of course, but I like the exercise of running up stairs; besides it takes up some of the time of waiting. On starting up, if I think of the long way ahead of me, I get so tired before I reach the top that I puff like one of those little tugs that steam up and down the bay. But if I keep with myself in thought, or busy my mind with something else, why, I am as fresh, and breathe as easily at the end as at the beginning. Besides, I climb the stairs as Konslar Grantly directs, in balance and perfect poise.

Philip has made ever so many trips down town. He came home yesterday quite white and sick looking. I hope he is not going to be ill, espe-

cially before the dear hearts arrive. It is so unlike Phil to be "puny like, an' ailin'." I keep my hat and gloves lying upon the bed close at hand to be ready when he brings me the good words that the vessel is in sight. Papa's friend, Mr. Merryweather, came up to see us last night and said his wife and daughter would have come had they been at home. They have gone to Atlantic City for a week. He wishes me to go down with him to-day, but nothing less than a tipping up of the North Pole would take me out of town now. Oh, I see Phil coming.

Twenty-four Hours Later.

Deary me, no ship yet. Mr. Merryweather came back to the hotel with Phil ; he did not go away as he expected. He invited us to go to the theater with him. I went, but Philip said he had run about so much all day that he would go to bed. I enjoyed the light opera, only I think it would be much more real and perfect to dress up a lot of nice boys for boys' parts, than to undress a lot of young girls who look no more like sailors, than clams look like elephants. If they only dressed like sailors or soldiers, or whatever they are trying to represent, it would be

better; but they come out with corsets on under their coats, and oh—well, I do not believe I like light opera. It has plenty of light and music, undressed girls and hideously "made up" men, who try very hard to be just as funny as can be, but to my mind they fail. To be funny enough to laugh at, a thing should look as though it were in earnest. May-be I am not "eddicated up to the pint" of light opera. I might have liked it better, had I not kept thinking that may-be Papa and Mamma had come. But when we returned to the hotel there sat Phil waiting for me. I never saw Phil look so solemn. I wish you and Auntie or Elizabeth were with me, or some of our dear Konslars. Isn't Mr. Merryweather kind? He has sent for his wife and daughter to come and stay with me at the hotel. I wonder why.

Next Night.

What shall I say? Oh, Edith, if you were only here. I am trying very hard to keep still inside. They think I am asleep. I kept very quiet until they left me alone. This afternoon I was just coming up the stairs after a short walk on Broadway, when I heard the newsboys on

the street call out something about "a lost ship." I stopped to listen and heard some men talking. One said, "No news yet from the America." (Oh, how can I write it?) "*She has probably encountered* the *great storm* and *gone down with all.*" I could not listen longer. I put my fingers in my ears and I think I cried out and must have fallen, for the next thing I knew, a strange man laid me on a sofa and two strange ladies were bending over me, rubbing my lips and face with some sweet, strong stuff. Then Mary, our chambermaid, came, and some one carried me to my room, the two strange ladies following. They were Mrs. Merryweather and her daughter, Grace. They had just arrived and were waiting to be shown to their rooms when I passed them. They, too, heard the men talking, and when I cried out and fell they knew who I was and came with me. Everybody in the hotel knows that we are "two young people" awaiting the return —oh, I can not write it! Surely, surely, that great, strong ship is sailing over the waters, bringing those two tender, loving hearts. Papa wrote us of its beauty and perfectness.

It is two o'clock in the morning and Phil has not come yet. Now I understand why he looked

so pale and was so solemn and quiet. He was trying to bear all this suspense alone, that I might be happy as long as possible. How queer everything seems out there in the streets. The electric light is so bright; the shadows so black; the leaves and branches make such beautiful patterns upon the white, hard pavements. New York seems more stone than ever to-night. How odd to see the people moving about so late; they are mostly men; once in a while a lady. There is one now, standing on the corner. I wonder if she is waiting, as I am, with a sick, faint heart for the ship they fear will never come to shore.

Whenever I hear a footstep I go to the window. There are not many now. *Will the night never end? How still everything is getting,*—the streets and this great hotel! I hear only the clinking of glasses somewhere out there. Now it is gone. Oh, will everybody go to sleep and leave me alone? How can they when they know that out there on the waters a great, noble ship with many, many people—Oh, Heavens, Edith, this is the first time I have thought that there are other loving hearts on that vessel besides the two so dear to us, and—and—I have been trying and even thinking I loved everybody just

the same. I wonder if anybody can! Oh, yes; there was Jesus; he said we could do everything He did, so it is true, I know. How queer! I am getting still. I think I must be going to sleep. I hear words spoken away in my ear like a telephone message. I hear, "God is good; God is Life; He holds the waters in the hollow of His hand." How strange; I feel so quiet, so old, too, somehow. I cannot write now. * * *

The daylight has come, the beautiful sunlight. Philip lies asleep upon my bed. How thin and white he looks. I have just crept away from him. Something very strange has happened to me. All fears and doubts have gone. I went to sleep while writing you last night. I lay back upon the pillow saying the words that seemed to sound within my ears, "God is Life; He holds the waters in the hollow of His hand; there is nothing to fear." And then I dreamed — I suppose it was a dream, but it seemed, oh, so real that dear Dr. Goodrich stood beside me, took hold of my hand and said, "Fear not. All is well." Near her stood Tommy, his face white and shining. Then I felt stronger; the great heaviness passed away and the aching left my heart. I never felt so alive and well, — I

who am never really sick. I was new through and through. All at once I seemed to rise out of my body for I could see myself lying quite still upon the bed. Up, up, I seemed to float above the sleeping city and out over the water. Everything was very distinct. I could see the boats and lights sparkling like stars beneath me. I heard an engine whistling, and, what was strange, I seemed to be able to see down through the waters of the bay. I moved very swiftly, then all at once — Oh! darling cousin, I know I saw the steamer away out on the ocean; it had white sails on it, and all are safe. I know we shall hear it is true very soon. Something is broken; that is all. I am sure they are safe. Brother came in an hour ago, heartsick and weary. He was up all night waiting for news, with other anxious souls. (Oh, just to think I had not thought of them until last night). When he saw me looking so bright and strong he burst into tears. I held him in my arms, big as he is, and, laying my cheek to his, I told him of my dream. I think it has given him fresh courage and comforted him, for he fell asleep very soon, the first sleep he has had for days. I keep saying over and over, "He holds the waters in the

hollow of His hand. There is nothing to fear. I am not afraid." I said that from the first; but I didn't believe it; I was afraid, but now I know. In those few still minutes I must have become willing, no matter what was the news. Philip has awakened and says he feels stronger and better. We have had a good talk and both are sure of the safety of our beloved, because we know there is no danger anywhere, no matter how it seems to us. He sends his love.

Mrs. Merryweather and Grace have come. I love to speak their names, for there is meaning in them. Both are so kind and tender. I can feel, however, that they pity me for my hopefulness.

Next Afternoon.

No news yet. Another night has passed, but the awfulness of two nights ago has disappeared. I am sure I am not afraid. *There is nothing to fear.* These words are like a strong cordial. I will trust.

Two Hours Later.

What strength has come to us. As I wrote that word trust, there came a tap upon the door. Philip arose and opened it, and there stood an

angel of light, our own Dr. Goodrich—I know I must have been foolish, but, dearest, I could not arise to my feet, I shook so—and for just an instant everything was blurred. She came quickly to me, Phil. with her, and then we were all locked in each other's arms, and not a word was spoken for a long, long time. I never knew before what the silence meant; and when a second tap sounded upon the door, we came from some holy place; I think it must have been the heart of God, for love and strength, trust and courage, were in our hearts. Mrs. Merryweather. and Grace, and Mary, the chambermaid, sat quietly through it all. Mary tried to apologize afterward, she had not finished her work, but ended by saying she felt as if she had taken the holy sacrament and was glad she had been there. Mr. Merryweather had sent up his card, and soon followed. They all seem happier since our strong friend is here. Not a shade of doubt came over the sunlight of her beautiful and beloved face. The words "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee," keep running through my mind every time I look at her. The night is coming on again, but, as she says, it is full of stars. What a wonderful thing a friend is! Friends in need

must be God's evidence of Himself. He comes in this way to show Himself to us that we may have proof of Him. I think I will send this letter so that you may hear something that tells more than a telegram.

I know you are all so anxious, but please send us angels of happy, hopeful thoughts borne upon the strong wings of faith and trust. With love and kisses for Auntie and your darling self.

I am not afraid.

KORADINE.

P. S.—I presume Uncle Fred will be here in the early morning.

TWENTY-EIGHTH LETTER.

TRUST REWARDED.—HAPPY TEARS.—NEWPORT.—FIRST BALL.

New York.

Joy! Joy! Joy! My darling cousin, I can scarcely write at all. What happiness! Our beloveds are here; here before my very eyes as I write! As I look at them there seems to be three or four Papas and Mammas, my happy, happy tears magnifying and multiplying so—I stop to kiss and love, and to be kissed and loved in return. I know how glad you will be when you get our telegrams; but they are short spoken, however, even though they do their work quickly; as you have so sweetly shared our anxiety, you must and will share our joy, joy.

It was about twelve hours after sending my last letter that a message came for Philip. As Mr. Merryweather and Uncle Fred, who had arrived early in the morning, had gone down to

the steamship office, where Philip had stayed all night, Mrs. Merryweather and Dr. Goodrich opened the telegram. It was from the agent, who said there was good reason for believing the America safe, but disabled. They looked at me, for they thought of my dream, I know. I was not so excited as you may imagine, for I had never doubted an instant after those words came to me in the stillness of that night; though I am sure I never can feel as young again as I did before it. It was not long until we had a dispatch from Philip, saying it was true the America was safe.

The day passed, and about eight o'clock in the evening Uncle Fred came in quietly enough, but those eyes of his, you know, do not need the help of his tongue when there is something good going. I rushed pell-mell into his arms. "Yes, my darling, brave, little girl, all is well,"—here he had to stop in spite of his gay way, for, he said in excuse, as he wiped his eyes, he had been pretty well strung up. Then he told us a cablegram had been received from Liverpool from the captain of the Atlanta, saying that he had spoken the America in mid-ocean under sail, who replied when asked if help was needed, "No; machinery

broken—only disabled." How strangely familiar these words sounded.

I cannot tell you how those two beloveds appeared to me as they came down the gang-plank. You know there are some things we can not talk about.

I shall never forget Papa's eyes as he caught sight of us waiting there. I believe he will look just the same way when he enters the "Gates everlasting," that Mrs. Merton is always talking about. He folded us all in together. Mamma was so closely shut up in Phil.'s arms that they made no more than one in size. I had no idea Phil had grown so; he is almost as big as Papa. I cannot tell when he will be home, as Papa has business with Mr. Merryweather. We are all going to Newport to stay a few days at "Merryweather Lodge" before we go home. I think Philip would have been very ill if dear Dr. Goodrich had not been with us. She has gone to Boston for a few days and will reach you before this letter does. I thought to send it off at once, but Uncle Fred said he had written, and now that he will tell you all about our nightmare better than I, I will make a diary letter of this.

Mamma is as rosy as I am, and has had such

a splendid time, all but those days and nights of storm in mid-ocean in a broken ship; but that is past, and we are happy and contented. New York looks better to me now. Papa says we must see the sights before we return. Mamma is very anxious to get back.

Next Day.

You cannot guess who has been here to see us. Gertrude Bancroft. You would not know her. My! she is handsome and splendid, and is getting on finely. She has been out of town and did not know of our anxious time. She was so very disappointed in not seeing the Doctor that she has just started for Boston, where she hopes to "catch her" before she leaves for Gerlsenbois.

Tuesday Morning.

Well, here we are back in New York, after six days in Newport. Everything and every place I see seems to me to be a world in itself, and Newport is no exception. It is beautiful, elegant, and — and — well, it is a lovely dress, but not a gown, according to our "dress drill." It looks as though God had begun it, but man had finished it. As Philip says, the "improver, with

his square and level,'' has been around. Papa expresses it in this way: ''A cultivated civilization, with every appliance of wealth, has made it a fit place for the rich to seek comfort in.'' There are hotels, and palaces called ''cottages,'' one of which the dear Merryweathers own, and I am glad of it, for they are people who know how to be rich. I presume those beautiful houses are named ''cottages'' so as to let it be known that the owners of them could have much nicer ones if they chose. You can very easily create a picture of Newport in your mind if you will say over to yourself such words as ''splendid, elegant, superb, rich, expensive.'' You may imagine the balls, concerts, receptions, luncheons, promenades, by saying ''halls of dazzling light, glitter, chatter and entrancing music.'' I heard some one call it ''heavenly music,'' but it is not my idea of that place. Tommy's organ and the morning and evening sounds at Swiss Lake come nearer to heavenly music, to my mind. Besides, if it is like my dreams of it, I do not believe we could bear it, for it hurts even in dreamland, with its sweetness. If your imagination artist does his duty, and you only go far enough inside of yourself, your mind's eye may

see one or two smooth roads where all this Newport world goes driving and riding, with so much gold and silver used in the harnesses that I should think the precious metals would look cheap and common to them. I should not be surprised to hear any day, judging from so much magnificence, that they were crushing diamonds and rubies to make a pavement for their streets. My! but things are fine. Somehow, though, the people did not seem to feel happy, and they surely didn't look it as they rode along. Nearly every horse you see has been mutilated — has a dust or fly-brush tail. Mrs. Merryweather's horses wear their long, beautiful tails, which nearly sweep the ground. If I were a Mrs. or Miss Crœsus, I would start the fashion of long-tailed horses. Or, if I was a whole legislature or congress I would pass a law that schools should be built where people whose hearts are not yet kind, might be sent to learn that cruelty of any sort is not good for them, any more than for the creatures they practice it upon. I do not think I could have gone driving at Newport if Mrs. Merryweather's horses' tails had been cut off. I said so to Papa, who answered me by saying that it is never good breeding to push one's principles

upon those who think and act differently; that there is a refined cruelty in such an act that is greater than the sin of ignorance in the one whose performances shock our sense of justice; that truly broad-minded people are never narrow on any point, not even in what they think is right. To do good we must teach, not rebuke. Dear Papa! But I am sure I could have managed it in some way and found an excuse. However, I did not have to hunt for one.

Now, that I have given you just a bird's-eye or mind's-eye glimpse, I must tell you about the great ball, the first real, live party I ever saw. Mrs. Merryweather said she wished to go with Grace. Papa, Mamma and Phil were going, so I felt I should get through all right. Phil said I looked as though I was going to my execution. Grace's maid seemed to know just what would make me the real young girl that I am, only quite a deal better looking than usual.' I found there is a great art in being fixed up.

Grace wore white, without any fripperies, and looked good and lovely. She is not as handsome as some other girls, but she does not mind it in the least; does not seem to think anything about it. She lives in another world than ours, but

would fit nicely in ours. She was to have made her *debut* this coming winter, but since she has seen Dr. Goodrich, and Papa and Mamma have talked Gerlsenbois, she is teasing to be allowed to go there "just for a year."

Well, we went to the great ball. It was just as though the old fairy grandmother had touched us with her wand, and Aladdin had opened his palace and all the kings and queens were there with their prince sons and princess daughters. My, the place was splendid with lights, colors, flutter and sweet odors, gorgeous toilets and jewels. The music was beautiful, and I was longing to dance when Mrs. Merryweather came up with a fine looking army officer in glittering uniform, whom she introduced. He asked me to dance, and very soon I forgot to think about the people, and I only heard what the music said to my feet, of dancing flowers and grasses, leaves and tree branches, and clouds flying before the winds. I seemed to see groups of little children with garlands of flowers, and oh! so many beautiful things, that, if you will believe it, I didn't know when the music stopped. My partner said he felt as though he had been dancing with the spirit of a lily. Wasn't that pretty? He asked

me if I had studied with some person with an unpronounceable name. He saw I did not know of whom he was speaking and at once, with a lovely bow, begged my pardon for "suggesting so wicked a thing as a ballet master." I replied that I could not imagine any wicked person being able to teach dancing, if that was what he meant. He pulled one end of his mustache, and, trying very hard to bite it, looked at me in such a funny way, saying, "umph, yes." I went on and said that I had danced ever since I could remember, from my kindergarten days till now; that I had been taught its beauty and grace, but had never before heard of its being "wicked;" if it is, it must be in the minds of those who think it is. Then I begged his pardon, for I had forgotten for the moment that he had been dancing, and said may-be he had been taught that it was wrong, and—I blushed so furiously that he laughed and said, quickly, "Oh! no, indeed." I was greatly relieved, and seemed to know things about dancing that I had never thought of before, and talked quite learnedly about how everything danced; how motion of all kinds was some sort of dancing; that it was freedom expressing itself in rhyme, and music

was its twin sister, and that great artists and sculptors had made it the subject of their brushes and chisels. I think I quoted Papa a great deal, but that made it all the better. He kept looking at me and biting his mustache in such an odd manner, as though he did not understand what I meant, and finally said he "thought dancing was going out of fashion." That struck me as very funny. Then I laughed, too, and said, "What will the waves and trees, the flowers and grasses do? Out of fashion? Why, fashion has no more to do with dancing than it has with the rising sun or the falling dews. It can surely never still people's hearts to the beautiful—" "Yes, it can, little girl," he said, very earnestly; "it can turn every drop of natural blood in the body into a vapid sop and dry up the brain of its devotee until there is not enough health left there to let the spirit or mind, that you have been talking about, prove itself." Then he stopped suddenly and said something about the weather and asked me how I liked Newport? I was a little startled, but I am learning that one must expect to be startled in society. I said: "It is all very grand and solemn, but I like old Newport better than its new and more gorgeous self. Its people are

as unlike the city people as South Sea Islanders. The little old town makes me think of my Grimm's Fairy Tales, pictures in Peter Parley's history and a Benjamin Franklin primer that Papa has kept ever since he was a boy.

"I like the old church Queen Anne built, and the little, old graveyard. It all looks like a 'once upon a time' story, while the new Newport makes me think of nothing in particular." He laughed quite heartily as he gave me to Philip, who came up for a dance, and said: "You have a little girl here who thinks and feels. Do not for her soul's health, leave her in society, for she would die of starvation before the end of the season." I said, "Surely everybody thinks and feels, or these kind people would not have gone to all this trouble for charity's sake." As he left me he bowed so very low over my hands that any one might have taken me for a princess in disguise. I do not believe I should ever fit in society, unless it would be in the dancing, and I had as good a partner every time as Colonel — dear me I have forgotten his name. I cannot remember anything any one else said, though I tried very hard to do so.

May-be, after all, I am too stupid for such

magnificence. But the people really seemed, as New York looks, all stone and mortar. Philip and I were talking it over and he said that it is only because I love natural things so well that I was uncomfortable. My dear cousin, just to show you how "exclusive" they are, as they call it, Mrs. Merryweather told us that a Hottentot could as easily get into Newport cottage society as any one who does not belong to its especial *clique*. One must be marked and labeled. Two or three things are indispensable. One is a large amount of money; another is that the favored person must be free from the taint of any kind of work. Just think of that, in our boasted America, where there is no King or Queen, and where such great men as our beloved Abraham Lincoln and Wendell Phillips, and such women as Lucretia Mott have lived, and where your mother and mine and Dr. Goodrich are. I wonder if this is the civilization that everybody talks so much about. The swell young lady who came to call upon Grace and her friend no doubt thought me very silly and stupid when she talked about her engagements since coming out. I thought, now there is one mistake Mrs. Merryweather has made when she said these people

never had anything to do with work. It was not very good breeding, but I was so glad to know it was a mistake that I asked, "In what are you engaged?" She stared at me, then laughed very good naturedly and said, "Why, to men, of course," and went on talking about having promised in the drawing-room to marry Charley Forbes, while Cyril Dakeman was waiting in the library for her permission to ask her Papa for her hand in marriage. She went to some sort of a picnic (I presume they would have some "sweller" name for it), and returned engaged to two men, and has had to manage like a general ever since to keep the men apart so that they would not find her out. She put her lorgnette to her eyes and looked at me, and then went on talking as if I had been a poodle. This amused me, and as she was so free with her private affairs, I asked her which one of the men she intended marrying. "Oh, none of them have enough money," she answered. "The richest has only one or two hundred thousand dollars. I presume I shall have to look out for fifteen or twenty millions." Then she rattled on about gowns, maids, operas, and some "divine actor."

Well, my darling, beautiful cousin, I was glad

when we left. Papa says he knows it has been rather a hard lesson for us, but he is glad it came so easy and at such a time, for the world is getting in need of youth who think and feel. We shall soon be home, and the next communication will be at the station, when we will all be clasped in each other's arms. A letter from Tommy tells me to hasten, that the excursion so long talked of is about to take place. They are going to the World's Museum to spend a few days. I wish you could go with us. I hope Auntie is better. Kiss and love her, Uncle Fred and yourself, for your own happy

KORADINE.

Mamma is mildly crazy to get home. K.

TWENTY-NINTH LETTER.

RUSSIAN COURTS.—TRAVELERS RETURN.—A WARM WELCOME.—THE WORLD'S MUSEUM.—NEIL'S PLUCK.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

The little glimpse I had of you was like the flight of a bird. Wasn't it lovely to see how quickly Auntie grew better after she saw Papa and Mamma? Weren't those two dear ladies funny as they sat by the library window face to face, both heads bobbing and both talking at once like two girls? Papa said they reminded him of a scene in a court room in Russia. When the plaintiff arose to state his case, the defendant did the same; very soon the witnesses began, and there they were all talking at once, loud and fast, while the Judge sat serenely listening to the babble, evidently understanding all that was said, for very soon he rendered a decision and they went away apparently satisfied. Papa said it

was a very funny sight; he was informed that this is the usual manner of conducting such cases.

Well, anyhow, Auntie and Mamma had a good time, and, like the Russian Judge, understood each other perfectly. When we arrived at Swiss Lake, Papa could scarcely get off the station platform with Mamma; in fact didn't, for Philip took her under his arm and whisked her away to the boat before anybody could see her, (I am afraid Phil will spoil Mamma).

When the Fairchild steamed up to the pier you should have heard the Arcadians cheer, especially the Gerlsenbois folk. Flags were flying, music playing and Leo barking like an animated cannon. Dr. Bancroft met us at the station, but all the rest of Arcadia awaited our long-absent ones on the shore of the old home. Dr. Goodrich, Tommy, Tommy's mother and little Matthew were standing side by side, Tommy holding or trying to hold Leo, who in his mad joy pulled him forward toward Papa. Papa held his arms open and Tommy landed plump into them, much to his delight and surprise. Papa held him a moment and kissed him upon his white forehead and gave him to Mamma, who took him, kissed him and held him close to

her just as she did Phil when we met on the wharf in New York. The news of the delayed vessel made heroes of our dear ones. You saw how Phil avoided talking about it and our fright. He says he has no desire to imitate or become a masculine Mrs. Lot; that he wishes to forget it, to rub it out of his memory, if possible; talking about it only keeps his mind busy re-collecting all the facts connected with it, thus imprinting it indelibly upon his memory. He does not wish to live that which belongs to the past and which has no more reality than a bad dream. He is not like the old man who said in his last parting with his weeping friends, "I have suffered a great many sorrows, trials and disasters, in this life that never happened." Mrs. Merton laughed and said she was afraid that was the way with herself; she had worried more about bad things, that had never happened, than joyed over the good things that had, but she was going to "turn over a new leaf." Tommy's face shone like a piece of new silver; he smiled and patted my head—his way of looking at me. Tommy is growing taller and looks stronger.

I wish you could see our little Matthew. That which seemed an unsightly growth is already giv-

ing a hint of something that may not only surprise but please us. I thought this when I gave him a little toy dog I brought from the city for him; he no longer struck at me, but shyly kept looking from the miniature animal, which I had laid in his arms, to Leo, who lay not far from him at my feet. Then he looked back again to the little thing in his arms, and finally walking slowly over to Leo, set the toy beside the great panting dog, and there came gurgling from his throat, the sweetest laugh I have ever heard. It rippled and twittered for all the world like the notes that always come as a prelude to the song of our canary. It was the first time I had heard it, for it had been born—I cannot think of any other word to use—while I was away. It was the first human sound I had heard him make. I sat gazing at him when Dr. Goodrich, Papa and Mamma, came around the corner of the house. Matthew was still gurgling over the little toy and comparing its size with Leo. I am sure that was it, and somehow I wished it had been larger or better.

As soon as Matthew saw the Doctor he arose and lifted the little thing and carried it to her, gurgling all the while with what I saw now was delight, which gave me more pleasure than I can

tell. He carries it with him everywhere and sleeps with it at night. He does not seem to remember where he found it and that makes me glad. His love for it, and his joy in it, is his gratitude. It seems to me that if we enjoy and love the good things that come to us no matter how simple, we are being grateful.

I must not forget to tell you that I told Papa about my queer dream and the words I heard in that long, long night in New York. He said that Dr. Goodrich had told him, but he wished to talk it over with me before her. So last night after silence hour we went with her to her study, and — well, it was all just as I had seen it, and then the Doctor told me that the words I had heard she had been speaking to me the whole night through. I knew I had heard them, because they were louder than thought words, and different, somehow. Papa smiled and said, "Surely, we are our brother's keeper, and may give joy for sorrow, and speak peace to the waters and calm their waves, if we will only believe."

My eyes are full of poppy-wine; I must stop for to-night.

Ten Days Later.

Goodness! Two or three centuries have passed over our heads and all the world has shown us its treasures since I last wrote you. We have had our excursion, and such a wonderful and beautiful time as it was. "Alice in wonderland" is almost a joke in comparison.

We picked up the end of our cotton thread we had dropped in the early spring, and we have seen it at its "bornin" and "clear up to the yarding" where the maid is hanging out the clothes. We saw cotton cleaned, carded and combed, on lapping, drawing and slubbing frames, winding, warping slashing and spinning. We saw a "derby doubler" and a spinning "jenny" and "bubbins" without number; bobbins, I presume our guide meant. I would have to be a machinist such as this Yorkshire man who "'ad managed these factories vor seventeen year paast noo," to tell you of the wonderful machinery that works so accurately, according to the mind of the inventor. I've been thinking and wondering since if inventions, wonderful as they are, do not belong to what we call the highest order of thought. You know inventions are not discovered; they are worked out of

thought into the thing to be used. Seems to me machinery is invented, but such things as electric lights and telephones are discoveries of even a higher order than all the marvelous machinery we saw working with so much accuracy. "Intelligence concreted," Konslar Little calls it.

Well, we saw the cotton converted from its snowy bulk, stretched out into miles of exquisitely fine and silky looking thread. Some of this we saw wound again on "bubbins," placed in looms large and small and woven into snowy cloth. Others were placed in swiftly running machines and after several spinning processes converted into thread, after which they were taken and wound upon large spools, from which it was unwound upon smaller spools; these, in turn, were put into another machine and labeled upon both ends by what is called the paster — ninety a minute they told us — with the little round pieces of red and bronze papers, telling of the manufacturer and the number of the thread. The little spools ran out of the machine like merry white-aproned children from a public school door, all labeled alike. A quaint old lady visitor watching it asked, "if them spools of thread was made out of that paste."

We also saw fine, smooth thread knitted and formed into undergarments, with as much intelligence as Mrs. Merton or Grandmother Smith fashions a stocking. The little finger needles never dropped a stitch or made one longer than the other, unless sometimes when the *tender* is inattentive.

I never before thought what a world of meaning is in the word manufacture, which involves process after process. Cotton must pass through many preparations and hundreds of hands before it reaches the wearer—the consumer I should say. Beginning with the one who puts the seed into the ground, it covers not only numberless bodies, but feeds hundreds of hungry mouths from the labor of its handling. Neil put me in that train of thought as we stood watching the knitting machine. As I saw the little steel hooks come peeping up and catching hold of the thread that lay wound in and upon other steel hooks, drawing it back with accurate movement, I saw how wonderfully and perfectly they were carrying out the intention of the inventor who had created his machine out of—what? I asked myself. The man explaining the machine would have said, "steel and iron," and if I had pressed him

for more of an answer, "Oh, yes; belts and steam power."

I had been led to know more. Steel, iron, leather belts and steam power are but the servants of the inventor, things necessary to shape and set his thought, his creation, into motion. The ideal, then, must come down and be made manifest, as Konslar Larned so often has told us. The ideal must become mechanical; must show through this accuracy its own perfectness. Every steel, claw, catch, bobbin, needle and screw are first born in the thought of the machinist.

The great electric crane for hoisting all this machinery traveled over our heads with as much ease as a boy's toy cart, and was a giant in comparison with those little steel hooks with their tiny latches; it was carrying out the eternalness of accuracy that everything must surely do, to work the perfect thought.

Jack said he had never had the slightest idea of the meaning of power until he suddenly realized it as we all stood amid whirling wheels, the revolving belts, with the busy steel and iron running as lightly as the feet of little children, yet so strong and full of power that might and—"brute matter" Douglas suggested when he hes-

itated for a word—are as nothing to its force. Jack actually looked white and scared as he said this. Neil, who was standing with our little group, told him so, and Jack replied with his ever ready smile, "I think I am awe stricken," and walked away by himself. Jack seems to be doing a tremendous lot of thinking lately.

We went from the great manufacturing department into that of the forest. As for myself I feel very grateful that I have been born with the love of the woods, and that we had already taken our journey through the forests of the world.

We all stood there on the gallery, whose magnificent roof was supported by natural Corinthian pillars, every pillar bearing its own character in bark such as man, mighty as he is, cannot imitate. "It is delightful," Konslar Little said to dear Frances Larned, who was smiling and happy, "to observe the pleasure with which all the Gerlsenbois folk went from pillar to pillar, recognizing each as the face of some dear friend they had met in their study journey." I never saw such a happy lot as we were, and when Philip, Elizabeth and I discovered among Ohio's group of trees a buckeye

without root or top, bravely sending forth a thrifty five-leaved branch, we ran and fairly carried our dear Dr. Goodrich to it. She said it was symbolic of her native State, ever ready to overcome difficulties. There are specimens of native woods from every country in the world and every State in our own beloved land. We saw the wood in various forms, showing the growth from the root to the seed, bark, leaf and branches. We saw mahogany, ebony, maple, laurel, red, white and yellow cedar, and many others showing a beauty of polish that shouts a silent glory over marble and metal.

Mexico shows over five hundred varieties of woods, some having the most exquisite odor. Paragua alone has four hundred kinds, and Brazil eight hundred. So you see I have told you truly; a study of woods admits of no tourists' jaunt.

"Books," as dear Konslar Larned said, as we stood before an olive tree, "are good, but nature is better. Man is good, but God is best. We have been working from the God part outward to meet the man part; as it is written, God, the spirit of us, met Adam, our natural part, in the cool of the day in the garden of Eden, walking

among the olive trees, I think it must have been." Looking up we saw Konslar Grantly standing by us, who said:

"Do you remember what Ruskin says of them?" Without waiting for a reply she began repeating in the clear, sweet voice we all love so well: "I challenge the untraveled English reader to tell me what an olive tree is like. I know he cannot answer my challenge. He has no more idea of an olive tree than if olives grew only in fixed stars. * * * * * * I do not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olive trees. But it had been well for them to have felt and seen the olive tree; to have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever; and to have traced, line for line, the gnarled writings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid in the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn along its topmost boughs—the right in Israel of the stranger, the fatherless and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver

grey, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which far away it veils the undulations of the mountain; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn whatever they had left unstudied in the gallery." It was a picture and a song in one.

I cannot draw out this letter much longer for fear of making a book of it. We went to see the collection of foot covering donated to this splendid museum in the interest of education. I could not call the things we saw for the feet, shoes, though many were almost as foolish and silly as the things we wear now, many were evidently much more comfortable. There were laced shoes and high top boots of the middle ages, sandals of the early Romans, and—oh, yes, shoes made of turtle skins with the claws left on the ends of the toes. Douglas nudged Neil and said he thought a pair would be nice for him; they would aid him in climbing. Neil answered very good naturedly that a monkey had no need to borrow from so slow a party as a turtle. Neil is improving greatly, and does not tease now more than one-half the time. The boys laughed at the funny "foot gear," as they termed the shoes we were unused to seeing.

Catherine pointed to a large case of modern shoes, with high heels and pointed toes, and then to a soft, low shoe, crocheted from a fiber thread and laced across the top, asking us to tell which were really the prettier. Of course most of us chose the laced shoes.

There were many, many sorts and fashions, some very ancient and queer; but it seems to me that no one has ever yet improved upon the sandal strapped across the top of the foot.

We had a wonderful time altogether; were given a lovely reception and luncheon the last day of our stay, and started home the happiest, not merely merriest, lot of young folk I ever saw. When we were traveling along the sweet-smelling country, in the flying train, with the horizon turning, or seeming to turn, toward us like the rim of a great wheel, we heard the question: "Where is Neil?" traveling from mouth to mouth. Each car of the long train was searched, but no Neil was to be found. Dr. Bancroft is always so calm that we could not tell whether he was worried or not. Corrinne was nearly wild until Dr. Goodrich sat down with her. I truly believe she could still a storm if she set about it. I wonder if calm, quiet people do

not have things pretty much their own way. Papa says they do, if they are still throughout and at all times keep an even mind.

We knew the boy had no money, for he said he had spent all he had for soda-water and presents. Doesn't that look funny? Well, it is true; the only self-indulgence he allowed himself was "his favorite drink;" the rest was spent for trinkets to take to his mother, Mrs. Merton, Baby Arthur, Martin, and several others. Hugh said he could "pawn" these.

Dr. Bancroft and Douglas took a train back to the city and we came on home. Mrs. Bancroft was very sweet and quiet, although we could see she was anxious. Two days went by. On the morning of the third day, Martin had just started to row Papa, Philip and Hugh to the station to go to aid in the search, when we heard a whistle from the lake path that comes out from the main road. On looking, we raised a great outcry, for there came our Neil. He was brown as a berry, limping along, with bundles clasped tightly in his arms, as if afraid they would get away. In a minute though they were all scattered on the ground, for his mother seized him and covered his dusty face and head with kisses. What do

you suppose? He had stopped to buy a new collar for Leo that he saw hanging in a shop window near the station. Feeling around in his pockets he found enough money to get it, which left him "strapped," as he expressed it, and when he learned that the train had gone, he "never stopped a second," but kept right on up the track, and walked nearly every mile to Swiss Lake. Once or twice he thought he would hide his packages somewhere as he neared home, but couldn't bear getting here without any thing, so kept on. He had not starved, for he ate berries and fruit, and several farmers had given him "pie," which is another of his "favorites." He has been quite a hero ever since because of his pluck, and has learned several lessons which will be valuable for the rest of his life. Of course his father and Douglas were telegraphed the return of the "tramp," as the boys call him.

Have I told you that little Matthew went with us? You can have no idea what good the sights and sounds did him. He seems to begin to understand there is love in the world for him. Of course he doesn't know what it is, but loving glances and tender touches of hands seem to have reached his heart; he no longer even shrinks from them,

and slowly begins to look more human. Only once in a while does the old snarl, or an ugly fit of temper, come back. Cleanliness, good food, pretty clothing, which he seems to admire very much, combined with love and tender care are arousing the little soul. You cannot guess how we have tried to love and watch over him, at first for our dear leader's sake, but now we do it for the little one's sake whom we are learning, through doing for him, to love dearly.

I must not forget to tell you of Tommy's quiet pleasure in the journey. Papa wished to take charge of him, for he said he could help him to see the sights as well as tell him of other things he had seen when abroad. Papa loves Tommy as well as he does Philip, I truly believe, and it makes me very happy.

Mamma and Mrs. Merton kept house at Hill Farm, with Katy and Martin, while we were gone. Mamma was so glad to get back to the old garden and roses again. She goes about humming "Home, sweet home." It makes me think of that low, lovesound of the pigeons in the dove-cote and the great, fragrant grain barn.

Those close communion people down at Newport may have their summer resorts, which Papa

says, like a circus or a procession, is the same the civilized world over. I suppose it is only where there is civilization that they have "full-dress parties, circuses, and processions."

Elizabeth has just come in. She asks when you are coming? The cottage is all ready for you. Alice, Jack and I have painted the piazza floor. Elizabeth and Catherine have made and hung some lovely white curtains. Mae, Dorothea Douglas and Philip, made an easy chair, a table and two pretty shelves for your books. Hugh has sketched a flight of swallows on the pine walls of your room. Tommy fashioned a beautiful basket, which, little Matthew seeing us all at work, piled high with flowers and grasses. The Doctor's eyes filled with tears as he told her. "Ah, love has surely awakened in his heart if he has begun to serve;" she said. Leo has come with a stick in his mouth, which means that he wants me for a run. His tail threatens absolute destruction to paper, ink and every movable thing in the room. All send love and say hurry.

A kiss.

KORADINE.

THIRTIETH LETTER.

HEALTH HUNTERS. — IDEAL JOURNEY. — LIFE'S PENDULUM. — HEALTH AND HOLINESS.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

What a good time you all are having, quite a family rolling along with your pretty coach and wagon! That is "really" travel, not simply skimming the country on steel tracks, hurrying to get somewhere; not glancing, but looking at sky, trees, hills, everything beautiful. I know what a nice time you are having, for I have never forgotten that trip we all took when you and I were little girls. Papa says we will take it again some day. I said, "Truly, Papa?" and then he knew he must be sure; he hesitated a moment and said, "Yes; truly, you little witch girl." So I know it will come to pass.

You are getting acquainted with the back country and its people by the way of the kitchen, going into all sorts of pretty hidden nooks that

one never sees from a car window. For where the tracks go, there are water tanks and smoke, little scraggly towns and neutral tinted men standing on the station platform wearing their hands in their pockets and looking at the passengers. When we whiz by some pretty wooded place or farm fields that look like maps, and think we are to have a bit of scenery, a long line of freight cars, loaded either with stone or pigs, stretch like a wall between, and, while we are blinking, the train dips its point into some inky tunnel and the pretty view is lost.

Goodness! how Dr. Goodrich would open her blue eyes at so much fault-finding, which, however, is only to show that I fully appreciate your outing through the woods, over smooth roads and high hills, into lovely dewy valleys, with bees all about you, and the sky, oh, the blue and pictured sky, forever above you! Whatever happens to one, there is always the sky. The earth may rock beneath our feet, as it did once when we were in California, the waters become unsafe, but up there the blue and silver sky glows with its white, gray and gorgeous pictures forever coming and going, changing always. I remember how wonderful it was one night when we had

stopped and pitched our tents on the side of a pretty hill, where white sheep were asleep and a little creek went sliding along through the green valley. I remember just how it looked, young as I was. Papa lay down upon the closely cropped grass with me in his arms. I can feel now the quiet night as we looked up at the clear and numberless stars. I cannot now remember what he said, only ever since then I have known that the sky is not a covering, nor a place beyond which is heaven, but a never-ending nowhere. I always feel as though I am looking into the forever and ever. It comes nearer making me understand eternity than anything else. Even in the city, between high walls it is friendly. I remember how kindly the stars shone those nights in New York. But out among the trees, or lying beside the waters of the lake, or in a boat, it is an ecstasy.

Our arrows flew wide of the mark in arranging the pretty cottage for you. It is now the resting place of a dear young girl who has been sent to the Arcadians for bodily and spiritual health. Her sweet, white face is very peaceful as she lies upon the pillows in your pretty room, with its flight of swallows on the wall. Everything fits

her perfectly. I am sure a wiser heart and a higher love than ours provided it for her. Much as we miss you, we are glad that you, who have been serving others so faithfully, are being served in turn, and how good it is to know the love of it; it is not in payment for your goodness, but is in the law; it is in the swing of the pendulum; if it goes out it must come back again, tick-tock, tick-tock, keeping time to an eternity of good.

Mamma says life is a clock whose pendulum we are; that we are swung by its infinite machinery with a divine accuracy, always as far as is needful for our perfect good. I will not swing far this time, for I wish to send you Dr. Goodrich's talk, which she gave under the old Druids, on one of the most perfect days I ever saw. The whole colony was present, as all have returned. Dear me, I do not like to write it, but the end of our beautiful and useful year draws nigh, and we are very busy indeed.

Dr. Goodrich in her lesson to-day, said:

HEALTH

"Is the body's acknowledgment of the state of the mind which governs it, and is the highest expression of infinite love in the material universe.

"Health is next to holiness, indeed, it is wholeness. Both words are derived from the same root, and both health and holiness are derived from the same source.

"Health is credit in the bank and is more precious than gold or silver.

"Health is capital for business investment, and is a prophecy of success.

"Health is a vital necessity for all occasions and under all circumstances. I have told you frequently that you have a right to health, and that laws and principles govern our lives, which, when understood, will help us to a life of perfect health and happiness.

"The point I wish to emphasize to-day is that the surest way to have bodily health is to forget that you have a body. In every position and at all times make yourself superior to it. Keep forever in the thought of mastership. Separate yourselves from the life of the senses, the material or objective life; be in it, but not of it. It belongs to you, not you to it.

"You have examined blood corpuscles and cell growth; the microscope or chemistry does not reveal the process by which these are formed; no one has yet fathomed their mystery. How is it

that the blood in one part of the body leaves nail formation, in another skin, in another bone?

"How is it there is never a mistake; that hair never grows on the end of the fingers, or teeth in the hands, or nails on the forehead? How is it that the eye is so wonderful and intricate in its formation and is always perfectly adapted to sight and the ear to sounds? All these marvelous processes are carried on by mind, by the Master Mind, and in our unconscious life we are one with this mind—we cannot be separate from it, for it is life itself. Thus it is that all involuntary processes of the body are so perfect. The lungs inhale and exhale day and night, sleeping and waking; the heart sends to the remotest parts of the body the life blood; every variety of cell performs its function in secreting from the blood its special atoms; the food is digested and, indeed, all the wonderful and manifold operations of our being are performed without our will or thought. Now by our conscious mind, by and through the attitude we hold ourselves to these unconscious or involuntary operations, we can *let* or *hinder* as we will; their operation becomes perfect or imperfect by this *let* or *hindrance.*

"It is given to man alone to become conscious

of his relation to the spirit, to the creating mind, and by his consciousness, by knowing that he knows, he obtains for himself the power of the spirit—he experiences a oneness with the spirit, an at-one-ment, and in this experience is enabled to *let* the unconscious mind do its perfect work. What we have to do is simple indeed. First we must make no laws or limitations for this physical life; indeed, we *must* unmake many that have been given us by teaching and tradition. The surest way to do this is to forget the body, to never let it get in our way; never let it have power over us.

"We should have no *musts* in our requirements; he that *must* have a cup of tea at a stated time, *must* have certain articles of food, *must* have woolen garments, *must* have baths and rooms a certain temperature, is a slave to his body. Wherever there is a *must*, cut loose from it at once.

"A lady never allowed herself to drink tea when she found she depended on it for a stimulant; but at the same time she thought it a virtue to make a room full or car full of people uncomfortable because she must have fresh air. Pure air is always sweet and delightful, but one

can so live that he need not be poisoned even if it is impure; besides, foul air does less harm than selfishness.

"When you have partaken of a simple meal, think no more of it; the instinct of the cells, the mind of the unseen self, knows better what to do with it than you do. You can go about your duty or pleasure, filling your life with work or joy, from hour to hour, and moment to moment, knowing that the unconscious mind—the life principle, the spirit, will do the rest.

"The point I wish to make clear is that disease and pain do not belong to the spirit. They are among the no-things, the negatives of life, and can be removed if you can train your thoughts to dwell in the spirit, where there is no decay or death, where love, power, life, joy and peace, abide forever.

"One asks, 'How can I train my thoughts?'

"Should you at any time suffer pain, or if you have what seems an inherited weakness, declare against it. It does not belong to the spirit, and you need not be fettered by it. Use the strong language of health, and health is yours, for, as I have told you, *words are the weapons of the spirit*, and speaking the word of health and

strength, brings health and strength. You awaken with a headache. At once declare this is not of you. Say, 'I dwell in the spirit, and I let the spirit do its work in and through me.' Open your heart and lips to this thought and then wait, wait in the hushed stillness of your soul, for the spirit's perfect work. Wait in trust and faith, for you know the spirit is perfect. You know the spirit has power, and that you are a child of the spirit and have a right to health and strength. According to your word so shall it be.

"The accomplishment really is not through will power, but rather the opposite. You simply use your will, your volition mind, enough to train it to let the unconscious mind, the spirit or soul of you, do its work, to let it do its perfect work.

"I once knew a lady who had what is called quick consumption. Swift had been the ravages of the disease—she was having fearful paroxysms of coughing, profuse expectoration, fever, night sweats, indeed, all the symptoms of speedy dissolution. Life in this form could not have lasted three weeks. Remedies and treatments of various sorts were equally powerless to set her thoughts right. One night, when the cough was so severe that it did not allow the breath to come between

the paroxysms, she realized that she must help herself—that unless she could come under the law of the spirit, then and there, she must soon go. So, with almost a fierce cry, she exclaimed in the silence, 'spirit rules, and in spirit there is no pain, sickness or death.' She called to herself as to another person, and over and over said, 'Mary, Mary, spirit rules; there is no sickness, pain or death.' Away in the distance, as though drawn by a cord, her spirit seemed to approach, and as it came near (in her realization of course) the coughing ceased, a warm glow appeared on the surface and sweet sleep ensued. Late in the morning she was awakened by a similar coughing spell, but remembering the words of relief, again she said, 'Mary, Mary, spirit rules; there is no pain, sickness or death.' Quickly, oh! how quickly, the power of the word was manifest. Thus, in one short week, the phantom death was put to flight and a useful woman saved to her family and friends.

"Is not the law plain to you? Do you not know that a persistent word for the perfect working of the spirit will sooner or later show forth in perfection of body? Hath it not been written that the blind shall see, the lame shall walk?

"So, when one comes to see with his spiritual eyes and knows, knows the law of the spirit—then, lo, the time must be that earthly sight will come, and the glories of this beautiful, material world shall be his. In proportion as he is conscious of the working of this law, its truth will be manifested. The strength of his desire is proven through and by faithfulness.

"I ask you all to enter with me into the realm of pure thought, leaving every belief in the outer or objective behind. Master its every claim upon you. I know the strength of such silent hours. I know that with such trained minds as we have here, whose every heart beat is for the wholeness of their fellow creatures, great things may be wrought. Words of living fire may be spoken that will set our desires free into fruition. Come into this creative realm and wait upon the law."

There we sat in the golden glow of the afternoon. The seconds passed into minutes, and time no longer was a part of thought. Somehow, Edith, I feel I ought not even to tell you, everything. I thought of silly things; then came a quiet, as though I were sleeping, although I was quite wide awake. Then—oh! I cannot tell of the wonders. I only seemed to *know* of things

without thinking about them, and they were true —somehow I knew that. The word *Health* came floating like an angel of light across my mind, and I spoke it, and said, "*Let the spirit do its work.*" I saw the word shining as a sun, and love was born in my heart. Quickly I thought of Tommy; not as I had known him, but more like a vision of what his soul is. The shining words were bound upon his forehead, a sparkling crown, and a voice far away said, "Every whit whole." Then, love, like the spirit of the sun, seemed to enter and make white every doubt.

It was as though every creature and all nature had one soul, as though all were in unison. A thrill ran through me as when the early morning awakens. One after another arose without speaking. Elizabeth and Philip walked away together toward the Hill House, and something I had never thought of before floated like a bright, smiling angel before me. I sat leaning against the Druid Priest, and Tommy walked with Leo up the woods road, radiant.

The sense of a great thing lies upon me tonight. All is love.

KORADINE.

THIRTY-FIRST LETTER.

CONSCIOUSNESS. — SWEET CAPTURE. — SHAKESPEARE LESSON. — JACK THINKS. — PHILIP SPEAKS. — MATTHEW LOVES.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

Your "rustic etchings" are delightful, even though we are surrounded by so much beauty; your letters are like doubly distilled odors of things, true and precious. Living close down among the grasses makes one soar very high in the love and beauty of all that is natural. The lark builds her nest and rears her little ones close to the mother of us all, but soars with light wings and clear notes of liberty to the blue spaces far above us. You are out where the "show of things," as Carlyle calls it, is so pure and simple that you do not have to labor in your mind to look through them to see the thing itself, for you feel them in the rest they bring.

Every day now is expanding with the con-

sciousness that the good is really the inheritance of all, and we are all very glad together. During the last month we have been reading many kinds of books, and getting acquainted with the writers of them, and constantly discovering, like so many young Columbuses, worlds within worlds upon every subject.

Your description of that quaint Shaker community is a landscape drawing with figures in it. I wonder, though, if it wouldn't be just a bit lonely without a lot of noisy children about, with all their merry-making and fun; however, the quiet seems just to fit these people, so it is all right. Speaking of merry-making reminds me to tell you about the fun we had yesterday in capturing a honey bee fort out in the orchard. All the boys but Neil had gone across the lake to camp for a few days. We girls were talking over things on the piazza of the Hill House with Konslar Larned, when he came running to tell us he had found a great big honey comb up in an apple tree over in the orchard. Papa asked him if he would like to attack and capture the sweet fort. Neil's eyes danced as he replied, "Oh, yes, indeed I would." Papa then told him it would not be an easy thing to do, and that the

bees were sure to resist any assault made upon their stronghold.

The thermometer of Neil's enthusiasm dropped to zero, for he remembered an encounter he had had with a hornet's magazine the other day, which left him looking as if he had been shot in the face with yeast cake powder that had risen in spots. Neil's face is round and full, but after the "hornets had interviewed him" it was square and fuller. His lips were cushions, his eyelids pear-shaped, and his nose nothing more than a knob. He was puffed as a toad. Phil said he served as a terrible example and awful warning to all small boys of an investigating turn of mind.

Papa's remarks renewed his recollections and drowned his ardor. Mae Sommers jumped up and said "Oh, please let me go, I know I can do it," and was so enthusiastic that she left us no room for a refusal. Such a time we had fixing her to advance upon the dear little enemies, armed as they are with such sharp swords. She looked like the pictures of "the queer little woman of Thread Needle street." Konslar Bardora said she "vas von Zancho Pantza off to vite ze vind-meels." She put on a great big hat with red mosquito netting all over it for a veil,

and long gauntlet gloves. She was all tied up with string to keep the bees out, and looked like a scarecrow. Neil carried the ladder for a short distance bravely, but laid it down very suddenly as he came near the tree and beat the first retreat. Mae laughingly picked it up, carried it and set it firmly in place. This shook the tree a little and such a humming began; several bee scouts flew about the big hat and then went off to warn the camp, for as she began to mount the ladder, my, O! but there was a buzzing. She had to come down to fix the ladder, as it was not steady, and by this time the sound was like a miniature saw-mill. Up she went again to the busy bee world, and when she began cutting the white walls away from the limb of the tree, I wish you might have seen her; she was simply covered with bees; they fought like soldiers for home, *sweet, sweet* home. It required a pretty even mind, Papa said, to proceed calmly with the work; but Mae did it without a single shriek. I heard Konslar Little say, "The young girl shows the possibility of a greater deed. She is intrepid, and proves, notwithstanding her scattering mind, a strong center, which, when reached, will be of much power."

As Mae came down with the golden treasure, she was an animated bee hive, and such an angry lot as they were. Papa told Neil now was the time to overcome his fear and do the thing he was afraid to do, and so obediently he helped to *shoo* the dislodged bees away, and, sure enough, not one stung him. I guess their stock of swords was all exhausted. He was greatly interested when Papa recited the lesson of order and obedience from Henry the Fifth:

> "Therefore doth heaven divide
> The state of man in divers functions,
> Setting endeavor in continual motion;
> To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
> Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
> Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
> The art of order to a peopled kingdom."

You know Canterbury goes on and tells how the bees have a king and officers of sorts, where some, like magistrates, correct at home, others, like merchants, venture trade abroad, others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, and singing masons, building roofs of gold, make boot upon the summer's velvet buds.

He tells all about the bees in a few lines and then winds up with the thought that is the key note of Gerlsenbois. He says:

"I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Shakespeare's lesson will be fastened forever upon our minds by Mae Sommers' gathering of the honey comb. Papa appears always to know just when to say that which fits the time and event.

When Neil came flying to tell us of the honey comb, we had been talking for an hour or more over Dr. Goodrich's lesson on Health. Catherine said it was clear to her now why all the four-footed, winged and swimming creatures were healthy and strong. They lived in the animal instinct. Nothing stands between them and the truth of their being. All they know of their bodies is their use. They are at all times true to the demands of the Great Life, in this they are more blindly obedient than man, and living in this obedience they are healthy and full of the praise of happiness; they do not seem to seek happiness, they live it. They are more obedient

than man, because—well, I have not yet discovered the reason why they are.

"I think I can tell you," said Konslar Larned. "While we know that blind obedience is pure, (I believe absolutely pure in its intention) but man reaches his greatest height in *knowledge* of his power—*he knows that he knows*. This is the greatest distinction between him and the beast. Man has been limited by ignorance, but he comes through development, through spiritual consciousness, to know his power.

Then, dearest cousin, I saw all at once it is only fear on both sides, the beast as well as the man, that makes them enemies, even to the snake. *It is only ignorance*, a distortion, a lie, and we can be educated out of it. I jumped up and clapped my hands and could have hugged and kissed the whole world. Elizabeth caught me in her arms and said she would do it in the name of the world, and just then Neil came like a twirl of dust before a rain-storm, and all went to the bloodless and stingless battle of the bees.

The Evening of the Third Day.

The boys all came home very brown and rosy, having had a fine time camping and doing their

own cooking, which they all pronounced "fine." We have an idea it is more in their minds than elsewhere. They returned a whole day sooner, much to the disgust of the younger boys. Jack said they could not induce their chaperone—that was Phil —to remain any longer. I told them I believed they were homesick, and you should have heard the howl and ohs, in denial, but all the same, I believe they were, for they have stayed with the whole family all day.

Tommy says he is glad to be at home, that it does not seem just the thing to break the circle now. I think he misses dear Dr. Goodrich and Papa, as well as his mother, whom he never forgets, no matter what the attraction is elsewhere; he has seemed all along to understand her loneliness ever since his father "went away," even though he was just a little child at the time; he said to me once, "I never forget my mother except when I am blinder than my eyes, and that is when I am selfish." I think selfishness must be the most blinding thing in the world, for we have it while we are thinking we are all right. It is much worse than ignorance, for ignorance has no eyes, at least they have never been opened. Selfishness has eyes, but sees not.

It is wonderful that Tommy has not been made selfish by his devoted little mother. He is careful to see that some part of each day is given to her, ever doing some little thing to make her happy. It is not only a pleasure, but a *duty of love* he has given himself.

We were out upon the low piazza that overlooks the lake talking about almost everything we have studied, read or heard during the year. It was splendid to get down so close to each other's hearts. All feel the closing of the thought journey we have been taking together, even though few changes are expected. Most all the boys and girls are coming back, and many more besides will travel with us in the knowledge realm next year. Still a few are going for the short play-time to home and other friends.

We had together an afternoon of confessions, and I am sure if all feel as I do, they are better for it. I think Tommy's devotion to his mother began it, for the dear boy had gone walking with her and Leo, and was slowly coming up the spring path, when Jack Gatling said, "That boy has taught me as many good lessons as the Konslars have, since I came here, and heaven knows I needed them; what an insufferable

young idiot I must have been." "Do not call yourself hard names, Jack," Elizabeth said; "it is not healthy." "Well, anyhow," continued Jack, "He has made me see it is money in one's pocket to be mindful of the comfort and pleasure, as well as the rights of others, and—" "Use a more moral metaphor," exclaimed Hugh, laughing.

"No, I won't," stoutly answered Jack, "I mean just what I say. I have discovered, at least it is a discovery to me, and I believe it is true that if men were always attentive and thoughtful for the happiness of those about them, it would be money in their pockets; they would be more successful in a business way. I have been noticing those who are unselfish in this way, and I have found it true in every case. Just look at Tom, in his darkness he never forgets for a minute the welfare of those about him, and his life runs as smooth as a summer stream with plenty of trout in it. I say things come to such as he, as a matter of course, and I have been thinking that if any young person starting out in a career of business of any sort, were to make such thoughtfulness and care the basis of his life, it would be both successful and profitable. I

believe it would not only build up a fine character, but it would be the means and help for building up a fortune. Yes, sir, I believe it would be a good investment for anybody to make. It would put money into a man's pocket, and start a bank that would never fail." (Jack's father is a banker, you know). Alice Hawley called out gaily, "Jack, we are not all misters, please address your remarks to the whole meeting." "Oh, all right," he said; "my dear *mysteries*, of course I mean your pockets, too, if you have any." We all laughed at Alice, who pelted him with some roses she took from her belt. Elizabeth then said, "Tommy does not know of this law of reciprocity that Jack has so wisely applied, and it is so good to know that the law always acts whether one knows it or not. I do not believe that you mean one should be kind to others just for the sake of what it would bring, do you, Jack?" "Oh! no," the dear boy said, his face flushing as brightly as the roses which he had caught and held in his hands; "I mean that it is *the law*, it is like Koradine's pendulum she talks about, it swings out and must swing back; and—" "It ticks to a man's credit every time," said Philip, who had not spoken before. Philip has

never been so full of nonsense since we came from New York. Dr. Goodrich's talks, too, seem to have added to his thoughtfulness. A new sweetness has come to him with that last one when we had such a beautiful silence, and he and Elizabeth walked away together. He seems very much older, quite like dear Papa, sometimes.

Just then Tommy came around the house and Jack gave him his seat on the low chair near me; he put out his hand and touched my head. "Ah, I thought it was Koradine." "Why did you think so?" asked Elizabeth. "Oh," he answered, gently as usual, "I can scarcely tell; I think in the same way that I know when the sun comes from under a cloud, or shines after the night has passed." What a beautiful place Tommy's mind world must be! I think it is just the sort of heaven that I would love to live in forever.

Hugh said, "Tom, they have just been talking over the success that they believe comes from thoughtfulness for others, that it would not only make a person"—catching a warning glance from Alice—"healthy and wise, but wealthy as well. What do you think about it." "Why I never thought about it; but I shouldn't wonder

if it is true, for it would surely make one rich inside, and we have been led to see how things appear from that which is. Thoughtfulness, kindness, love, and all these make me think of what Koradine read to me in Sir Gibbie yesterday. It said he had no notions of honesty — he knew nothing about it — that is, being it, living it so perfectly he did not have to think about it; so it seems to me if one is kind and good he acts it all the time, he does not think to think about it, he is it, and that is all there is to it." Little Matthew had come, as he was talking, and crawled up between his knees and laid his little pink cheek upon one of them. Tommy never seemed to notice at all, only patted and smoothed the pale gold flossy mop of hair. We all sat still until Phil said, "Well, I have found out a good way for a fellow to find things out about himself, is to go off alone and interview himself, and what he finds out, report in the most truthful manner to himself. It is dreadfully trying to one's self conceit, but it is a good thing to do, and one finds out a great deal he did not know before, which, while it is disagreeable, is interesting. Something like a detective's duty when put on a desperate and mysterious case. But

unlike it, we are sure to find *good* in that which appeared ugly and uncanny, as Douglas here would say. I, for one, am grateful beyond words for every experience that has come to me, and the splendid truths we have learned here. Also for having been led to look into, and not only into, but through things, instead of at them. I am glad for being conscious, I am glad for being unconscious, I am glad for being wise, I am glad for being ignorant. In the one, for having found out, in the other for the pleasure of seeking.

"I am not to search for happiness; I intend with all my soul to *be* happy. I discovered not long ago in New York when darkness seemed to lie before me like an endless night, that there was joy in it, although I could not see it. I came into the light before glad tidings were given me. No one can know this truth for himself until he has in some way experienced it. Truth is not a picture or a statue to look at.

"This, at least, I have gotten out of the year and its experiences; not alone from teachings, books, or philosophies; but every one of my dear fellows here have contributed to the development of the present hour.

"There has been, it seems to me, a largeness

and freedom and honesty generated in both boys and girls by the daily contact of our lives. I will, most probably, not be with you next year. Much that I have learned here has, I feel, fitted me for that which I wish to do, and there are some beautiful gifts awaiting my endeavors. You have all helped me, and I am grateful beyond words. There is not one whom I do not love with my whole heart.'' As he said this he reached over and caught the little boy up from Tommy's arms, where he had crept, and held him close to him, while the little creature snuggled down with the loving sound of a cooing pigeon. We were still for a moment, and then without a word we all joined hands, as if it had been pre-arranged, and began singing ''Love's own sweet song'' with Philip and the cooing boy in the center.

I must close now. Write very soon. I trust you will be here for the great day. I will not write it any other way. With love and kisses; all send love.

KORADINE.

THIRTY-SECOND LETTER.

EVERYTHING GOOD.—GETTING STILL.—MAMMA A PROVIDENCE.—PAPA'S ALCHEMY.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Good Cousin:

I feel just like calling everything *good* this morning. Sometimes other words come to me. One morning it will be Perfection, another Beauty, another Love, and so on, and the word will keep saying itself over and over again all day long. Elizabeth and Catherine do the same, and both say the most wonderful things happen in ways that would appear simple to those who do not understand the value of the spoken word; it is the action of the law that always answers the unselfish prayer. For you know, when you speak any of the words I have mentioned, why, you are not asking certain things to be done to yourself or to certain people, but they are spoken for the *whole world.* It is in this way the wonderful evening silence hours are held. Some dear heart

suggests a word of universal meaning, such as Love, Peace or Health, and then all holding it in mind, will sink into a silence that reminds me of a time in the evening when everything hushes, the winds cease blowing, the breezes lull, the leaves quit rustling and the birds are asleep.

Unless you have tried it you have no idea how the stillness can be cultivated. Sometimes I seem to see a beautiful gold light, soft as the glow of a star, at times it seems to grow large and round like a sphere. I like to see it then. Papa has told me that the sphere is the only perfect shape, and I like to think I am looking at something perfect. At first I think "getting still" was not easy, even for the Konslars, except, perhaps, Dr. Goodrich and our precious Frances Larned, (and may-be my calm Papa and Mamma,) but as the time has passed on, and all have had evidence of the power obtained in such quiet, each has entered into the Inner Place. I say "evidence of the power," for I wish to tell you, that the sick young girl who occupies your pretty room, is now almost, if not entirely recovered. Every one but Dr. Goodrich, I feel sure, was doubtful of her ever getting well. She seemed so very far gone; but after she heard of that case the

Doctor spoke of in her health talk, Bessie grew brighter, and from day to day as we held her in our thoughts as perfect and strong in spirit, she has proven the power, strength and faith of our words; she is up and dressed and goes out walking every day. I will finish this "bime-by," as Papa is to give a little talk under the old oaks and I must be getting ready so as to keep no one waiting. I hear Tommy upon the piazza below talking with Mamma. Dear Mamma, she is the providence of the whole place, with Katy and Martin as officers of execution. She is the fairy Queen before whom gnomes and pixies fly; by the waving of her wand, palaces arise, flowers bloom, sweet incense lulls the senses, while Beauty sits enthroned with Order and Comfort, as her maids of honor. We call her "the invisible care taker," for no one ever sees her tending to the ways of her household. She says that true housekeeping is an art, not a drudgery. Papa calls her "the genius of equilibrium, and his open-eyed justice."

Next Morning (Very Early).

We had a beautiful time under the trees yesterday. There was such a number of people that they nearly fell over into the spring. It was

a pretty scene; the tall trees, with the dark green leaves catching the sunlight up from the heads of those who sat in groups upon the soft grass below. The hills and forest, the musical spring and the willow, with its lazy lash of golden whips trailing over it, were a pretty setting for the sweet, thoughtful faces of all who had come to listen.

Papa went over the beginning of last year for the sake of those who knew little of the spirit of the Arcadians. He addressed his remarks mostly to us young people, for he said in the child and the youth lie the hope and the promise of a truer living than the present.

"I would have you know the true from the untrue, that you may seek and appropriate that which is and has been from the beginning. Make for yourselves no graven image to fall down and worship. Infinite mind finished creation and pronounced it good; the material is ready for us, out of which we may fashion whatever we will. There is a point of contact for every creature where he may put his shoulder to help bear the world; this is an honored privilege whereby to gain a royal inheritance, a knowledge of power over that which he has borne. Atlas may carry

the earth upon his shoulder, or he may wax strong and place it 'neath his feet.

"Never forget, my dear young sisters and brothers, the welfare of others; that you are the keepers of your brethren. Therein lies the progress and power of the new time.

"Harmony in music is caused by uniting different sounds; so in the diapason of life, effort from every soul is needful to hold together in loving accord, the races of men."

He said desire is prayer; that we have evidence of it in every telegraph, every engine, bridge and building; it is answered in machinery, architecture, books and arts of all kinds. "These creations show man his power over the material world. Now, my brave, loyal young hearts, keep alive, alert, forever conscious. Train your minds to observe and to seek for the highest in all things. Keep your desires ever lifted, like the Holy Eucharist, to *that which is best within you*, and your creations will bring a new time upon the earth, when all men will live in peace together.

We must put our thoughts into action and have them prove themselves, not for the sake of the proof, but for the good that lies in

the proof. As national character is the direct result of individual energy, so may the character of the whole world become spiritual and beneficent beyond our highest imaginings."

There was a feeling like the flutter of banners when Papa sat down, and no one spoke for quite a while. We young folks congregated a little way off with Konslar Bardora and serenaded the "big sized" folk with what we thought very good music. It really seemed as though the strangers would never go away. They hovered around Dr. Goodrich and would not let her go. Tommy and I went away for a walk together; he said he wished to talk. "He felt as though some sort of magical and beautiful garment was folded about him, and that he believed he understood about the reservoir of creation; that it was just as though he stood in the doorway of a wonderful place, where all he had to do was to speak softly, oh, so softly, and he could enter it." That was all. Dear Tommy.

With the all Love,

KORADINE.

THIRTY-THIRD LETTER.

PLANNING AND PLACING.—LOVE FOR MATTHEW.—RECALLS A DREAM.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Edith:

Happiness outside, happiness inside. My feet will no more keep still than will the leaves in the breeze, or the waves on the lake. So many things are going on; the days are full to overflowing, but without the old time jostle, hurry and scurry. I think we are catching nature's orderly methods and becoming true Arcadians. We are planning and placing our journeys for next year, which "tastes like more," as Alice said of some jam Katy gave her yesterday—they are so good and promising. Konslar Kenan proposes that we close next year with a great Carnival of Nations, which will be the result of much that is planned. We are all being grateful by being just as happy as it is possible to be, for Dr. Goodrich says we are happy in proportion to our

possession of true knowledge. She goes about looking as though she had recently arrived from the sun. She shines wherever she goes; you may think it my imagination, but I know I have seen a radiance all about her, when there was no other light shining anywhere, just as I have with Tommy more than once. (Please do not tell this to anybody for I know it sounds foolish. It is the truth though). It must be this radiance overflows and runs into all our lives here, for every endeavor put forth by young or old seems permeated with her gentleness and strength.

Many people call upon her; she never refuses herself to any, lest she miss doing some one a service. Her sympathy is not merely pity, it is a love born of a confidence in the law of eternal good, and one feels comforted without an overwhelming sorrow for oneself, and a sense of being pitied. Konslar Grantly said this, as we stood watching her with Tommy and little Matthew, who rarely lets her out of his sight. He follows her everywhere like a distorted little shadow. Her true mother heart has wrought a wonder in this little creature, who only a short time ago resembled anything more than a human

being. I did not enter into a perfect description of him because it was not good to do so. Sometimes it took all our strength of love for the dear woman to do as she desired, trying to help in his development. To-day there is not a girl or boy here who would not resent any attempt to remove the dear little creature from among us. Ruth and I told her about it the other night as we took her and him rowing. She smiled and said, a great deal more can be gotten out of things than is usually done, and that there is always more satisfaction when the subject is unpromising. She was glad to have us prove for ourselves that such a creature as Matthew could, by the power of love and patience, show the presence of the divine spark, no matter how deeply hidden. "All that ails us, even after we have found the light of this truth, is that we are not faithful to it, we are not persistent; we do not pray without ceasing, which means it must be kept ever present in our active thinking mind. It is easy to theorize, and it may be easy to practice, if we are only faithful and patient."

The little soul lay asleep in her arms, and as the stars came out one by one, I could not help thinking of the young girl mother who died at

the poor house, believing that something beautiful would some day come to her baby boy. I believe Faith is a wonderful angel of prophecy, who whispers such things to hearts that have been trampled upon. I am glad I have had a Mamma and Papa who have not hidden ugly things from me; they have always shown the beauty that lay within them. No matter what it has been, neither of them have ever yet failed to find good and perfection; yes, perfection in every living creature. I am happy and I am grateful, not because good things are done for me, or given me — that is selfishness of the deepest kind — for I have been taught to know that gratitude is gladness and happiness for the God or Good that actuates the deed. Tommy and I have been talking this over, and he feels the same way about it; he helped me get it out of my mind.

I do not know how to tell you of a feeling that I have had lately, ever since that evening after the Health lecture. I think I have mentioned it in one of my letters lately. Did you ever feel as though something wonderful was very near; as though you might shut your eyes and open them to see a flash of some new, strange thing that perhaps after all you could not look at?

I have so often lately recalled a dream I had a long time ago about this boy who has always seemed strangely near to my heart, nearer, even, than my adored Philip, I cannot tell you what it is like; I think Papa feels the same way about it, too, for whenever I tell him anything from down deep in my heart, that I can not express very well, he will say: "I would tell that to Tommy, if I were you, he can help you," and sure enough, he always has the word that I lack; and, strange to say, it is the same way with him, he says. But somehow I cannot tell him of this nearness; I wonder why. It is almost time to go to the Temple where we are to hold our silence this evening. As I write, that same strange thrill comes over me. I wonder if going into the higher life is anything like it.

A white rose has fallen in my lap. Tommy is below waiting for me, the rose is his card. It struck me as he tossed it up, and has left a drop of dew upon my cheek that lay hidden in its heart. It is the joy tear of an angel, I am sure,

With all love.

KORADINE.

THIRTY-FOURTH LETTER.

A Mystery.—Every Whit Whole.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

What words may one use to tell of a mystery? I would use all soft sounds to tell you of a thing that has come to pass, because of a great faith. I want to creep close, very close to your heart and whisper to you of a new knowledge that has come to Tommy. It came out of the deep silence, in the still hour that held us all together in the sacred circle of love, and is part of the one thought, one common power.

Edith! Cousin! Darling! Can you believe quickly when I tell you of the beautiful mystery that has shown itself to us all? The knowledge that came to Tommy is that he knows himself to be free from the darkness that held him in bondage; *he can see.* Do you understand, dear? Those beautiful eyes are the open windows through which, being released in his soul, he

looks upon the face of his mother, the sky, the earth, the waters; he has seen me, and he knew me, even before he closed his eyes and laid his hand upon my head to make sure, and then I think our souls prayed together. My heart beats slow and I am stifled with the awe that creeps over me like some living thing, freezing me into a stillness that is akin to that which comes when the snow has fallen in the night and muffled every sound.

Those beautiful eyes are no longer hung with the curtains of darkness, only veiled by the long, soft lashes that lift in such sweet surprise, while he sits calm as a saint, too full of praise for prayer, tranquilly proving his perfect faith unmoved by wonder. Such has been his manner ever since that strange instant, when he flashed up like a white flame through the evening shadows that had come crowding into the temple, and with shining face raised, and hands reaching upward, cried out, or rather whispered with a voice that thrilled and pulsed through every heart; "The light has come! The light has come; at last!" He stood as one who saw beyond the shadows. Then came a deep, deep stillness, that cleansed and hushed all thought, for there

was no need of thought, no room for speech; just stillness, stillness; and the boy stood there, as one all in the light, his whole body aflame. Oh! I shall never, never forget it. It is a picture such as has never been painted on canvas; the great temple with its open windows, the half light and the shadows, the familiar faces of friends gone strange with the wondrous vision of the beautiful youth standing in a radiance of ecstasy and praise. Everything was shut out from him; nothing was there but the flaming Truth, which said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." I cannot write more now.

Three Days Later.

It is an odd thing to say, I know, but all the time I was writing, Tuesday, it did not seem as though I was doing it. Mamma came in and found me lying asleep, with my head upon the table in front of me. I do not remember of going to sleep.

Tommy had sent for me to come to him, and I had to wait a long time before going, for it seems so strange to know that he can look at me and *see* me. He has always said he could see me very plainly; and when I went to him he held

my face between his hands, and said, "I am so glad. I am happy. It is the same, the *very* same, that I saw in my night time." Then he kissed me. I think it was the first time.

The blessing that has folded its wings about him, holds him in such loving consciousness of itself that things around do not seem to attract him. He sits as one entranced. The chastening effect of a great event, Dr. Goodrich says, keeps us all placid.

The Spirit of Peace has settled over all; even the hills and the waters, veiled with a pale mist, are still. The minute when Tommy stood revealed to himself, to use his own expression, was no different to us from the many beautiful hours that had gone before.

The change came as gently as when the walls of a dark night fall away to let the day time through. "I only knew that I believed," he said. "When that knowledge took hold of the roots of my consciousness the darkness was as nothing. I feel as though I have had my sight all the time, only I didn't believe it. I cannot explain it further, even though I understood it far better than I do, for there is that within which bids me hold my peace."

Next Day.

I have just had another long talk with Tommy, and he says ever since that day when our beloved leader talked about Health he has had a feeling of expectation, and while he has never doubted that his sight would be given him some day, he did not connect that feeling of expectation with himself. He then told me what interested me greatly; that, as he sat the day Dr. Goodrich talked of the creative realm of pure thought, and sank deeper and deeper into the silence that followed, he appeared to enter a health realm, as she had bidden, and seemed to *know* things without thinking about them. All at once the word HEALTH came across his mind, and out of it an angel floated to him and covered him in the light that surrounded it. The word was bright and shining as a sun, and a great love was born in his heart, a love beyond any *single* thing; and then he said the shining word was bound upon his forehead, a sparkling crown, and a voice from afar off said, "Every whit whole." As the vision slowly faded he saw me standing in a rosy light, looking like the angel that had set the crown upon his head. Wasn't it wonderful? Did I not write you that

I, too, had the very same vision that day, or have I dreamed it all? I could not tell Tommy that I had seen the very same thing, but I will some day.

Dr. Goodrich, Papa and others are receiving letters inquiring about this strange thing that has happened here. Some believe, some are impressed, especially those who knew Tommy before and have seen him since, while others laugh, in their ignorance, over it all. But it matters little with the Truth, which is the only unchangeable thing. I hope you may get here for our closing day, which will not contain a shadow of any sort, for have we not seen what great things can come to those who are trusting and good?

Love to dearest Aunty and Uncle. Tell Aunty when she has hunted for the fountain of health and youth, and not found it either in the valley or upon the mountain top, to come to the Arcadians, for they have found it; and there is a wonderful Pearl that is greater than both. It is Truth.

With love to all,

KORADINE.

THIRTY-FIFTH LETTER.

EARLY MORNING. — THE OPAL RING. — A DREAM RECALLED. — A REMBRANDT PICTURE. — GOOD-NIGHT.

Gerlsenbois Hall.

My Dearest Cousin:

The day is just dawning. I could not sleep, so I arose and came down here close to the water's edge and am sitting on the soft, grassy bank, where the waves come swishing to my feet. The sky and waters are aflame with the same tints that glow and quiver in my opal ring. The rose-pearl lights waver and vibrate as though stirred by the breath of the early odorous day. Color and perfume and beauty pulse all about me. I wonder after all if it is only a picture of that which is within me.

I came out here to think, but feel so much a part of all this life and light that I can but sit still and *let be what is*. Did you ever think of how much meaning there is in those two little

words *It* and *Is?* Each one is complete in itself, yet put together they make more than can be talked of, only felt.

A little mink darts from under a pile of rocks right across my feet, with never a word of permission, saucy fellow. He is eying me as he sits, a golden-brown line of fur on a flat rock not far away. He is not the least afraid of me, shy fellow that he is, for we have met several times before. I guess he knows I am a friend of Catherine, for we were together the first time I saw him, and instead of running away when she called low and soft to him, he seemed to know it was the voice of a friend, and sat quite still and listened.

She looked very happy as she quoted:

"God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear;
To give sign, we and they are His children, one family here."

She said that was all true, but the fear part; God never gave that to any of His children. He couldn't if He is perfect, for "perfect love casteth out fear." It is only because each is ignorant that either men or animals are afraid of each other.

The sun is pouring his golden wine over me; my opal ring flashes and flames. There comes a boat with some one standing up in it. Why, it is Tommy. He looks as though he were walking upon the bright waters, for the tree branches shut off the view of the boat. His dark eyes shine with a new beauty as he searches the waters, skies and hills, drinking the outer loveliness that he has been shut in from all his life. He sees me and comes smiling towards the shore. How beautiful he is! How wonderful! It all seems as if everything, just like this, had happened somewhere before. O, yes, yes, the dream I had a long time ago; how very like it all is. As I rise and wave my hand, the ring he gave me yesterday, his birthday, shines like the prism of a snow crystal.

Midnight.

I cannot go to bed until I have finished this letter. It has been a great day indeed for our little community. There were many happy people here to our love feast. In every heart I am sure there was nothing but love and good will, no hint of shadow in all our shine.

Papa in his little talk said: "The day is only

the turning down of a leaf in a book that is all our own; it is a living link in an endless evolvement. All along a never-ending journey there must be places of rest and refreshment, of arrival and departure, where the traveler may find out his exact latitude and longitude. And any one who deplores a change of any sort is not wise nor strong. A change is the sign of a beginning, the signal of an accomplishment; and there could be neither, if one were impossible. The old maxim, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' that has been held up as a moral and a warning to youth with its restless activity, is a trite observation of nature's methods of accumulation. As a piece of information it is valuable, but that gathering moss should serve as a lesson for content, is not moral. Moss is a sign of inertia; if the stone has ceased rolling, the lovely, soft parasite must needs cover it. A noble discontent is the sign of the spirit's endeavor to push outward. Material change is the chemistry of a changeless law worked by the will of an omnipotent alchemist from whom we are inseparable. Every change in the process is toward consciousness; and if we gain in each hour or year some knowledge of this truth, no day will be greater than

another day, no year different from another year, no joy a greater joy. Each will be useful or beautiful according to the order of its nature. Ruskin says: 'If we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doings, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of universal law.'" Papa's remarks took away all desire to give ourselves over to the pleasure of sadness. He was an alchemist whose thought changed our thoughts, and so our joy was complete.

Our beloved leader spoke very shortly to-day. She has been more silent than usual since that wonderful evening when Tommy came to know that he could see out through his windows; her smile is sweeter, and her face gentler. It is as though she blesses when her blue eyes fall upon us.

Elizabeth says we must look to it that we do not fall down and worship her, instead of that which shines so radiantly through her. I think, as she said, we are all chastened by the action of a great event, and realize the mightiness of the power which lies behind all our lives.

The Doctor said she was grateful beyond any word for the evidence of the truth, as it had been shown in the study of the year; that in everything there had been a proof of its presence,

and that the Arcadian's Ideal could come down and be made flesh and dwell among men. She felt sure that what is called human nature, a term generally applied to some imperfection of character, is of divinest origin, responding to the highest demand made upon it whenever its key-note is sounded. "Harmony dwells in every heart, and only awaits the adjustment of the instrument to sound throughout the material kingdom of mortals in a great burst of melody, a love song that will reverberate through the universe," she said. "I have no doubts of the ultimate of such work as has been begun here beside these blue waters, upon these green hills. When man comes to know there is no separateness, and can be none from his fellows, and the Spirit from which all things spring, he has begun to conquer the earth—to put it under his feet. When he gains the clear vision and enlarged range of real things, he will be lifted quite above the petty selfishness and jealousies that bind him in a nightmare of unhappy dreams, and will come into the *health realm of love*, which is the key-note of all harmony."

After the speaking and music were over we left the temple in another procession like, and yet

not like, the one that had entered it that beautiful June day. "The immutable change attended us," Douglas remarked as we walked down the hillside. Neil exclaimed, "What change, I'd like to know?" "Well, your sister Gertrude is not with us as she was that day." "Oh, yes,' said Neil, "I know that; but there is no other." "You are taller and know some things more than you did when you ran away with the banner." "I wouldn't do that now, I am sure," laughed Neil, "and—and I am sure I love more folks, for I don't tease as I did then; and there is our dear little Matthew, and Tommy's eyes, and—and all the experiences we have had, and everybody is taller, and there are more folks here, and O, gracious! I should think there were changes." So the boy chattered on until we reached the Hall, and then went off with Leo on a run to his mother, who stood waiting and smiling for him at their cottage door. Every one was in a happy mood. Some took walks; others went out upon the water. The boats were gay with flags, and so was the lawn. Tea was served in Druid's grove; from many branches bright colored lanterns hung, that later on made everything light and gay. There were talks and

plans of new buildings and cottages, and journeys in knowledge lands for next year. There will be few changes. Catherine and Elizabeth, Ruth and Corrinne are to have a cottage all to themselves. Douglas and Philip will enter the world's work together. All the rest are to be here with us.

This evening we all gathered, as if by arrangement, in the dear old library room, where we have had such good times. Not one of our circle, excepting Gertrude, was missing. We were quite startled when we found we were all there together. The "great big folk" were out under the trees. I shall never forget the scene. Only a faint line of red in the blue of the horizon penciled the light. The new moon cut a silver edge in the sky. The evening was cool, and a wood fire blazed in the great old fire-place. There sat Jack and Hugh side by side. We call them Damon and Pythias. Hugh's hand rested on Jack's knee, while Jack's arm was thrown across Hugh's shoulder. Mae, Corrinne and Ruth, like three pretty graces, sat on the floor at their feet; while Dorothea and Douglas stood beside Catherine, who, as she sat with Alice leaning against her, looked like some strange creature; she

seemed scarcely to be one of us, and surely was not "all here," as Douglas told her when he laid his hand on her dark, shining hair.

Elizabeth sat on a low chair by the deep window near Philip, and Tommy and I sat at the feet of our goddess.

The door opened and Neil came in with little Matthew, followed by Leo, who, since Tommy needs him no more, seems to understand and appears well satisfied to guard the wee boy. He was so contented with the blaze on the hearth and to find us all together that he lay down and, heaving a long, satisfied sigh, went to sleep. Matthew clambered off Catherine's lap, where Neil had put him, and laying his head upon Leo's shaggy neck, soon joined him in By-lo land.

All at once Neil disappeared, but soon returned bringing a large, lovely picture of Gertrude, which came only yesterday, and set it down in our midst. Catherine put her arm around him, saying, "Neil, you are making the world a more beautiful place to live in all the time with your kind actions, prompted by your big, loving, tender heart. I am sure we all appreciate your goodness." Neil's face was bright with its surprise and joy. Our circle was complete in

reality, as Alice said, after we had all looked at the splendid face of our friend. "Yes, we know there is no separateness after all," exclaimed Hugh; "that is something I have always felt, but could not express.

"As I listened to Dr. Goodrich to-day all my future came out clear to me. Teaching this unity of man shall be my work. I can see how it is needed, and my efforts in life shall be to show and prove this to mankind." "And my bank shall be at your disposal," said Jack, laughing, "if you will use this knowledge and light you have gained among the rich as well as poor. Do not go into the by-ways more than into the high-ways, for if I see the light at all it is for all. Many go among the neglected poor, but few among the neglected rich." "Good for you, Jack," said Douglas; "I never thought of that before." Catherine said, "I think this year's sparks will set the world on fire some day. I have read that it is a dangerous thing for ignorance when a thinker is let loose in the world, and from the evidence of things thought out here, the people will be warmed up mightily."

And so we went on talking. The fire flickered and crept up like fingers clasping the dry

branches, which Neil threw on it, and cast a red glow on the young faces; it seemed to find a nest in the red gold of Elizabeth's hair. Back of her the wine red line of the horizon had faded, and just above her shining head hung the slender moon. Her clear, pure eyes were raised to Phil's, as he bent out of the shadow towards her. A stalk of white lilies lay upon her lap. "The blessed Damozel," I whispered to Tommy as we looked at her. "With no sign of parting in either pair of eyes," he answered, softly, smiling back upon me.

There we all sat half in shadow and half in the wavering light. We had ceased talking. Upon the floor lay the sleeping boy and the dog, and Neil dreaming, his head against Catherine's knee.

The quiet pool of our lives was stirred as it had never been before. There was not a heart in the dear Arcadian circle that did not beat in response to all the leadings of the rare souls who had so trustingly served us for a year.

The door softly opened and Tommy and I saw standing in the light of earth and sky, our dear Arcadian leaders. The blue eyes of Konslar Goodrich were swimming in happy tears as she looked upon the picture in the firelight. This

broke the spell. In a moment we were a laughing, chattering set; walking out under the starry skies with the moon sliding down over the leafy tops of the old Druids, we made the silent night ring. We sang with happy voices the dear old song that Papa and Mamma love so well, "Blest be the tie that binds."

A night of pleasant dreams to all,

KORADINE.

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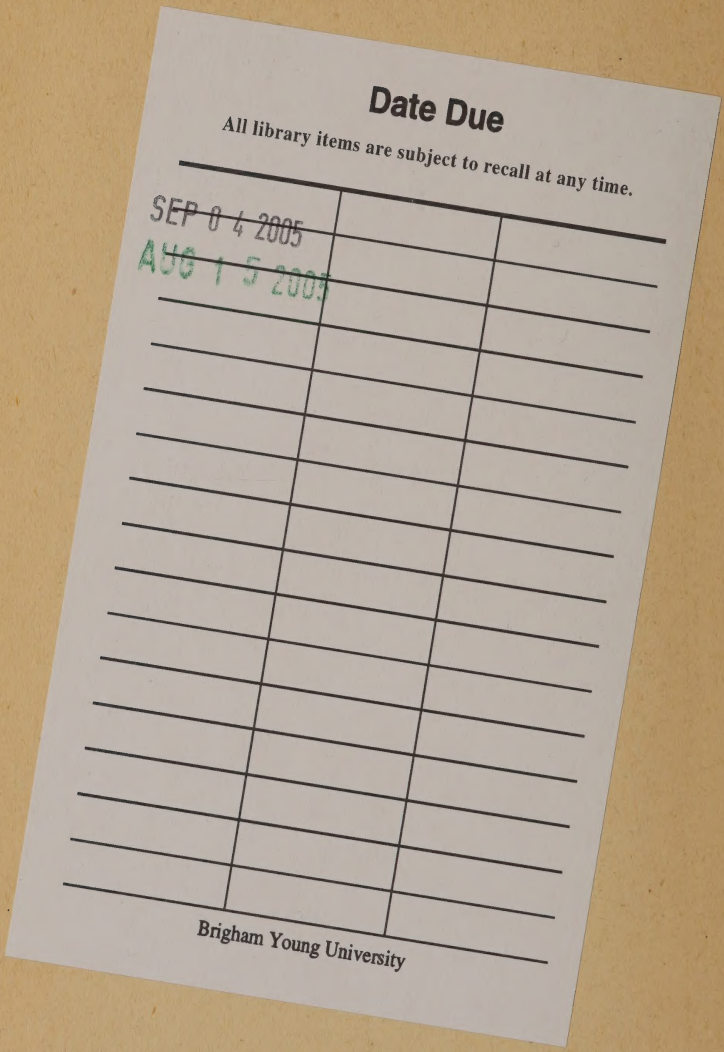
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